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APRIL, 1900.

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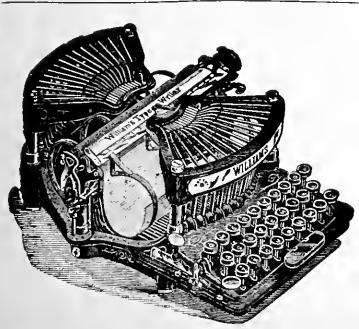


"Pittsburg Press."]

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J. G. LEGGE, Captain N. S. Wales Infantry.

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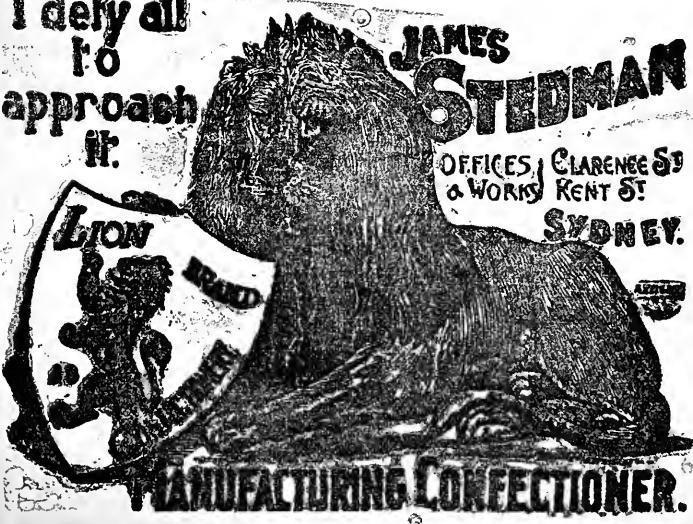
"Westminster Gazette."]

MR. RHODES, I PRESUME!"

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WHICH, LITERALLY TRANSLATED, MEANS "ALL THE SAME."

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 The **BUBONIC PLAGUE** in the World.

For Disinfecting DRAINS, CESSPOOLS, SINKS, CESSPANS, DUSTBOXES and
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COUGHS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA AND CONSUMPTION,

Has the Largest Sale of Any Chest Medicine in Australia.

These who have taken this medicine are amazed at its wonderful influence. Sufferers from any form of **Bronchitis, Cough, Difficulty of Breathing, Hoarseness, Pain or Soreness in the Chest**, experience delightful and immediate relief, and to those who are subject to Colds on the Chest it is invaluable, as it effects a complete cure. It is most comforting in allaying Irritation in the Throat and giving Strength to the Voice, and it **neither allows a Cough or Asthma to become chronic nor Consumption to develop**. Consumption has never been known to exist where "Coughs" have been properly treated with this medicine. No house should be without it, as, taken at the beginning, a dose is generally sufficient, and a complete cure is certain.

Beware of "**Coughs**"!! Remember that every disease has its commencement, and Consumption is no exception to this rule.

BAD COUGHS.

THREE CASES COMPLETELY CURED BY ONE BOTTLE OF HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE.

SEVERE COLD, WITH LOSS OF VOICE, CURED BY HALF A BOTTLE.

A SUPPLY SENT TO A RELATIVE IN ENGLAND.

Llenwellyn, Katunga, Victoria.

Mr. Hearne,

Dear Sir,—I am very much pleased with the effects of your Bronchitis Cure. Last winter three of my children had very bad coughs, and one bottle cured the three of them. The housemaid also had such a severe cold that she entirely lost her voice, but half a bottle cured her. I always keep it in the house now, and recommend it to anyone requiring medicine of that kind.

I now want you to send at once four bottles to England to my mother, who is suffering greatly from bronchitis. The address is enclosed.—Yours gratefully,

JOHN S. MORTIMER.

The relative in England, who is eighty years old, also Cured by Hearne's Bronchitis Cure.

WAS A GREAT SUFFERER.

HAD NOT WALKED FOR TWELVE MONTHS.

ALWAYS WALKS NOW, AND IS QUITE WELL FEELS STRONGER THAN SHE HAS DONE FOR YEARS.

8 Watson-street, Burton-on-Trent,
Staffordshire, England.

Mr. W. G. Hearne, Geelong,

Dear Sir,—Your letter and Bronchitis Cure to hand quite safe. I am sure you will be glad to know that your Bronchitis Cure has quite cured me. I was very glad when it came, as I was suffering from a severe attack of bronchitis at the time it arrived. I had sent for my own doctor, but had not had one night's rest for a week. I started taking the Bronchitis Cure three times a day, as directed, and was very much eased at once. At the end of a week I only took it twice a day, and then only every night for a week, as I was so much better when, thanks to the Lord for adding His blessing, I was quite well, and walked into town and back without feeling any fatigue. I had not done that previously for twelve

months—always went in the bus—as walking caused me such pain and distress in the chest. I always walk now, and never feel it, and I am stronger than I have been for years. I thank my son for his great kindness in sending the medicine, and am, dear sir, Yours very truly,

M. MORTIMER.

Extract from a letter, since written by the same lady to her son, Mr. John S. Mortimer, Llenwellyn, Katunga, Victoria.

HER DAUGHTER HAD BEEN ILL.

SPITTING UP BLOOD.

THE DOCTOR SAID NOTHING MORE COULD BE DONE.

CURED BY HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE.

The extract runs as follows:—As for myself, thank the Lord I am feeling stronger than I have for years. I had an attack of bronchitis in November, but Hearne's Bronchitis Cure was again successful. I feel quite well, and walk into town feeling quite strong.

I must ask you to send me six bottles more of the medicine, as I wish to have a supply in the house. I have tried to get it made up here, and let my chemist have a bottle to see what he could do. He tells me this week he can make nothing out of it; he never saw anything like it before, so there is only one thing for me to do—to send for more. I have never kept in bed one day since I commenced to take it; I used to be in bed a fortnight at a time always, and after that for months I was as weak as I could possibly be, and was always taking cod liver oil, so you will see at once it is quite worth while sending for it such a long distance. Something more I must tell you. Charlotte has been very ill since I wrote you. Her cough was so bad. She never had a night's rest, and was spitting up blood very much. The doctor told her husband that there was nothing more he could do for her, so on the Sunday I sent her half a bottle of the Bronchitis Cure, and told her to try it, and if she did not use it not to waste it, but send it back again. She had such confidence in her doctor that I thought she would not try it. On the Wednesday I sent over again, and she was much better, the night's rest was very good, and cough and bleeding from the lungs better. She sent for another half bottle, and on the following Sunday sent over to say that she was quite cured, and did not require any more medicine. So you see what good it has done, and she wishes to have some with my next supply.

Prepared only, and sold wholesale and retail, by the Proprietor, W. G. HEARNE, Chemist, Geelong, Victoria. **Small sizes, 2/6; large, 4/6.** Sold by Chemists and Medicine Vendors. Forwarded by post to any address when not obtainable locally.

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"Minneapolis Journal."

Uncle Sam: "Some of my folks want me to interfere, but I think this olive branch would get pretty badly mussed up if I should try it just now."

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A DELIGHTFUL
TABLE SALT.

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USE IT FOR ALL CULINARY
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Adds Wings to Indigestion.

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ENGLISH AND SCOTCH TWEEDS,
VICUNAS, SERGES, &c.

WOODROW'S and other English makes in
Best Silk, Hard and Soft Felt HATS.

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THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS FOR AUSTRALASIA.

English Editor: W. T. STEAD. Australasian Editor: W. H. FITCHETT, B.A., LL.D.

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Two Boats per Month leave Sydney for Noumea.

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Do the Dead Return?

IS A QUESTION MORE OFTEN ASKED THAN ANSWERED;
BUT WHAT WE ARE MORE PARTICULARLY CONCERNED ABOUT IS

CAN CHRONIC DISEASES BE CURED?

This is indisputably proved in the affirmative by

Mr. H. E. KUGELMANN,

The Eminent Herbal Practitioner, who has been successfully practising in Australia for the past 25 years, and
 who may be consulted at

14 and 16 QUEEN STREET, near Flinders Street, MELBOURNE.

NO CHARGE is made for CONSULTATION, either Personally or by Letter.

GRAVE MISTAKES IN THE TREATMENT OF DISEASES.

Owing to certain recent investigations a profound stir has been caused amongst the leading medical experts and doctors of both London and Paris. It has been ascertained absolutely beyond doubt that grave mistakes have been almost universally made in the past in the treatment of diseases, especially in the management of the so-called Incurable or Chronic cases. It has been now clearly demonstrated that the custom of treating the patient with "mineral" medicines is as useless as it is dangerous. Thousands of lives must have been annually sacrificed in this way, which lives might have been saved if the remedies used had been of an "organic" instead of an inorganic nature. Now, it has recently been discovered by the investigating scientists that medicines derived from "plants" assimilated easily and kindly into the human system owing to their organic nature, whilst medicines of an inorganic nature would not so assimilate, but on the other hand acted as foreign substances in the body and frequently heightened the evil they were intended to cure. In the near future we may expect a complete revision and a universal return to those remedies which are made from "organic" substances, or to put it more simply, "made from things that grow." The deep mysteries of the Botanico-Medical world are thoroughly understood by but a few experts, but in their hands the "world of plants" truly becomes a powerful weapon for good, which is more than amply proved by the following sworn certificates:—

ULCERATION OF STOMACH (in Queensland).

MR. H. E. KUGELMANN, Consulting Herbal Practitioner.

Withcott, via Helidon, Q., May 15, 1899.

Dear Sir,—In reference to my case of Chronic Ulceration of the Stomach for which I went under your treatment about fifteen months ago, as it may be of benefit to others who may suffer in a similar manner I wish you to publish the marvellous cure which your treatment has effected in my case.

I had been ailing for a length of time, and there is no doubt but that my liver and digestive system had become very greatly impaired, eventuating in ulceration of the stomach; and no matter what treatment I tried I could not obtain any relief, as no medicine seemed to have any effect upon my complaint. I was so bad with pains and general weakness that I did not know what to do with myself, and I finally became so weak that I could scarcely get about, or even drive, as I could not bear the shaking of the vehicle. My sleep almost completely left me. I tried all kinds of light and nourishing foods, but all were of no avail, as I could not retain anything whatever upon my stomach for any longer time than a few minutes, when I would retch it all back. I began to think that I would never be cured, and that I was doomed to die. Fortunately, however, I was induced to try your treatment, which I did in a most sceptical manner, never dreaming but that it would be of no more benefit to me than what I had already tried, but I am happy to state that the very first dose of your medicine gave me relief and stopped the vomiting entirely; my digestive system in consequence began to improve in such a manner that I could digest food again. My sleep came back to me, and the pains gradually left me. By carefully continuing your treatment and natural foods, and by adhering strictly to the dietary specialists about which you instructed me in Toowoomba, I made rapid improvement; in fact, I wish to state that I gained over two stone in weight in less than four months. This I consider nothing less than marvellous, considering the very bad condition I was in from ulceration of the stomach. I always keep your muscle food in my house even now, as I believe it to be the best food that possibly can be produced, as its strengthening and muscle-forming properties are simply astonishing, and I can strongly recommend it to anyone who is suffering from emaciation, weakness, or debility.

I feel confident in stating that my case is a most permanent and lasting cure, as I have not had any return of the malady for over twelve months. I have for many months past been as strong and robust as I ever was in my life, and I am able to do any kind of work the same as usual.

You can make whatever use you please of this for the benefit of others who may be suffering. I may add in conclusion that in order to test the fact of my having been cured by you I consulted a local doctor and was thoroughly sounded by him about five months. He declared that I was then as sound as a block.

Yours gratefully, (Signed) G. H. KEAL.

CURE OF EPILEPTIC FITS.

(COPY OF SWORN CERTIFICATE.)

MR. H. E. KUGELMANN, Consulting Herbal Practitioner.

Moyhu, Victoria, August 22, 1895.

Dear Sir,—For the sake of suffering humanity I wish to place on record for all time my testimony to the wonderful cure which your skillful treatment has so permanently effected in my case, so that any others suffering as I did may know what to do and where to go for successful treatment for Epileptic Fits, as I was a sufferer from this distressing disease, but, thanks to your system of treatment, I can safely say that I am cured most effectively and permanently.

Yours faithfully, (Signed) WALTER ALFRED FORGE.

Sworn before me this 22nd day of August, 1895.—A. PINKERTON, J.P.

Sufferers can be treated equally as well in England, Europe, America, Africa, India, or elsewhere.



CHARLES ROBINSON 1900

"Black and White."]

MAFEKING - WAITING.

We wait, we wait, see that ye come not late,
The fight is fierce and fierce the foeman's hate.
Our hearts are strong; but ah! the pity and dread
Of mothers weeping and of children dead.

We shall endure so long as day is seen,
Our lives are only for our Mother Queen.
But helpless bairns lie murdered at the gate;
We wait, we wait, see that ye come not late.



AUSTRALASIAN

EDITION.

VOL. XVI. No. 4.

APRIL 15, 1900.

PRICE, NINEPENCE.

THE HISTORY OF THE MONTH.

I.—WITHIN THE COLONIES.

The War. The history of the war during the month is singularly barren of great events; while, as far as small events are concerned, the balance of successes is, to everybody's surprise, on the side of the Boers! The Orange Free State, it turns out, is not pacified, and the flame of war burns almost as fiercely as ever in even its southern districts. At Doorn Spruit and at Reddersburg the Boers practically blotted out two small British columns, capturing nearly 1,000 men and seven guns, and doing it all—it may be frankly admitted—with great craft. Australian sentiment scarcely accepts with philosophical resignation these unexpected successes on the part of the enemy; though, no doubt, if we have to fight, we would rather meet foemen whose fighting quality we can respect. The "man in the street" probably finds Lord Roberts' apparent inaction during the month more trying to his patience than even such small and half accidental successes as the Boers have won. The reasons for Lord Roberts' temporary surrender of active operations are discussed elsewhere, and no one at heart doubts that they are both wise and adequate.

The Scale of the Struggle. War on a great scale cannot be hurried. And not since Napoleon's Russian campaign has any civilised nation undertaken a war so remote, and so beset with adverse natural conditions, as that Great Britain is now waging in South Africa. The mere spaciousness of South African geography might well tax to the breaking-point the resources of any nation less rich in resource than Great Britain. Let it be remembered that Mafeking is 870 miles from Cape Town, or as far as Bourke is from Adelaide; that Bloemfontein is 450 miles from Port Elizabeth, and Johannesburg 714; while the distance from Cape Town of these two places is 750 miles and 1,014 miles respectively. But the average Australian is contemptuous of geographical distance. Impatience burns in his blood. He has the defects, as well as the virtues, of youth. He is hungry for sensation, and would like to have at least one great victory served up fresh with his chop and coffee every morning. The war is, for the eager, ardent, and hurrying Australian temperament, a wholesome discipline in patience!

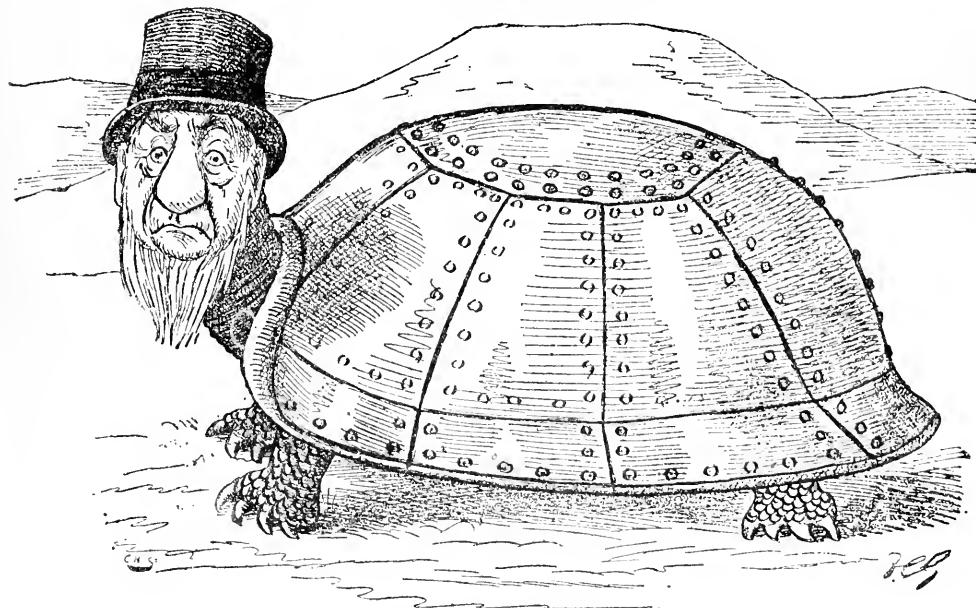
Australian Soldiers. In the fighting of the month all the Australian contingents have played a gallant part. They are everywhere at the front, set in comrade-

ship with the finest Imperial regiments—the Highlanders, the Guards, the Scots Greys, &c. And they win, and deserve to win, golden opinions from all the experts. For resource and pluck and intelligence, for loyal comradeship, for patience in hardship, for quickness in adapting themselves to new conditions, nothing could well surpass the Australians. And the same fine qualities are visible in all the contingents. New Zealanders or West Australians, Tasmanians or Queenslanders, men from New South Wales, or Victoria, or South Australia—all have borne themselves nobly. The Australian colonies, in a word, will emerge from the conflict with a distinct reputation for fine soldierly qualities, and with a new place in the affection and respect of the Empire. It is already suggested in the London press that, at the close of the war, all the Australian contingents should be taken, at the Imperial cost, to London, and at some great parade in Hyde Park, or at Aldershot, should be presented with colours by the Queen herself.

Australian Losses. War is a grim game, and a tragical price has, of course, to be paid for these honours. The losses of the

Australian contingents during the month have been very heavy. Doorn Spruit and Reddersburg have cost them as much as Rensburg. Victoria, it is to be noted, has suffered curiously in officers. Out of eleven killed, or dead through sickness, no less than six are officers, and one is a non-commissioned officer. These figures are, at least, a proof of devotion and gallant leadership in the higher ranks. The losses by sickness have been great, and keen regret is felt for the death of such men as Dr. Hopkins and Dr. Hall Owen. The London "Times" declares that the blood of the colonial soldiers who have died in the war, their gallant comradeship in peril and suffering with the Imperial troops, will serve as a new cement to the Empire; and it quotes some famous words to describe the new comradeship of the battlefield:—"Their blood flowed in the same stream, and drenched the same field. When the chill morning

"WHO SAID 'BOBS'?"



THE TORTOISE LOOKS OUT.

"Westminster Gazette."

dawned, their dead lay cold and stark together; in the same deep pit their bodies were deposited; the green corn of spring is now breaking from their commingled dust, the dew falls from heaven upon their union in the grave."

The shot aimed at the Prince of **The Prince of Wales.** Wales in the Brussels railway station sent a thrill of horrified anger

throughout the Empire, and all the colonies sent hasty and emphatic cablegrams of sympathy to the Prince. The shooting of the vicious or half-crazed youth was, fortunately, of a very wretched quality. He missed the Prince twice, though firing at a distance of only a few feet. His bullet, had it been better aimed, might have changed the course of history. The personal element counts for much in modern royalties. A few generations back character was the least important element in a monarch. His office was sacred, no matter how low the morals or contemptible the intelligence of its holder. But the conscience of mankind is to-day better instructed and more sensitive. The passionate loyalty, with almost the depths and fervour of a religion, felt toward the Queen is made possible by the purity and loftiness of her personal character. The narrow brain and meddling obstinacy of another George III. would break up the Empire. The detestable vices of another George IV. would transform England into a republic! Everyone prays that the Queen may be spared for years to her subjects; but the life of the Prince of Wales, who must ascend the throne when the Queen dies, is of real importance to the Empire. He has outlived the faults of youth, is rich in the calm sense which comes of many years, and has something more than a gleam of his mother's unfailing tact. The bullet which substituted—as the next heir to the throne—the Duke of York, with his youth and crude character—said to have in it a strain of the obstinacy of another George III.—for the Prince of Wales, might easily have had a dangerous importance to these colonies.

The Bill which is to give political **The Federal Prospect.** existence to the Australian Commonwealth will be introduced into the Imperial Parliament during the

next few weeks, and its fortunes will be watched with the keenest interest. Events have shown that there was real necessity for despatching delegates to London to watch over the Bill. The measure has been threatened with perils of two kinds, one of them, at least, wholly unexpected. New Zealand has claimed to be consulted as to the Bill. It demands that for outstanding States the right should be reserved (1) to enter the Commonwealth on the same terms as the original States; (2) to federate with the new Commonwealth meanwhile on special points—such as defence and access to the federal courts; (3) to enter into reciprocal treaties with the Commonwealth. New Zealand also objects to any limitation in the right of appeal to the Privy Council, and has suggested a new referendum on the Bill, as amended to meet its wishes.

New Zealand. It is probable that had New Zealand submitted these amendments

to the Federal Convention itself they would have been favourably considered. There is much to be said on their behalf. But the federating colonies are not unreasonably aggrieved that New Zealand should make its appearance as a factor in Federation at so late a stage in the process, and at a point so remote. Its appeal should have been made to the sister colonies, not to the Imperial Parliament. Mr. Seddon protests that his spirit is not unfriendly, and says he appeals to London rather than to Melbourne or Sydney because, in his judgment, this is the only proper course. The truth, no doubt, is that the appeal to London was an afterthought. When the other colonies were busy shaping the new constitution, New Zealand looked on with a sense of remoteness and philosophical indifference. It now sees that the emergence of the Australian Commonwealth will change the political balance of the colonies, and create a totally new set of political conditions. Hence its late and hurried entrance into the arena. The suggestion of a new referendum is very unhappy. The federating colonies have been doing little else for the last three years than taking plebiscites on the business, and they are a little sick of the process.

April 15, 1900.



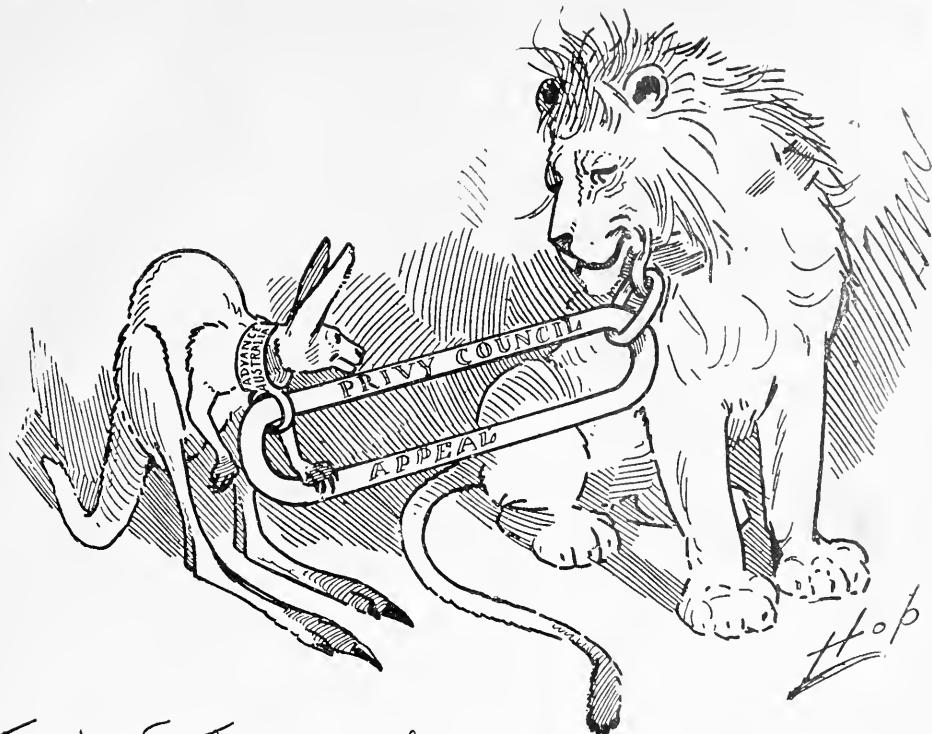
Melbourne "Punch."

THE ATTACK ON THE BILL.

On April 5 Mr. Chamberlain met the delegates of all the colonies in Conference, and it was decided that the case for New Zealand "was not urgent," a gentle fashion of saying that it was not convincing. The case for Western Australia stands in a different category. That colony took part in shaping the Commonwealth Bill, but its Parliament denied to the people of the colony any opportunity of voting on the measure, and did so, it cannot be doubted, because it was guessed the vote in favour of the Bill would have been overwhelming. Sir John Forrest demanded a series of changes in the constitution, but these have now shrunk to a single point, the suspension, as far as W.A. is concerned, of the federal tariff for a term of years. This does not seem too costly a price to pay for securing the inclusion of the great Western colony in the new Australian Commonwealth, and negotiations in London may yet have the happy effect of securing this result. W.A., during this interregnum, would, of course, have no voice in shaping the general tariff for the Commonwealth. The authority of a Conference of Premiers would be ample to justify such a modification of the

Will the Bill be Amended? Bill, and public opinion throughout Australia would cheerfully accept this settlement of the question.

The Appeal to the Privy Council. The one serious point that remains is the reluctance of the Imperial authorities to accept the clauses in the Bill which seem to limit the right of appeal to the Privy Council. Sir Richard Webster and Sir Robert Finlay, as representing the English Cabinet, contend that this is really to snap the most precious link which binds the Empire together. There must be, they argue, a final court of legal appeal for the Empire, otherwise the Empire ceases to be a legal unit. The Australian delegates naturally demand that the Bill shall be accepted as a whole. It has been stamped with final approval by the Australian constituencies, and must be regarded as sacrosanct. Not a comma, not a letter in it must be altered! This, however, is an absurdly extreme view to take, and there is real confusion as to how far the right of appeal to the Privy Council is affected by the Bill. A federal High Court is to be created, and all appeals from the other courts of the Commonwealth lie to it. But from the High Court itself an appeal



THE LION. "This is the only link that binds us together, I think we had better retain it."

THE KANGAROO. "Very well then, I had better change the wording of my motto!"

"Bulletin."]

to the Privy Council is possible subject to two conditions: (1) the appeal must not relate to any interpretation of the constitution of the Commonwealth; (2) special leave for appeal must first be granted by the Privy Council itself. The right of appeal, it is clear, will survive, though in an attenuated shape, even under the new constitution of the Australian Commonwealth.

It is to be noted, indeed, that so keen a lawyer as Mr. R. B. Haldane, Q.C., M.P., holds that the limitations on the right of appeal which the Bill seems to make, are of doubtful force. He says:—

It is by no means clear that, if the Bill passes as it stands, the appeal which now lies to the Queen-in-Council from the State Courts will be taken away. For the rule is that the Prerogative, of which this power

to hear appeals forms an existing part, can be cut down only by unambiguous words, and all that section 73 does is to give the new High Court jurisdiction to hear an appeal of the same kind, without saying that the appeal to the Privy Council is to cease. In Canada the effect of provisions not dissimilar has been to confer on litigants the right to appeal either to the Supreme Court which has been established under the power conferred by the Dominion Act of 1867, or to the Privy Council. If a similar construction is, as seems probable, to be placed on an Australian Bill, the net result will be to leave the existing appeal intact, providing an alternative appeal to the new High Court.

On the whole, the matter in dispute is not very serious. The Federal Convention itself was divided in opinion on the matter. Queensland, it is already intimated, will accept any modifications which the Imperial Parliament may make in the challenged clauses. A Conference of Premiers is to be held in a few days to consider the subject, and it may be taken for granted that no unwise obstinacy will be shown on either side. The Imperial Parlia-

ment will yield to the colonies if they are very much in earnest on the subject; and the colonies will certainly not risk the existence of the new Commonwealth for the sake of forbidding appeals—which might never be made—to the Privy Council.

A New Court of Appeal. It seems probable that in shaping the constitution for the new Commonwealth, the colonies will really modify the legal constitution of Great Britain. Mr. Haldane makes the suggestion that a totally new court of appeal—a Supreme Tribunal for the Empire—should be created, in which the colonies could be represented. The Judicial Committee of the Privy Council as a court of appeal has many limitations, and some reform is urgent, Mr. Haldane says:—

There seems to be no valid argument which can be urged against the creation of a Supreme Tribunal for the Empire which should sit in London and dispose of appeals of sufficient importance, not only from India and the Colonies but from England, Scotland and Wales. To such a tribunal the House of Lords and Privy Council would transfer their judicial functions. It would include among its members distinguished colonial lawyers who would represent the groups of colonies where different systems of jurisprudence prevail. Its members should, like the existing law lords, be life peers, and its sittings might be held in the House of Lords, the building most fit, by position, appearance and associations, to contain it. And the possession by the colonial judges of seats in that House, seats which would be theirs for all purposes, would be subject only to that restraint on party feeling, the obligation to which is in the practice of to-day recognised by the law peers.

Mr. Chamberlain has announced that he is willing to accept this compromise. The new Court would have an effectiveness and dignity of the highest sort, and would be accepted as a most valuable addition to the legal machinery of the Empire. Incidentally, it would offer a magnificent prize to the great lawyers of the colonies.

The Plague. The shadow of the plague still lies, black and menacing, on Sydney. At the moment we write 111 cases

have been reported, while the number of deaths is thirty-eight. This is a death-rate almost as malignant as that of Bombay. Every third person attacked has died. Mr. Lyne is fighting the plague with praiseworthy energy. Whole districts of the city are under more or less strict quarantine; some of the wharves have been closed against traffic; £30,000 per month is being expended in clean-



There is but one gospel true and I preach it unto you,
When the plague comes like the spectre that haunts the sombre
yew
And its bony feet are on the street and tread them night and day
Wash and pray!
Not more especially wash this earthly tenement of clay—
Wash and pray!

R. McN.

"Bulletin."]

sing operations. The Colonial Secretary, Mr. See, in a recent speech, declared with patriotic courage that Sydney was "the cleanest city in the world." That assertion must be regarded as being of the nature of a polite prophecy rather than a severely accurate description of present facts. Mr. See added that "statistics" proved Sydney to be the whitest and sweetest of earthly cities. But "statistics," according to a well-known story, are only lies in the "nth" degree! Sydney, no doubt, will be one of the cleanest, as well as one of the most beautiful, cities of the world by the time the plague is mastered. Filth is being removed from certain streets literally in thousands of tons. There is no reason, meanwhile, for panic. Even 111 cases, when measured against a population like that of Sydney, are but as a pin-prick on, say, the hide of a mastodon. Adelaide has practically stamped out the plague. Two cases are reported at Fremantle. One was discovered in a newly-arrived steamer in Hobson's Bay, and promptly sent into quarantine. The "Black Death," in a word, is nibbling at the Australian continent; but no serious fear need be felt. Our air is too sweet, our cities too clean, our sunlight too dry to make any serious visitation of the plague possible.

One result of the plague will be to practically destroy the rat in Australia. New Zealand was once—or was reputed to be—in a ratless condition. But the rodent has multiplied almost as fast as the rabbit, until it is a real pest in Australian cities. Alarmed mankind has now discovered that the rat is the harnessed courier of the bubonic plague. The very fleas in its fur are microbe-carriers. So the warfare against rats is being carried on with deadly earnestness. In Sydney alone, by the end of March, an army of 38,000 rats—duly counted—had been destroyed. A price is on a rat's head—or tail—everywhere. In Melbourne a householder is liable to a fine of £2 for every rat discovered on his premises. If the crusade lasts the rat will soon be as extinct in Australasia as the dodo.



"Bulletin."

THE TARIFF ON RATS.

The colonies have very definite convictions as to the terms on which peace in South Africa ought to be made, and there is no shy reserve in announcing these convictions. Their views, it cannot be doubted, will weigh heavily with the Imperial Government. Mr. Seddon, with characteristic energy and promptitude, cabled to Mr. Chamberlain that no peace would satisfy the colonies which did not bring the Boer republics within the zone of the Empire, and so make war—or such a war, at least, as that which now rages—impossible later. Mr. Seddon added that the Australasian colonies "could send sufficient men to hold the Transvaal, if the Imperial forces were needed for service elsewhere"—a significant hint to any continental Power meditating interven-

tion! Mr. Lyne, on behalf of the other Australian Premiers, cabled to London an endorsement of what is understood to be the views of the British Cabinet. These cablegrams have given great pleasure to the Imperial Government. They show that the colonies agree with the mother country in policy, as well as are willing to share her fortunes in the field. The English journals declare the cablegrams are political documents of the first importance. "The Boer ultimatum," the London "Daily Telegraph" says, "represented an attempt to disintegrate the Empire; the messages now sent by the colonial Premiers show that the colonies are on the side of the unity of the Empire."

A curious mischance befell the famous petition to the Queen for separation.

Affairs in W.A. It was packed in blue plush, locked up in a "gilded casket," and formally handed to Sir Gerard Smith for transport to London. His Excellency, however, carelessly—or carefully—left the perilous document behind him! Rumour—that "lying jade" of the poets—whispers alternately that the Governor hated the petition, and wanted to kill it; and that a trick had been played on the simple-minded Sir Gerard, and he was solemnly bearing to London an empty casket, which had been wickedly substituted for that containing the petition. The unadorned truth seems to be that His Excellency left the petition with his advisers, that they might attach to it their comments and advice. Meanwhile, Sir John Forrest's wiser attitude on Federation seems likely to assuage local sentiment. Sir John pledges himself, if a concession is made to W.A. in the matter of the federal tariff, to pass the Federal Bill through Parliament as a Ministerial measure; and the Federal League of W.A., "in the spirit of compromise," joins hands with Sir John Forrest. It is to be noted, however, that the mining community in W.A. wants Federation for the sake of its tariff!

New South Wales is still interested in the question of Mr. Reid's finance; but there is much angry dispute as to the jury by which Mr. Reid's alleged surpluses are to be tried, and

Had
Mr. Reid a
Surplus?

the principles on which they are to be judged. Messrs. French, T. A. Dibbs, and Yarwood are nominated by Mr. Lyne as a Committee of Experts. All are able men; but Mr. Reid objects to Mr. Yarwood because he is a bitter political enemy. Mr. Lyne submits to the Committee forty-one questions, and gives the enquiry a range to which Mr. Reid objects. The existing law directed the accounts for each year to be closed at the end of the year, instead of being kept open to provide for claims that had not yet arisen. Mr. Reid contends that the only matter to be tried is whether his budgets honestly complied with the existing law. Mr. Lyne holds that the wisdom of the law itself as well as the question of whether Mr. Reid complied with it, must be investigated. An adverse finding, on this plan, may condemn the law, and acquit Mr. Reid! Events, meanwhile, are kindly to Mr. Lyne. He is not an orator or a diplomatist; but he is a man of affairs. And all public interest in New South Wales has been concentrated on the Contingents and the Plague; matters which required neither oratory nor diplomacy, but only plain sense and business energy. Mr. Lyne has had the opportunity of showing that he possesses these qualities.

**Soldierly
zeal.** The rush of volunteers to the Australian contingents in all the colonies has been great, and has been attended with many amusing incidents. In New Zealand the Minister of Defence received the following application from a school-boy:—

"I have the pleasure of offering my services for the Transvaal. I will accept any office, from drummer boy upwards. I am 11 years of age, 5 ft. high, and weigh 6 stone 1 lb. I am captain of the Featherstone school, and in the 6th standard. My brother is leaving Sydney for the Transvaal on the 27th, by the s.s. Warrigal, and I hope to meet him in South Africa."

"P.S.—I wish I could urge a few of the other boys to come, but they seem to be frightened. Please send the time when I am to come, and where I am to go."

Mr. Smethurst, the President of the Wyalong Rifle Club (N.S.W.), tells in the London "Times" the tale of the volunteering in his district:—

"Our contribution to the second contingent having been inspected, we rejected five as not sufficiently proficient with the rifle to justify their transport 350 miles to Sydney for testing. Three of the chosen seven sat on my doorstep nearly the whole day after enrolling waiting for orders to pack and march. In the even-

ing I had them at the 'Manual' till 11 o'clock. They had never done any drill before, and I wanted them to hold their rifles right end up when they were inspected at headquarters. They stuck to it like men (temperature 98 deg. at midnight), and I appointed daybreak next morning for the next drill, if they would drag me out of bed, which they accordingly did, and went at it again till breakfast. After breakfast they heard that some good horses were to be bought at a station about twenty-five miles away. Off they went on borrowed nags, and returned at 8 p.m., with two horses, bought at £14 per head. One of the men was horseless, and in despair. Never have I seen such a picture of misery as that young man who had no horse. His head hung loose and limp on his shoulders; inexpressible woe was depicted on every feature. The earth was dark, and life had no more to offer. If he only had a horse he was certain of being amongst the chosen. 'Mick,' he said to a friend, 'if you get me a horse I'll give you my two-roomed house, all the furniture, the allotment of land, the fowls, two geese, my bicycle, and four ducks, and when the Government pays for the horse I'll give you every penny they give me for him.' At last a horse was discovered, but he was not for sale. The owner graciously permitted the rare animal to be inspected. The night was dark; about 200 interested and excited spectators joined in the illumination of the great horse in the middle of the road by the light of wax matches; his hocks were felt and his teeth counted; he was ridden up and down the street; and at last, carried away by patriotism, his owner reluctantly parted with him at double the price he had brought him to town in search of."

"At dawn of a scorching summer day our boys left us with a parting cheer; a forty-mile ride before them through dust and heat to the nearest railway station. Good luck go with them. From the heart of Australia to the heart of Africa they go to fight for the Empire that gives equal freedom to all men."

The coming of the Commonwealth
The Coming is naturally the signal for much ac-
com-
mon-
wealth. tivity. The federal elections may

be expected to take place four or five months hence, and the Federal Parliament must find for itself a local habitation. It will meet in Melbourne, and the Victorian Premier is anxiously considering what roof—that of Parliament House, or of the Exhibition Building—will best serve to shelter the new and august assembly. Mr. Oliver, under the authority of a Royal Commission, is passing all the "beauty spots" of New South Wales under review, for the purpose of recommending a site for the federal capital. He has narrowed the number of sites down to six, and, personally, seems disposed to favour Bombala. This site has the merit of being in beautiful country mid-way betwixt Melbourne and Sydney, but the demerit of being on no railway-line. It would cost £3,400,000 to construct a new railway linking Bombala with the two great cities of Australia. Albury is busy pushing its claims to be the federal capital. It has every virtue; but is guilty of the offence of being much nearer Melbourne than Sydney. And, from the New South Wales point of view, that offence is serious!

II.—BEYOND THE COLONIES.

By W. T. STEAD.

LONDON, March 1, 1900.

The Naval Estimates brought in by the French Government are the natural corollary of the German naval programme, and the experience of Fashoda. The French programme provides for the building of 178 new vessels, viz., 28 sea-going torpedo boats, 112 torpedo boats, and 26 submarine torpedo boats, so that when this scheme is carried out, the French fleet will comprise 28 swift ironclads, 24 iron-clad cruisers, 52 sea-going torpedo boats, 263 torpedo boats, and 38 submarine boats. Our new naval estimate shows an increase of £928,000 above the record Estimates of last year. The total is £27,552,600. Add this to the total of £61,000,000 of war estimates, and we have an army and navy bill for the year of £89,500,000. It is melancholy to reflect that this renewed and sudden impetus in the direction of warlike expenditure has immediately followed the Hague Conference. Mr. Goschen's observations on this point may be noted for reference:—

It seems a very long time since the Hague Conference, to consider the question of mutual disarmament, held its meetings, and when it was called, the House will remember, we suggested as a Government that possibly the laying down of further battle-ships might be kept in suspense, with a view to ascertaining what the decision of the Hague Conference might be. This country was, I think, the only one which made a suggestion of the kind or met in any degree the peaceful spirit which inspired, most sincerely inspired, the Tsar, in calling the conference. The conference met, and soon it appeared that disarmament was a policy too Utopian to be entertained, or even reduction of armaments. Other valuable matters arose in the conference, but as to progressive reduction of armaments nothing at all was done; and in the next six months succeeding the conference more gigantic programmes stretching forward for eight, sixteen, and twenty years were conceived, and elaborated by the Governments represented at the Hague Conference than had ever been put forward by those Powers before.

**A Motto
for
Count
Mouravieff.** Count Mouravieff has issued instructions for the exhibition at Paris of a complete collection of documents, reports, &c., illustrating the effort that was made at the Hague to wean nations from the ruinous policy of competitive expenditure on armaments. If he wants a motto for his collection, he could find

no more appropriate text than the words of the Apostle:—

For I know that to will is present with me, but how to perform that which is good, I find not. For the good that I would, I do not, but the evil which I would not, that I do.

What the nations have to discover is how to cast out the sin that dwelleth in them,—but this, alas! seldom goeth out except through great tribulation.

So long as this competitive race of **Out-standing Obligations** armaments continues there can be no abatement, least of all on the part of Great Britain. Mr. Bowles remarked incidentally to the House the other night:—

The responsibilities which Great Britain had incurred were very great. Apart from our trade and the protection of our colonies, we were bound by treaties to defend the absolute and international neutrality of Belgium, Luxembourg, Switzerland, the Ionian Islands, Sweden against Russia, the independence of Turkey, Greece, Chusan, and Portugal. It was therefore important, in view of these liabilities, that we should not lose any part of our sea power.

Mr. Goschen, in reply, confessed he was not familiar with this formidable list of our national obligations. It would really seem as if it was not Tommy Atkins, but our ruling statesman, who deserves to be known as "the Absent-Minded Beggar." Mr. Bowles' list might be easily extended. He said nothing about Egypt, where there are ominous rumours as to French intrigue and military disaffection, nor did he even allude to our forgotten obligations, under the Anglo-Turkish Convention, to the unfortunate Armenians. Neither did he say anything about Morocco, which, although no treaty obligation exists, it is commonly believed we should defend against French attack. Apart from direct obligations we may at any moment be confronted by a new and more formidable Mahdi, in the person of El Senussi, concerning the reality of which menace see Mr. Threlfall's article, quoted elsewhere.

The Samoan Bargain. The so-called bargain driven by the Germans about Samoa was explained to the Reichstag by Count von Bulow on February 12 in a

speech which set forth with such cynical frankness how England had been "done" in the matter, that the German Foreign Minister found it necessary, on the principle of s'excuse s'accuse, to make the following extraordinary statement:—

In conducting the negotiations, I did not make it my object to overreach the other Powers. That is not our manner of dealing. I rather endeavoured to see that we should not ourselves be outdone, and directed my efforts to seizing the proper moment for concluding the treaties.

Which is to say, that the astute Kaiser regarded the seizure of the true psychological moment as the essence of the whole negotiation. And so, of course, it was. The Samoan agreement directly followed the outbreak of the war in South Africa. This was not "overreaching." It was simply seizing the "proper moment."

**Our Gross
of
Green
Spectacles.** Moses, in "The Vicar of Wakefield," who was induced to buy a gross of green spectacles, is the prototype of our Government when they concluded the agreement by which they gave Germany everything for nothing, and parted with Samoa for the sake of mere show of concession elsewhere. That it was only show and not substance Count von Buloz took pains to demonstrate. He said:—

It was obvious from the first that from the standpoint of practical politics we should have to compensate Great Britain in some way for her rights in Samoa, which were formally as well founded as our own. We have, therefore, ceded to Great Britain the Solomon Islands, lying to the east and south-east of Bougainville. We keep our principal island Bougainville and the island of Buka, which projects from it. In these two islands there is the possibility of future colonisation. The islands of Choiseul and Szabel, which we have given up, could not be opened up at all. They have no especially favourable maritime position, and the chief interest in the islands is the right to hire labourers there. This right we have expressly retained in our agreement with Great Britain. In Togoland we keep that very part of the neutral zone which best serves our purpose, which is the most convenient for us, and which also offers us the best economic prospects. Concerning our extra-territorial right in Zanzibar, it had actually become a shell without the kernel, and even this empty shell was ours only until 1902. But we have expressly stipulated that we only surrender our extra-territorial rights in Zanzibar when the other Powers to whom the same right belongs have done the same.

"A shell without the kernel" exactly explains the precise nature of the equivalent we shall always receive if we go bargaining with the Germans when we go a-gunning in South Africa.

**Is Holland
in
Danger?** The German Government has already given us fair and full notice that they do not intend to remain under the shadow of our naval supremacy much longer. With a paramount fleet they may want other ports and colonies than those they now enjoy. How would Hol-

land suit? When the German nation moves it sends out Professors as Uhlan. The main army may not always follow the professorial Uhlan, but a prudent nation will always be on the alert when such feelers approach its territory. The professorial Uhlan is very busy with Holland just now. An article in the "Gegenwart," and other articles in the newspapers, show what Germans are thinking of:—

On January 31 Professor Adolph Wagner closed an article entitled "From Industrial State to World-Power" with a "dream" of "the new German Empire forming the crystallising point of a new central and western European coalition of peoples and States, based, not upon force, but upon voluntary approximation in the individual interests of all concerned, and upon economic combination and alliance."

Another writer in the "Munchner Allgemeine Zeitung" on "The Future of German Maritime Commerce," says:—

We must not leave the Rhine out of account because its mouth is economically and politically severed from us; but we must reckon upon a time, which is to be hoped, no longer very remote, when the land of the Rhine harbours will be more closely united with the German Empire by an economic alliance of Customs and a political alliance of friendship.

This alliance is to "shatter the unconditioned commercial supremacy of England." There may be no army in the rear. But here is the professorial Uhlan.

**Light
in
the East.** Lord Rosebery, in a recent speech, pointed out and Lord Kimberley emphasised his warning, to the evidence of Russian activity afforded

by her recent arrangement with Persia, which tends to advertise, rather than to emphasise, her natural and necessary ascendancy over the Court of Teheran. Lord Kimberley spoke with unwonted freedom as to the danger which he seemed to anticipate might result from Russian action in Afghanistan. If Dr. Dillon, of the "Daily Telegraph," may be believed—and although a pessimist to the backbone, he is at St. Petersburg, and he knows his Russians—no less a personage than the present Minister of War, General Kourapatkin, seriously meditated taking advantage of our present difficulties in order to strengthen the position of Russia in Western Afghanistan. It was with this view, says Dr. Dillon, that the recent mysterious movement of troops to Kuskh took place, and a definite proposal to this effect was submitted by General Kourapatkin to the Emperor. But there, of course, it met with the only answer that could be expected from Nicholas II. The Emperor is reported to have put his foot down at once, and said that he would not depart a hairbreadth from neutrality in order to profit by English complications. This, the shrewd cynic will say, is magnificent, but it is not busi-

ness. Nevertheless, if it is a fact, let us thank Heaven that there is one bright spot on the horizon, and that England, surrounded by envious rivals, can count upon the neutrality and good faith of the Tsar.

**Dark Clouds
in
the West.** It is impossible to ignore the fact that the sky has overclouded very rapidly in the West. To begin with, Lord Pauncefote is leaving Washington—a disaster which can best be understood by the man in the street by asking him to acquiesce in the recall of Lord Roberts. The attempt made by the two Governments to reconcile the provisions of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty with the demand of American Imperialism for the construction of the Nicaragua Canal by America alone, seems destined to miscarry. The moment the Treaty was published a vehement campaign was undertaken against it, the attack being concentrated on the clause by which the United States binds herself not to fortify the new canal. This is denounced as a scandalous concession to England, and all the resources of journalistic vituperation with pen and pencil have been launched upon the President and Mr. Secretary Hay for their alleged surrender to England. As a matter of fact, no one in England cares two straws about the matter, and the hubbub on the other side of the Atlantic has produced no echo here. The Clayton-Bulwer Treaty has long been an anachronism, and could not possibly apply to a canal constructed by the United States with its own capital and on its own responsibility. The new treaty recognised that the United States must alone police the Canal, and that being so, it does not matter greatly whether the police barracks are fortresses.

**The Colonies
and
the Empire.** One of the results of summoning our Canadian and Australian colonists to shed their blood in the South African War is that the Colonial Governments will expect to have a voice in the settlement that is to follow the war. The British Empire, as we have known it, is passing away. In its place there may come—or there may not—a federation of self-governing colonies with the old Motherland as a common centre. The task of constructing such a federation will put the statesmanship of our rulers to a severer strain than any to

which it has yet been subjected. Rightly used, the opportunity may enable us to achieve what has hitherto been regarded as a dream of the idealist. But if it is not rightly used? The way in which it will work in one direction is quite clear. We have in the past found it difficult enough to arrange a modus vivendi with the United States on questions that concern Canada. Now, when the Alaskan Question comes up for settlement, Canada is not likely to be more manageable because of the exploit of the Canadians which precipitated the surrender of Cronje. As they have fought our battles they will expect us to fight theirs, and the first time we refuse to support some extreme colonial claim we shall be accused of the basest ingratitude.

**The Mood
of
the Boers.** That the Boers themselves loathe this war and would gladly end it, provided their independence is not endangered, is attested by a host of competent witnesses. One of the most remarkable of these is the army chaplain, Reginald F. Collins, who reported to Sir Charles Warren on the mood of the Boers after their victory at Spion Kop. His report is very explicit. Speaking of the Boers, with whom he spent three days burying the British dead, he says:—

For my part, I confess that the deepest impression has been made on me by these conversations and by the manly bearing and the straightforward, outspoken way in which we were met. There were two things I particularly noted. There was a total absence of anything like exultation over what they must consider a military success. Not a word, not a look, not a gesture or sign could be by the most sensitive of persons be construed as a display of their superiority. Far from it; there was a sadness, almost anguish, in the way in which they referred to our fallen soldiers. I can best convey the truth of this statement, and show that there is no attempt at exaggeration, in using the word "anguish," by repeating expressions used, not once, but again and again, by great numbers of them as they inspected the ghastly piles of our dead. "My God! what a sight!" ; "We hate this war. This war is accursed. Every day on our knees we all pray that God will bring this war to an end"; "It is not our war; it is a war of the millionaires. What enmity have we with these poor fellows?"; "Would that Chamberlain, Rhodes, and the millionaires could see these trenches and graves"; "We all hate war. We are men of Peace. We want to go back to our homes and farms, to sow our seed and reap our fields, and not to make war. Good God! When will it end?" There were many like expressions of grief used, but these were the most frequent, and are those that remain indelibly imprinted on my memory, together with the inexorable sorrow stamped on every face. At the burial service all stood reverently bareheaded, and all who could speak English joined in the words of "Our Father."

FIGHTING THE "BLACK DEATH" IN SYDNEY.

BY PERCY R. MEGGY.

Just three months ago—on January 19, to be precise—four days after the plague was reported to have broken out in Adelaide, a lorry-driver at the Central Wharf, while driving through the centre of Sydney in the hottest part of the day, was suddenly seized with giddiness, headache, and stomachic pains, and four hours later with a pain in the left thigh, near the groin, where there was a continuously aching lump, succeeded by fever, thirst, and a bounding pulse. On the following day the patient was seen by Dr. Gillies, who had worked at the pathology of plague at Cambridge; and who, regarding the case as suspicious, reported it to the Board of Health. Payne, for that was the patient's name, was thereupon visited by Dr. Tidswell, the Government Bacteriologist, and later on by Dr. Ashburton Thompson, President of the Board of Health.

The Plague.

A microscopic examination of the enlarged thigh-gland made by the former, revealed the presence of the *Bacillus Pestis Bubonicae*, discovered independently by Kitasato, the famous Japanese bacteriologist, during the Hon. Kong epidemic, and by Yersin, whose serum is being extensively used in Sydney for inoculation purposes. Three mice and two guinea-pigs, inoculated either directly or indirectly from Payne, showed the characteristic buboes and the plague bacilli; death ensuing in each case in from three to four days.

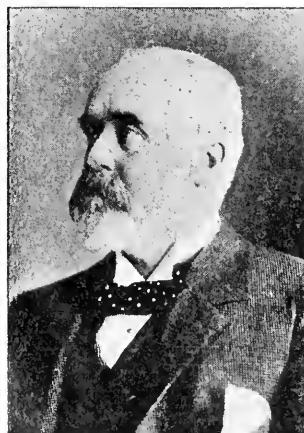
For months past Payne had been almost exclusively employed in carting wool from city ware-

houses to the Central Wharf, but had not handled goods discharged from any ship since the previous August, and not been below on any ship for at least three months. During that period, however, four steamships carrying Chinese crews, which had all touched at Hong Kong, had lain at the Central Wharf, one of them—the steamship *Kintuck*—which left Hong Kong on October 26, having lain at the wharf from January 9 to the day after that on which Payne was attacked. In fact, the number of vessels arriving in Sydney which had touched at plague-infected ports, especially at Hong Kong and Bombay, since the outbreak of the plague in Hong Kong in 1894, has been increasingly great; but the Board of Health authorities, after the strictest inspection, are able to assert that in no instance has even a suspected case been on board.

The facts stated above are hardly sufficient to establish a connection between the advent of the *Kintuck* and the outbreak of the plague. On the other hand, if we follow Payne to his home, evidence pointing in an entirely different direction crops up at once.

Whence Did It Come?

Payne was a young, healthy, muscular married man, with a wife and three children, who had lived for years in a two-storyed brick house, situated near the harbour in the vicinity of many large warehouses, and built—as they say a wise man's house should be built—on a rock, which sloped rather steeply to the water's edge. The



MR. R. HICKSON,
Under-Secretary of Public Works.
(Member of Sanitary Board.)



DR. F. TIDSWELL,
Government Bacteriologist.



DR. ASHBURTON THOMPSON,
President N.S.W. Board of Health.



CHINAMAN'S BEDROOM IN WEXFORD STREET.



WEXFORD STREET—THE CHINESE QUARTERS.

[Pictures specially taken by the Government Photographer for the "Review of Reviews."]

house was as clean as a pin, and very tidily kept, but "the sewerage was seriously defective." It was within the city limits, but not within the metropolitan area. The latter is under the exclusive control of the Metropolitan Board of Water Supply and Sewerage, and the houses to which the Board's service has been extended so far—38,000 in all, containing a population of 182,000—are in every case said to be connected on the most approved principles; whereas the houses in the city are in too many instances noteworthy for the inefficiency of their sanitary arrangements; a proper system of drainage being apparently the exception rather than the rule. Indeed, one of the first steps taken by the Government, on the outbreak of the plague, was to compel all property-owners within the city to connect their properties with the new sewers where such were laid down, or to put their present connections with the old sewers in order at their own expense; and a similar course is being taken by the numerous suburban municipalities which lie scattered around.

However, whatever the cause of the original case of plague, whether it was imported by way of the wharves or was a natural result of the monstrous conditions under which many of the people of Sydney were allowed to live, the effect was the same. The dreaded plague, which, under various names, but especially that of the Black Death, had ravaged and revolutionised Europe in the fourteenth century, had nearly depopulated London in the reign of Charles II., had destroyed one-half of Bagdad in 1830, and was recently destroying its hundreds daily in Canton and Bombay, had appeared in the metropolis of Australia, and there was no telling to what fearful mortality it might not give rise.

The Beginning of the Fight.

The moment the case was definitely diagnosed as one of plague, the patient and the other members of his household, together with four "contacts," who had visited the house since the beginning of the illness, were removed to the Quarantine Depot at Woolloomooloo Bay, and thence to the Quarantine Station at the North Head, where they were detained for ten days, a period which has since been reduced to five, the risk of infection, after the lapse of the shorter period, being considered extremely small. In the meantime, the patient's house was disinfected, and all those who had been in contact with the case, together with the members of the Quarantine Staff, were protected with Professor Haffkine's prophylactic, which was so extensively used during the Indian outbreak with the result that the mortality among the inoculated was diminished by eighty per cent. Payne recovered from the attack, and so stringent were the measures adopted, that for some weeks no further case occurred.

But the dreaded disease was not to be thus easily balked. The next to be attacked, and the first to fall a victim, was T. R. Dudley, a retired ship's captain, and the interest in this case centres in the fact that, although the house in which he lived was clean, it was immediately opposite a filthy lane in Sussex-street, to the condition of which the attention of the municipal authorities had been called by Mrs. Dudley shortly before her husband was taken ill, but, it is alleged, without any action being taken, and without even the courtesy of a reply.

The captain died, and Bates'-lane was cleaned; but so filthy was it that the wonder is that under such insanitary conditions, which were not only allowed, but apparently countenanced by the municipal authorities, the plague had not broken out before. For the plague feeds on filth. Its home is the cess-pool. Without filth there would apparently be no plague. Bates'-lane is a small cul-de-sac, about fifty yards in length, not far from Bateman's-lane, which resembled it in many respects. Dr. Ashburton Thompson described it as "a disgrace to any civilised city," and said he did not remember ever having seen, even in the most notorious parts of London, anything much worse. The medical staff went there with instructions to inoculate everybody in the lane, and were not only met with a point-blank refusal on the part of every resident, but with "language" as well!

How the War was Waged.

The Government now became fully alive to the danger of the situation, and to the necessity for a thorough cleansing of the city by an independent sanitary authority. A Sanitary Board was accordingly appointed, consisting of Messrs. Robert Hickson, Under-Secretary to the Public Works Department; P. E. Getting, A.I.S.E., London, Chief Sanitary Inspector to the Board of Health; and L. B. Blackwell, C.E., representing the City Council, with full powers to deal with the matter. The Board immediately appointed Mr. George McCready, the well-known architect and consulting engineer, its executive officer to carry out the cleansing operations, and vested him with complete jurisdiction over the areas successively quarantined. Mr. McCready was assisted in his task by Mr. Getting, and the work was carried through with the utmost expedition.

In Bombay the people in the infected areas were lodged in camps outside the city while their places were being cleansed; but in Sydney the opposite plan was pursued. The inhabitants of a proclaimed area were suddenly barricaded and prevented from moving out, whatever their business might be, till the block was thoroughly cleansed, which usually took from two to three days. A large number of labourers were supplied by the Labour Bureau—who, by the way, were inoculated to protect them from the plague—and all able-bodied men residing in the quarantined areas, who were thus temporarily deprived of their ordinary means of livelihood, were offered work at 8s. a day to assist the contractor in carrying out his scheme, while some of the more experienced were put on as inspectors.

Work was started on March 27, with about 750 men, subsequently increased, as occasion required, to over 2,000, who were divided into gangs of six men under an inspector and twenty-five under gangers. The inspectors' gangs worked inside the houses, while the other gangs cleaned up the yards and alleys, both houses and yards being whitewashed, fumigated, disinfected, and generally turned inside out, and whatever was left of them returned to their occupiers in a sometimes quite unrecognisable state, and all this with a celerity bordering on the marvellous. Dredges were employed in excavating filth which had accumulated at the bottom of the harbour, and the underneath timbers of wharves were subjected to a deluge of boiling water poured on them from a steam jet. Some of the old wooden wharves were found in such a rotten condition that they will probably be removed,



KENT STREET, SHOWING QUARANTINE LINE.

and others substituted, which will probably be constructed on the plan of the stone wharf recently erected by the Government at Pyrmont.

Seven hundred and fifty tons of debris were removed out of the yards and houses the very first day, and punted off to sea. An immense collection of old timber, bagging, bedding, hen-coops and fowl-houses, was burnt on the street, which presented a very unusual and anything but an attractive appearance while the operations were going on. All old structures, disreputable out-houses and filthy stables, were either razed to the ground or destroyed by fire. Wooden floors and planking were taken up and an enormous accumulation of filth and dead rats was removed. The result of the very first day's work, as Messrs. McCready and Getting stated in their report, "revealed a much worse condition of affairs than we anticipated when starting operations, and such as is almost beyond belief. In fact, any report containing the actual facts brought to light would have been considered as grossly exaggerated, but, having seen them, we can vouch for their truth."

"Purple Patches"!

Here are a few of the more striking facts unearthed during the progress of the operations. In one place used as a kitchen and eating house there was a big open cess-pool in the centre of the kitchen in a filthy condition. At a butcher's shop in Erskine-street, on the floor of the kitchen, which was also used as a sitting room, being removed, the space underneath was found to be covered with

sewerage matter to the extent of from six to nine inches in depth; while in a corner of the room were several casks and tubs containing about two and a half tons of putrid salted meat, all of which was, of course, removed and punted off to sea. Needless to say the butcher's wife was under the doctor's hands. Several tons of equally salubrious material were found underneath the flooring of a house in Kent-street, which was saturated with damp, the family who occupied it being "nearly always ill;" while in a blind cellar at an hotel in Sussex-street, which the inspectors stumbled across by the merest chance, no less than twenty-five tons of filth and decomposed matter were found.

Numbers of houses, especially in Kent-street, the notorious Bateman's-lane, Bradley's cottages off Sussex-street—five in all—which had no back entrance, no back windows, one water tap, and only one closet for the whole terrace, and many other "desirable villa residences," in some of the worst of which the plague had broken out, were considered utterly unfit for human habitation, and were recommended to be destroyed. In Bombay these houses would have had the significant "U H H" (unfit for human habitation) affixed to them in large red letters; but the owners of the Sydney tenements will probably only know of their fate when the sentence of execution has been carried out.

The condition of affairs revealed during the first fortnight was bad enough, but the climax was reached in Passion week, when, at the suggestion of the City Council, the Government suddenly de-

cided to tackle the Chinese quarter. The Attorney-General (the Hon. B. R. Wise), who, together with the Premier (the Hon. W. J. Lyne), has taken the keenest interest throughout in fighting the plague, gave the necessary instructions, and without a moment's warning one of the most densely populated corners in Sydney—the notorious Wexford-street—was quarantined. A posse of forty policemen marched down to prevent the egress of the residents, the street was suddenly surrounded with barricades, and was placed in a state of siege. The Orientals, frenzied at the outrage, indulged in the wildest profanity, and clamoured for Mr. McCready, who very wisely kept out of the way, while special constables were told off to accompany the inspectors to protect them while discharging their duty from the attacks of the offended "Chinks."

The revelations from this quarter were of the most sensational character. The premises, which frequently consisted of gambling hells and opium dens, were generally in a revolting condition. The sewerage connections were in many cases either utterly deficient or indescribably bad. Filth oozed from beneath the floors, water and damp sometimes drained through the doors to the yard, or where there was not even a yard stagnated where it lay. Bath-rooms trickled their dirty contents to the walls below. In some places residents slept in old water closets or next to stables. Houses were built over disused wells. In one case a well, twelve feet deep, nearly full of water, was found underneath the floor of a room of the very existence of which the tenants professed to be ignorant, and there were rooms in which the daylight never

entered, or entered but by stealth, and where the worst of practices were openly carried on.

"Desirable Villa Residences"!

An inspection on Good Friday revealed terraces of brick houses and cottages at Exeter-place without ventilation, without damp-courses, without closets, or where there were closets these were placed right in front of the main entrance, and were in a fearful state of construction and repair. All of these wretched tenements were condemned, and will be pulled down as soon as quarters can be found for the occupants. One bed-ridden old woman of seventy was found covered in rags, living and sleeping in a veritable dungeon, fully seven feet below the level of Wexford-street, which smelt revoltingly of moist and damp. The inmate, to whom that Good Friday inspection was a memorable event, was recommended for removal to an asylum. In this strange quarter of the city the debauchery of the East and West met on a common soil, and produced a compound worse than either, because it united the worst characteristics of both. Yet it is only fair to the Orientals to state that many of the places occupied by the Chinese were models of cleanliness, and that the most sensational revelations came from the spots where the Yellow had joined hands with the White.

The Cost of It All.

All the revelations noted above form a striking commentary on the policy of retrenchment with which the Mayor of Sydney inaugurated his municipal reign, and it would be interesting to compare



EXETER PLACE.



A GANG OF CLEANERS AT WORK AT THE FOOT OF KING STREET.

the few hundred pounds saved at the commencement of his term of office, by "sacking" the scavengers, with the £20,000 or £30,000 which are now being spent every week in making the city clean. This outlay, of course, only represents a tithe of the actual expense incurred. The cleansing operations entail something more than the mere amount of wages paid to the men. Trade has been temporarily paralysed. Businesses have been in some cases partially, and in others utterly, ruined. Traffic has been diverted. A considerable amount of property, some of it valuable, some of it worthless, has been destroyed. The heirlooms and little treasures belonging to many "a humble dwelling" have been either stolen or lost, and an enormous amount of inconvenience has been caused, some of which will form the subject of claims which the Government will have to make good. Much, however, was done to alleviate the distress thus unavoidably caused, and no one in the quarantined area can complain of not having had enough to eat, since liberal rations were served out to everyone who asked. Mr. McCready was continually being bombarded with claims for damages or requests for a pass, and one of the latter was so genuinely pathetic that it deserves getting into print:—

"We have been quarantined," wrote a hard-working resident, "but are out. Now I had no money to live with; five children; and had to pawn a suit of clothes, as my husband was out working in the Gas. Please, Mr. McCready, I beg of you to give me an order to get through to the pawnbroker, as it is the only suit he has, and has been telegrammed to go up country, as his sister is dying. Please to be kind enough, as it is a needful case.—Mrs. B."

By this time, that is to say, up to Passion week, 104 people had been attacked in Sydney, of whom 36 had died, and cases were occurring at the rate of from one to six or seven a day. This, though quite bad enough, is almost insignificant when compared with the outbreak of typhoid, in which, from the commencement of January till March 25, 490 cases were reported, of which 31 had proved fatal. In 1898 there were 824 typhoid cases, with 58 deaths, and last year 786 cases, with 80 deaths; the disease, therefore, being on the increase. Both typhoid and the plague originate in filth, so that the cleansing operations necessitated by the outbreak of the one will tend to reduce the deaths from the other. The Sydney plague has so far, indeed, been of a very mild character; as in other parts of the world, where the general conditions are far filthier than anything recorded in Sydney, the mortality is generally from 80 to 90 per cent. of those attacked, particularly in the early stages of the disease.

The Rat Crusade.

A "king" of the rat-catchers was appointed, to whom was assigned the entire charge of the crusade, and the probability is that in a very short time hardly a rat will be left alive. The importance of this step will be recognised when it is remembered that the plague bacillus makes its home in inhabited soil, and that the first to be attacked are invariably the rats, who die in thousands, a sure precedent sign, both in India and China, of the coming of the plague, the rats communicating the disease to one another, and to

the human beings who touch or otherwise come in contact with them. The very fleas off the rodent convey the disease, and an unfortunate wretch may thus be literally "bitten to death," as happened in at least four of the Sydney cases, according to an official statement by the President of the Board of Health.

An ingenious sketch was shown me the other day by a civil engineer, which traced the connection between the various outbreaks of plague and the rats. About a score of sewers ran into Darling Harbour from the city, many of which are unable, owing to the low level of discharge, to empty into the Bondi Sewer, with the result which may be better imagined than described. The plan showed the course of the sewers, with their ramifications from George-street, in the very heart of the city, down the incline across York-street, Clarence-street, Kent-street, and Sussex-street, to the water's edge. It would seem that the rats have been forced by the use of disinfectants, &c., up the sewer into the heart of the city. And along the whole course of the sewer and its ramifications, wherever the rats could emerge, the plague had broken out!

The invariable association of rats with the plague is one of several reasons which tend to prove that the plague virus resides permanently in the soil. The other reasons are its remarkable geographical limitation, in which it differs entirely from diseases caused by a floating or purely personal contagion; its frequent occurrence in the same place, while a neighbouring locality in constant communication with it may be free; the almost complete immunity of people living in boats—as in the Canton plague; its general restriction to the ground floor, so that it used to be said that "the plague doesn't go upstairs"; and, finally, the beneficial effects of local sanitary measures as compared with the mere prevention of contagion.

How the Plague Works.

There are several points about the plague which should be specially noted. In the first place there are three distinct kinds of plague, each caused by the action of the same bacillus, namely, the bubonic, the pulmonary, and the septicaemic. The first and second are characterised by the swelling of the lymphatic and bronchial glands respectively, accompanied by haemorrhage, the "plague pneumonia," as the second is popularly called, being almost invariably fatal; while the third, as its name implies, is a putrefaction of the blood, but unaccompanied by buboes, which, by the way, consist of a seething mass of bacilli.

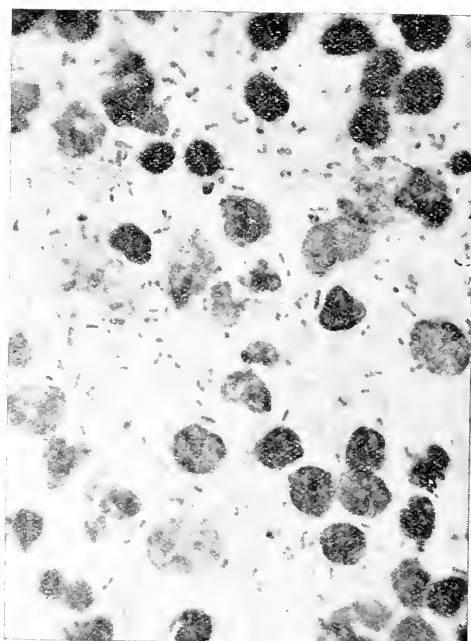
The next point of importance is that the plague is not contagious in the ordinary sense of the term. It is not caught from the man in the street, unless he happens to be actually suffering from the plague, in which case he would probably not be in the street, but in quarantine. The French physicians in Egypt attended thousands of patients, and performed many post-mortems, but never caught the plague; although one of them, in a spirit of bravado, actually wore the clothes of a patient who had died of the disease. Infection appears to be generally conveyed by persons either infected with the disease, or in a preliminary stage; but rarely by means of infected objects, although infected dust and even flies have been known to convey it. The channels of reception of the

bacillus, according to Kitasato, are the respiratory organs, the digestive tract, and inoculation.

The Way to Escape.

The best way to avoid the plague is to practise personal and domestic cleanliness, and to keep away from filthy premises and filthy people. A proof of the slight risk of contagion in the ordinary sense is the fact that out of 420 "contacts" sent to the Sydney Quarantine Station up to the 9th of this month, only five were attacked by the disease. But when the bacillus once gets a firm hold, the stroke is not long delayed. In some cases death ensues in a single day, although the duration of fatal attacks is generally from three to five days. If a patient lives through the week, he will probably recover. It is by far the most fatal of all known epidemics affecting large numbers, and up till six years ago there was no treatment for it other than getting rid of the filth by which it was engendered.

Soon, however, we may expect to see the creation of a "Greater Sydney," which will be practically independent of the ratepayers, and which will have complete jurisdiction over the sanitary arrangements of the city and suburbs. When this has been brought about, Sydney will have wiped away her reproach, and will be again worthy of being called the "Queen City of the South."



MICRO-PHOTOGRAPH OF PLAGUE GERMS.

The larger rounded bodies are the cells of the spleen of a deceased Sydney patient. The smaller oval bodies are the plague germs.

(Enlarged from a micro-photo by Dr. Frank Tidswell.)

• TRANSVAAL WAR •



No. III.

PICTORIAL

SUPPLEMENT.

THE FIGHTING OF THE MONTH.

By W. H. FITCHETT, B.A., LL.D.

MARCH 14—APRIL 14.

Strategy counts for more than tactics in a campaign, and the reader will be best served by a brief description of the strategy of the opposing leaders during the month.

I.—THE STRATEGY OF THE CAMPAIGN.

Lord Roberts entered Bloemfontein on March 15, after a memorable display of soldiership which will give him a place amongst the great commanders of history. In three weeks he had changed the aspect of the campaign! To borrow one of Sir Walter Scott's metaphors, "one blast of his bugle-horn was worth ten thousand men." That metaphor, indeed, errs by understatement. The British forces in South Africa resembled, up to that moment, a body without a brain. There was limitless strength and fighting power, but no co-ordinating intellect; no single and masterful will to direct this vast force to a wisely chosen end. But in that brief space of twenty days Kimberley was relieved; Cronje and his army were made prisoners of war; Bloemfontein was captured, and the hostile forces which had girdled Ladysmith so long with a zone of fire and iron were driven reeling back by a blow struck nearly 300 miles distant! An army, no matter how valiant, is but an armed and purposeless mob without a great general's brain!

What has been Lord Roberts' strategy since he entered Bloemfontein? It is at present unknown, or, at least, only half guessed. Moitke, it was said, "knew how to be silent in seven languages." Lord Roberts is less of a linguist than the great German commander, but he has his faculty for shrouding his movements beneath a veil of silence. With Lord Roberts, however, silence is only a preliminary to some world-startling shock. When the cablegrams from his headquarters grow rare and scanty it is a danger signal! Some great movement is beginning. Lord Roberts cannot well have less than 100,000 men immediately under his hand for any stroke he contemplates. The total British forces in South Africa number 250,000 men, with 500 guns—the mightiest force Great Britain has ever sent to the field of battle. Nearly one-tenth of this number, or, say, 20,000 men and officers, have been killed, wounded, captured, or disabled by sickness. But after allowing for the forces in Natal, Cape Colony, Rhodesia, &c., there cannot be less than 100,000 free to carry out Lord Roberts' aggressive strategy. The essential factors of his position are easily told. His ultimate object is, of course, Pretoria. But war on a great scale moves slowly. His cavalry is the most effective and valuable part of Lord Roberts' force; and French's horsemen, in the dash on Kimberley,

and the fierce pursuit of Cronje, were ridden almost to a standstill. The three days' ride to Kimberley broke down nearly twenty per cent. of the British cavalry, and over 1,700 horses were found to be disabled. The marching and fighting which followed, on the dusty plains betwixt Kimberley and Bloemfontein, and under the fierce heat of an African sun, wrought still more cruel mischief in the British cavalry. No less than 10,000 horses were "foundered," or died of fatigue and hardship. The British general must wait till his cavalry is remounted; and by this time some 12,000 fresh horses have reached Bloemfontein.

Why Lord Roberts Waits.

The popular idea is that Lord Roberts' strategy will consist of a simultaneous movement northwards from the two points of Bloem-

fontein and Ladysmith; and the real explanation of the delay in active operations is found in the fact that Roberts was waiting for Buller. It is highly improbable, however, that this is Lord Roberts' real plan. It would mean operating from two bases separated from each other by 200 miles of difficult country. Lord Roberts' generalship is—in one respect, at least,—of the Napoleonic type. The British commander does not scatter his force along a wide front. He concentrates. He strikes with overwhelming

force at some vital point. That Lord Roberts will move from a single base, and concentrate, instead of dividing, his forces, is shown by the fact that already large portions of General Buller's force have embarked from Durban for East London or Port Elizabeth, and are being hurried up towards Bloemfontein.

Lord Roberts' delay is, no doubt, further explained by the fact that the Orange Free State has broken out in insurrection in his rear. The British general's communications with the sea depend on a single line of railway some 450 miles long to Port Elizabeth, and over 750 miles to Cape Town. And this thread of iron rails, which has for the British operations the office which the spinal cord has to the limbs of a human body—runs for nearly one-half its extent through hostile territory. Lord Roberts is a daring commander; but he is cautious as well as daring, and he will not undertake any great movement until his base and his communications with the sea are secure. The twin necessities of remounting his cavalry and of trampling out all resistance in his rear are, no doubt, the reasons why Lord Roberts has spent nearly a month in apparent inaction at Bloemfontein.

But when the British general moves, what will be his strategy? That depends, of course, on the position and movements of his enemies, and the strategy of the Boer generals during the month has had, at least, the element of unexpectedness.

The Boer Strategy.

It was supposed they would concentrate their forces at Kroonstad, on the direct road to Pretoria, strongly entrench themselves, and thus bar Lord Roberts' advance on the Transvaal capital. But they have played a more daring game. They have occupied the difficult hill-country to the east and south-east of Bloemfontein, within a distance ranging from thirty to fifty miles of Bloemfontein itself. That this strategy was unexpected is proved by the surprise and tragedy of Doorn Spruit, where Col. Broadwood's column rode blindly into a great Boer ambush. Yet this movement on the part of the Boer generals ought not to have been a surprise. It was obviously their wisest, as well as their boldest, course. They have secured a strong position on Lord Roberts' flank, a strategy which, on a small scale, resembles Moore's famous flank march in 1808 which arrested Napoleon's advance on Southern Spain. If Lord Roberts persists in his advance on Pretoria, he leaves his long line of communications in peril of a deadly flank attack. If he advances on Ladybrand to clear his flank, he gives up for the time, at least, the advance on Pretoria. The Boers, so far, have shown originality and skill in their tactics, but their strategy—taking the war as a whole—has been poor. As the

MAJOR-GEN. SIR F. CARRINGTON,

To command the combined force for the protection of Rhodesia, of which 2,500 Australian Bushmen are to form a part.

fontein and Ladysmith; and the real explanation of the delay in active operations is found in the fact that Roberts was waiting for Buller. It is highly improbable, however, that this is Lord Roberts' real plan. It would mean operating from two bases separated from each other by 200 miles of difficult country. Lord Roberts' generalship is—in one respect, at least,—of the Napoleonic type. The British commander does not scatter his force along a wide front. He concentrates. He strikes with overwhelming



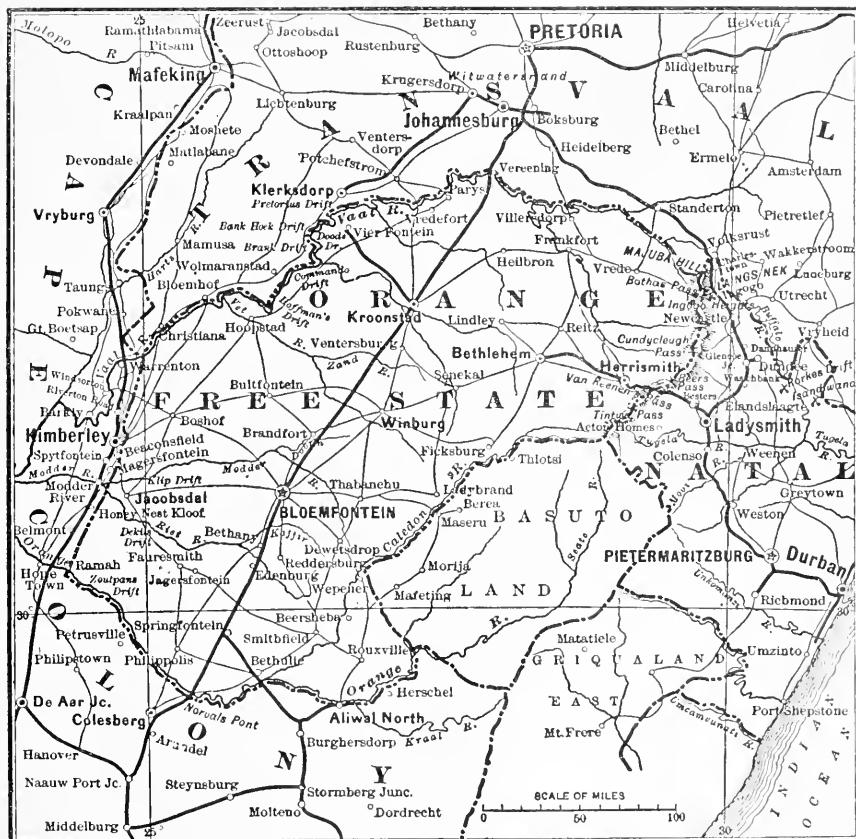
very competent military critic of the "Westminster Gazette" puts it:—

I have never had any great opinions of the strategical powers of the Boer leaders. Their tactics on the field of battle have been good, frequently very good indeed, but their strategy has been beneath contempt, as was shown by their letting Yule slip through their grasp; by the manner in which they held back from any attempt to invade Cape Colony till after we had put enough troops there to stop them; by the imbecile manner in which they attempted to "counter" Lord Methuen's move when they might quite easily have bottled him up in Kimberley with Kekewich, and by numerous other faux pas from a strategical point of view.

But the strategy now adopted by the Boer generals is sound. To occupy positions so near to Bloemfontein has a look of successful audacity admirably calculated to restore the sinking courage of the Free State burghers, and to arrest the stream of "surrenders" throughout the Orange Free State. In this way Lord Roberts' weakest point—his long

line of communications—is threatened; and the flames of insurrection are rekindled far to the south of Bloemfontein, and beyond the Orange River itself. To hold strong positions on Lord Roberts' flank, and to maintain a guerilla warfare in his rear—this is the obvious, and indeed the wisest possible, strategy of the Boers. And the fighting to the south of Bloemfontein, while it has been guerilla-like in its methods—a campaign of ambushes and surprises, of rapid movements and sudden onfalls—has been something more than guerilla-like in its scale. At Doorn Spruit, at Reddesburg, and at Weppener the Boer forces numbered from 2,000 to 5,000 men; and in each case they were strong in artillery.

It may be taken for granted that when Lord Roberts moves, he will first destroy, with mobile cavalry columns and batteries of "galloper" guns, all the Boer commandoes on his flank and rear.



THE SCENE OF OPERATIONS.

II. THE FIGHTING OF THE MONTH.

The actual fighting of the month may be briefly told in order of time:—

Karee.

On March 30 the 7th Division, under General Tucker, with part of French's cavalry, had a smart engagement with the Boers at Karee, immediately to the north of Bloemfontein. The Boers were 3,000 strong, and held a line of wooded



GENERAL PIET CRONJE.

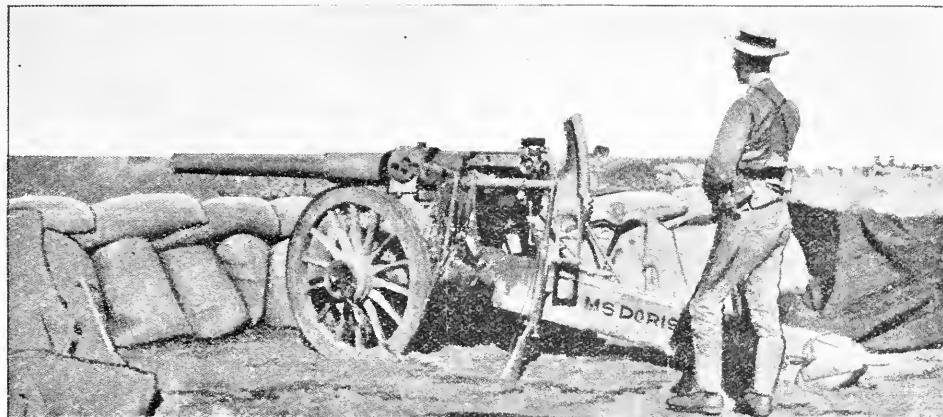
(As drawn for the "Daily Mail.")

hills, sprinkled in front with clusters of kopjes. It was exactly the position the Boer loves. Lord Roberts was not present at the fight, but his spirit ruled it. It was an affair, on the British side, of clever and brilliant manoeuvring. The Boer front was searched with artillery. French, with his cavalry, swept in a wide curve round the Boer right, which he crumpled up with his guns, and drove back on the centre. When the whole Boer position was thus shaken, the British infantry were launched on its front, Colonel Knight, with the N.S.W. Mounted Rifles, at the same time attacking the extreme left of the enemy. This combination was overwhelming, and the Boers fell back in haste and disorder, with heavy loss, abandoning their trenches, constructed with such art as to be practically impregnable to a direct attack.

Doorn Spruit.

Meanwhile, a strong Boer column, under General Olivier, was falling back in haste from Colesberg. It was in imminent danger of being cut off and destroyed or captured as a result of Lord Roberts' lightning-like rush from Kimberley to Bloemfontein. The Boer general had a force of 4,000 men, with 18 guns, but he was hampered by a huge convoy of 800 waggons. He had to push through the interval betwixt Bloemfontein and the Basutoland border as a great fish might flash through the mesh of a net; and escape might well have seemed impossible. General French, with his horsemen, was despatched from Bloemfontein eastward to intercept the Boer column; but the attempt failed, owing, it is clear, to the exhausted condition of the horses of the British cavalry. Olivier marched at speed, and pushed beyond the point where French could intersect his line of advance, at Winberg. Somewhere in the neighbourhood of Ladybrand Olivier was joined by the forces of Commandants Grobler and Lemmer, and the united force, now formidable in scale and happy in its position, came under the command of General de Wet.

Then followed a clever stroke of Boer tactics. A British column was moving towards Bloemfontein under the command of Colonel Broadwood. It included the 10th Hussars, the composite regiments of Life Guards, two batteries of horse artillery, Roberts' Horse, some New Zealand infantry, Rimington's Scouts, &c. Col. Broadwood's column camped, on the night of March 31, at the Bloemfontein water-works, about twenty-five miles to the east of Bloemfontein. Two miles from the British camp was a deep spruit, or gully, known as Doorn Spruit. In the darkness a strong Boer column moved silently past the British camp—which they afterwards declared was without sentinels or outposts—and took posses-



"King."]

JACK ON GUARD.

sion of Doorn Spruit. Trees and brushwood hid their guns and their lines of crouching riflemen.

In the morning the British moved carelessly forward, crossed the Modder, and literally walked into the trap prepared for them. Rimington's Scouts were with the advance guard, but no scouting was done. Suddenly a voice called out: "You need go no further, you are all prisoners;" and instantly from their front, and from either flank, a cruel fire was opened on the British. The mules of the waggons, the horses drawing the guns, were shot down. The British had been careless to an almost criminal degree, but at least they showed admirable pluck. Seven guns of the leading battery were captured, but the second battery wheeled round and escaped, being gallantly covered by Roberts' Horse. Another ford across the spruit was discovered; the remainder of Colonel Broadwood's column, with discipline unshaken, crossed by it, and forced their way over, or past, the kopjes held by the Boers. The news quickly reached Bloemfontein, and Colville's Brigade, with the Highlanders, marched at speed to the rescue, reaching the scene of action, after a splendid night march, on Sunday morning. The strength of the Boers is calculated variously from 10,000 to 12,000, and it shows the splendid fighting quality of the British that, caught by such a force, and under such circumstances, they yet escaped destruction. But they lost seven guns, some eighty waggons with their entire baggage, while the killed, wounded, and missing amounted to 450.

The blackness of this disaster is lit up with gleams of splendid courage on the part of the British. The second battery of artillery rode at speed out of the hell of the Boer fire, and, getting clear, wheeled instantly round, and poured such a

tempest of grape on the exultant foe as to check their advance. Major Booth, of the Northumberlands, with two other officers and a couple of privates, held a narrow gap in the road with desperate valour, and actually kept some 500 Boers at bay with their shooting, till the shaken British column had time to rally. So bravely did a squadron of the 6th Dragoons fight, and so heavy were their losses, that out of 140 men who went into the fight, only ten answered their names at roll-call. As the broken battery came at a gallop out of the Boer fire, the men of the Australian Horse and of the N.S.W. Lancers, who were lying down waiting for the moment to charge, leaped to their feet and cheered the heroic British gunners. Nevertheless, Doorn Spruit is a real—if not a great—disaster, and is due to that careless courage, that easy and sauntering contempt for his foes so characteristic of the average British soldier. Amongst the men captured were nineteen New Zealanders belonging to Major Robin's detachment. The Queenslanders, too, were badly hit, two being killed, two wounded, and five captured.

This gleam of good luck naturally raised the confidence of the Boers. Reinforcements have crowded to General de Wet, and the position he holds at Ladybrand has practically become the Boer headquarters. Lord Roberts "lies low," and watches the gathering force of his enemies on his flank with an apparent inertness which puzzles many critics. He is probably only too delighted to see his enemies gathering on such a scale within easy reach of his stroke. It is plainly better to have them within thirty miles than 300 miles. He probably hopes, in addition, to tempt them from the difficult hills where they are entrenched to

the level country near Bloemfontein. Then he will fling on them the whole strength of his cavalry.

Reddersburg.

On April 4 another stroke of good fortune befell the Boers. A detachment of General Gatacre's force, consisting of three companies of the Irish Rifles and two companies of the 9th Mounted Infantry, had reached Reddersburg, on their return from a reconnaissance towards the Basuto border. Reddersburg is only thirty-five miles distant from Lord Roberts' headquarters, and only fifteen miles to the east of Edenburg, on the southern railway line. The detachment, some 600 strong, was without guns—a fatal omission, for which General Gatacre is justly blamed. The British, apparently, expected no attack, and took no precautions, and suddenly General de Wet, with 5,000 men and five guns, fell upon them. The British held a little hill, which gave them no shelter. They were without food and water. Furious rainstorms beat upon them incessantly. It was a fight of little more than 500, without artillery, against 5,000 with quick-firing guns. The British fought for twenty-one hours, till their last cartridge was fired and their last crust eaten; then they surrendered. Courage is, no doubt, the first of soldierly virtues, but it is not the only one. In this case General Gatacre underestimated the perils to which his detached column was exposed. He sent it out insufficiently equipped, and he failed to keep touch with it. As a fighting leader, there is probably no braver man under the Queen's flag than General Gatacre; but he has contributed to the war in South Africa two of its worst disasters—the bloody failure at Stormberg, and the loss of an entire column at Reddersburg. As a result, he has been superseded in his command, and returns to England.

Doorn Spruit and Reddersburg gave the Boers, in a single week, the glory of destroying two small British columns, and of capturing nearly 1,000 prisoners and seven guns. Nobody expected such a melancholy postscriptas this to the shining record of the relief of Kimberley, the surrender of Cronje's army, and the capture of Bloemfontein!

Boshof.

By way of set-off, Lord Methuen supplied a success brilliant in character, though not on a great scale. He fell upon a strong party of Boers at Boshof, thirty-five miles to the north-east of Kimberley, surrounded them, and captured or killed the entire party. The prisoners, it turned out, were all foreign mercenaries in the Boer service. French, Germans, and Russians. Its commander—who was killed—was Colonel Villebois de Mareuil,

a French strategist of fame, who has been the brains of the Boer army.

Weppener.

The Boers, at the moment we write, have apparently failed in the attempt to destroy another isolated British column, commanded by Colonel Dalgety. Colonel Dalgety held Weppener, sixty-five miles to the south-east of Bloemfontein, with a strong detachment of the Cape Mounted Rifles and eight guns. He was attacked by a force of 2,000 Boers and four guns, but held his post with stubborn courage, and drove off the enemy with severe loss. The Boers were reinforced, and renewed the attack the following day, but were again foiled. At the moment we write Colonel Dalgety's skilful and gallant defence remains unshaken, and promises to be one of the most brilliant episodes of the campaign.

The Siege of Mafeking.

The siege of Mafeking is still maintained. Colonel Pluner fought his way down from the north; and, according to one account, actually came within fifteen miles of Mafeking. But his force was hopelessly inadequate, and he had to fall back, after severe losses. Lord Roberts has sent a message to the heroic little garrison at Mafeking, calling on them to "hold out until the middle of May;" but this message is probably addressed to the Boers rather than to Colonel Baden-Powell. It is meant to lull the enemy into security until a tempest of war breaks on them. A column from the south, it seems certain, is marching to the relief of the town, though its composition and route are wisely concealed.

The siege of Mafeking is really a picturesque, but somewhat irrelevant, episode in the campaign. No doubt the town would make a good base for a movement on Johannesburg, or on Pretoria, from the west; but there is no sign that Lord Roberts contemplates any such attack. Mafeking would be linked to its base on the sea by a still longer and more perilous line of communications than Bloemfontein. The Boers would have been wiser to let Mafeking alone, or to have been content with merely watching it. This policy would certainly have set free a considerable force for service elsewhere:—

The "Daily Mail" correspondent at Mafeking, under date February 19, wires: "We have learned that Pretoria is pressing Snyman to try and take Mafeking, and then get south to help the Free Staters. They want him to explain the cause of the delay. He has been for four months 2,000 yards from the town, with a large force. Why has he not taken it? Snyman can't say; the thing must be Providence, but the Boers do not know. We know why old Snyman has not done it. It is because he can't. No doubt it is Providence, but we don't forget Baden-Powell."

Never, certainly, was there a defence more ingenious and gallant than that by which Mafeking has been held so long against the Boer attacks. Colonel Baden-Powell's entire force, at the beginning, did not exceed 800 men; it has shrunk by this time to half that number. And yet the defence remains unshaken. For the crowd, Colonel Baden-Powell rivals even Lord Roberts, or the silent French, or "Fighting Mac," as the hero of the war.

III.—WAR GOSSIP.

The cablegrams, of course, tell with great economy of syllables the bare facts of the war. The war correspondents, and the soldiers themselves in their domestic correspondence, fill in the details; and, in many cases, give battle-pictures, and little vignettes of war scenery, of amazing interest. The historian of the war fifty years hence will be submerged beneath a wide, wandering flood of literature about it!

Battle Pictures.

It is worth while giving some examples of the details of the various battle incidents, which linger,

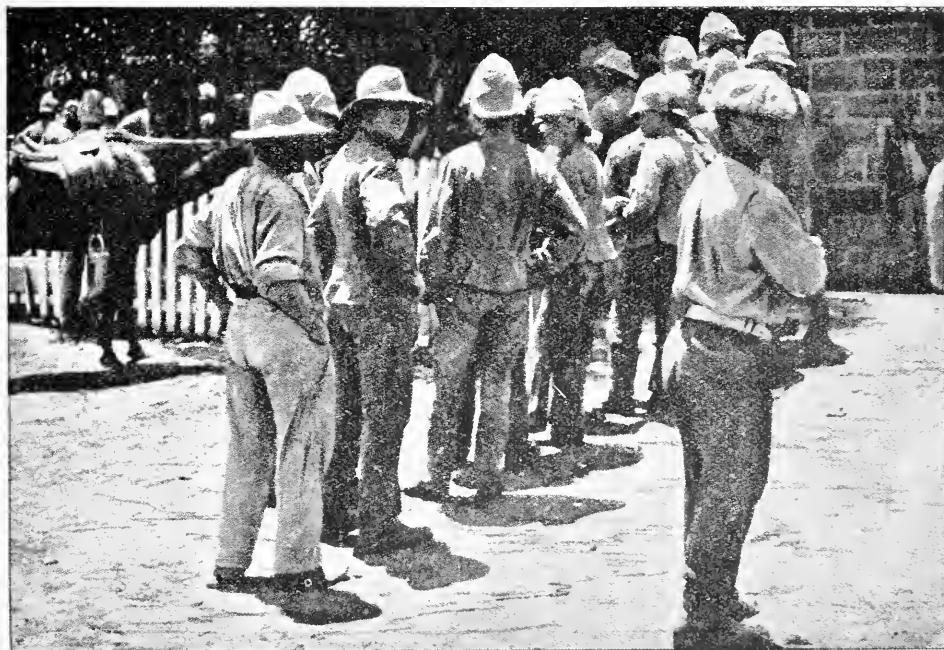
it is true, weeks behind the cables, but make a very picturesque supplement to them. "Banjo" Paterson, for example, gives the most terse and vivid picture of the ditch where Cronje was brought to bay, and cowered under the British shells for ten dreadful days:—

"Imagine," he says, "an area of clear plain almost four acres in extent, bordered by a big, strong-running river. On this area pack as many bullock waggons, old clothes, arms, ammunitions, dead mules, dead bullocks, saddles, boxes, harness, gun-carriages, rugs, bedding, and the empty boxes and tins out of a grocery store; intersect it with trenches five feet deep and two feet wide, and fill these trenches with a similar litter; then hurl all these things indiscriminately about till they get well mixed up; over all, like a cloud, hang a smell, evil beyond credibility, from the decaying animals; populate this gehenna with 3,000 or 4,000 people, including scores of sick and wounded, who scarcely dare leave these trenches day or night, and you have a faint idea of Cronje's laager as it has been for the last few days."

How Cronje Surrendered.

The actual scene of Cronje's surrender, again, is told graphically by a correspondent of the "*Age*":

Cronje's surrender was quite the most dramatic scene in the whole campaign, so far as it has gone. I never saw anything more absorbingly interesting. The Boer commandant soon after six o'clock in the morning emerged from the laager, riding



"TOMMY" POSTS HIS CHOCOLATE BOX.

"Tommy" soon ate his royal chocolate, and the day of its arrival saw him at the post office sending his box home. It cost him 2s. 10d. to send it by registered post, and the men of the army post office corps were kept busy till 2 a.m. the next day dealing with the packages.

(From photo by special correspondent of the "*King*.")

a grey horse. Alongside him rode his secretary, Keizer, bearing a white flag, and an interpreter. General Pretymen went out from our lines to meet him, and conducted him to the Commander-in-Chief's quarters. Lord Roberts, who was standing at his arbour door just then, advanced five yards, and offered his hand to the Boer commandant. Cronje took it, but not too eagerly. In dress he was about as much like a military commandant as a Jewish Rabbi is. He is short and excessively broadly built, wears a hard felt hat of Quaker pattern, long brown walking coat, reaching down to his knees, loose, baggy trousers, turned up at the bottom, and ordinary walking boots. In his right hand he carried a jambok, with which he continually slapped his leg. He smoked a cigar quite nonchalantly all the time.

Lord Roberts, courteous and urbane, as though doing honour of his own house to a distinguished stranger, bowed Cronje to a seat, which had been placed for him opposite the arbour. He dismounted and sat, throwing one leg loosely over the other, and puffed steadily at his cigar. From time to time, as conversation progressed, he slapped his boots with the jambok, and spat out some tobacco juice, considering hard all the time.

At last Cronje, after a good deal of spitting and swishing at his trousers, snapped out from between his set teeth, "Yah." He refused to speak in English during the interview, although I believe he understands it thoroughly. Cronje remained at headquarters, while his secretary rode back to communicate to the Boer troops the result of the confab. Arriving at the trenches he spoke to the second in command, and immediately from all sorts of odd nooks and corners emerged crowds of Boers, with their women and children wringing their hands and bemoaning their hard lot with bitter tears. They came out from their burrows for all the world like ants from their heaps. The river bank was alive with them—all sorts and conditions. Even children in arms had been admitted. From the far side of the river they had to cross a deep drift waist-high. Over they came in hundreds, husbands carrying wives over on their backs; fathers with children on shoulders, rifles and trousers under their armpits. All had divested themselves of trousers to make the crossing.

The "March Past" at Ladysmith.

Of another memorable incident, the relief of Ladysmith, the London "Standard" gives a very thrilling account. Buller's troops made a stately "march past" the leaders of the long-beleaguered garrison:—

The van was led by the Dublin Fusiliers, who had earned the honour by their losses and their gallantry. Of the original battalion only 400 remain.

Sir George White and his staff, on horseback, took up their position in front of the Town Hall, whose shattered tower and broken walls formed a fitting background for the historic spectacle. The pipes and drums of the Gordon Highlanders played past each battalion of the Relief Column as it came up. Sir Redvers Buller and his staff rode at the head of the troops, with an escort of Irregular Horse. Sir Charles Warren followed, at the head of the Fifth Division, and after General Barton's Brigade came General Lyttelton's Division, the commander of which came in for special recognition, his fame having preceded him. The artillery and howitzer battery were also heartily acclaimed, and a warm reception was extended to the Naval Brigade and their guns. Captain Lambton had previously gone out to greet them. Each regiment marched past in review order, and, as they passed the Town Hall, raised cheers for Sir George White, who was manifestly much affected. The spectacle was indeed one that no man could witness without emotion. No sight could be more soul-stirring than this meeting of the two comrade forces—one travel-stained, war-worn, yet full of strength; the other visibly weakened by privation. If the res-

cuers were more demonstrative than those they had delivered, the fact must be ascribed to the exhaustion of the garrison, and to the comparative scarcity of civilian onlookers, of whom only a few now remain in the town. The Boer prisoners witnessed the triumphal entry from the balcony of the gaol.

Mr. Harding Davis, in a telegram to the "Mail," says: The entrance of General Buller was as affecting as the Jubilee procession, as magnificent as the Czar's entrance into Moscow, as full of enthusiasm as Admiral Dewey's welcome to New York. Twenty-two thousand Tommies—lance, foot, and the gunners, Irregular Horse, colonials, bluejackets, and Indians—blistered and tanned, caked with mud and bloodstains, as ragged as sweeps—passed for three full hours before General White, cheering, laughing, shouting, and tossing their helmets. The emancipated, yellow-faced garrison whose loose khaki told of the weeks of starvation, cheered them in return. . . . The two battalions of Devons, who had separated last in India five years ago, broke ranks and rushed at old comrades. . . . The faces of the besieged are yellow, the skin is drawn sharply over the cheek bones, the uniforms hang in wrinkles, the eyes are hectic and staring, but there is so much more pluck in them than fever that one does not dare to sympathise. They carry their sufferings jauntily, but under the mask of habitual British indifference. One has only to offer an officer a cigar, or a biscuit to a Tommy, to find a starving man.

What the Siege Cost.

The heroic garrison of Ladysmith suffered, during the siege, in a degree hardly to be realised. The regiments, according to the correspondent of the "Standard," when Buller rode into the city, were only a shadow of the fine force which originally held the town:—

Hardly a man in it but bears evidence of the physical sufferings and mental torture of these weary, wasted weeks. Since the investment we have lost in action sixteen officers and 162 men; the casual bombardment has killed thirty-five officers and men, and wounded twenty officers and 168 men; forty-seven officers and 360 men—of whom ninety-four have since died—have been wounded in action; and disease has accounted for 476 more—a figure that implies a greater loss of life and permanent injury to health than in all the battles, assaults, and sorties from Talana Hill down to the date of our relief. As many as 8,424 passed through the hospitals, and the daily average under treatment ranged from 1,500 to 2,000. The once dashing Cavalry Brigade has practically ceased to exist.

It may be added that, in suffering and valour, the relieving force was quite equal to even Sir George White's band of much-enduring heroes. Buller's army was only 25,000 strong; and the relief of Ladysmith cost it, in killed and wounded, 5,000 men and officers, or one-fifth of its whole number.

A bit of curiously interesting copy, again, is the interview with Sir George White which Mr. Winston Churchill was fortunate enough to get. It is not often that the interviewer bags such a prize as Sir George White, as he emerges from the defence of Ladysmith. Here are some extracts:—

"How I Defended Ladysmith."

"The knowledge which we had bought of the long range of the Boer guns convinced me that it was imperative to have an extended line of defence, otherwise we should have been in such a small area pounded to death.



"Black and White."]

GENERAL PIET CRONJE.

Captured by Lord Roberts of Kandahar, at Paardeberg, February 27, 1900—
the Nineteenth Anniversary of Majuba.

"My lines are now fourteen miles in circumference. Along several of the sections we could only at one time spare 200 men to a mile, and that is scarcely the recognised proportion."

The General explained how the extensive lines which, by spreading the bombardment over a large area, diluting it, as it were, enabled them to live comparatively healthily yet constituted a serious danger to the defence, because they were so weakly held. "I would have liked to hold Bulwana Hill," he said, "but I dared not extend any further, though if we could have held Bulwana there would have been an end to the bombardment. It was better, however, to endure the shells than to run the risk of being stormed."

"Because my lines were so extensive I was compelled to keep all my cavalry in Ladysmith. Used in conjunction with an elaborate system of telephones, they became very mobile, and were almost my only reserve. In half an hour I could throw 3,000 good men to any threatened point. We learned the value of this system on January 6."

Sir George White said by one means or another he would have held out until April 2, though this would have involved the death of most of the native population from starvation, and of the sick from want of nourishment. Then he would have fired off all the ammunition, burned the stores and munitions, and any soldiers who were fit to crawl five miles would have sallied out to make a show of resistance and avoid formal capitulation, which none of the generals would even have contemplated.

"I regret Nicholson's Nek," said General White. "Perhaps I was rash then, though it was my only chance of striking a heavy blow. But I regret nothing else. It may be that I am an obstinate man, but if I had the last five months over again I would not, with but one exception, do anything but what I have done."

The Boer Attack on Caesar's Hill.

Mr. Donald Macdonald, in the "Argus," gives a very fine account of the desperate attack the Boers made on Ladysmith—a fight of fourteen hours, urged with furious valour; but repelled with a cool and obstinate daring unsurpassed in the history of warfare:—

How the Boers Came On.

The night was very dark, and the Imperial Light Horse sentries, hearing a slight rustling in the brush in front of them, challenged. The reply, "A friend," came in excellent English, but instantly the enemy opened fire, and the sentry was killed. As the Boers came on, Lieutenant Walker, who had a Hotchkiss, opened fire. They dropped for shelter at every shot, and the delay gave the Light Horse time to line the inner crest of the hill, the Hotchkiss, after about a dozen rounds, being withdrawn to the redoubt. About twenty Highlanders and King's Royals came to their support, and there on the extreme right of Waggon Hill a grim and deadly fight went on for four hours, the defenders being cross-fired at a distance of not more than thirty yards. Quite 500 Boers came to the assault on that side, yet the little band of Britons, lessening every moment, held the post, which was the key of the position, with splendid tenacity. The Light Horse have done many fine things in the campaign, but they will never do more for their country than during those few hours of darkness on the morning of the 6th of January. Briton and Boer lay close fifty yards apart, each keenly on the look-out for his enemy, and after daybreak, when the light increased, the casualties were heaviest. One Dutchman, believed to be Ardenhall, of Harrismith, carried a particularly deadly rifle. In turn he shot Lord Ava mortally through the temple, Lieutenant Palemon through the spine, killing him instantly, Captain Lee Smith through the arm, and put a bullet through Captain Fowler's hat. In his eagerness he exposed himself slightly, and Lee Smith

shot him dead through the side. Lord Ava, a fine, athletic young fellow, and a son of the Marquis of Dufferin, was acting as galloper to Brigadier-General Hamilton. He carried a sporting magazine rifle, and had just put his head over the rock to fire at a Boer when he was hit. He uttered the one word "Done," and rolled away from the rock. In this four hours' murderous work no fewer than fourteen officers went down, dead or wounded, and at times there was confusion as to the command. In this emergency Lieutenant Digby Jones, of the Engineers, who had been supervising the erection of the gun, went into the fighting line, and as the Boers came into the sangar he shot four of them dead just outside the wall. I saw these men lying where they fell later in the morning, and amongst them were Field-Cornet Viljoen, of Harrismith, and Acting-Commandant Van Wyk, two grizzled old Boers, who had come forward with all the impetuosity of youth.

IV.—THE OUTLOOK.

The fighting of the month illustrates the dour and stubborn courage of the Boers—a courage largely due—as far as their rank and file are concerned—to their ignorant contempt of British soldiership, and to their equally ignorant belief—carefully nurtured by their unscrupulous leaders—that they are fighting for their farms and for their freedom, and will lose both if they are beaten. But the unexpected gleams of success which have shone on the Boer arms do not alter the real landscape of the campaign. The Boers lost, in a single week, 6,000 prisoners and their best fighting general, Cronje. They failed—at Kimberley and at Ladysmith—in the two objects on which they had expended their utmost strength. They have lost, by sickness and the strain of war, General Joubert, the one skilled general they possessed; and General Louis Botha, his successor, will certainly not supply the place of "Slim" Joubert. The British losses, from all causes, up to April 7 are officially reported to be 17,701. But the Boer casualties up to the same date were certainly not less. The loss of 18,000 men to Great Britain is a trifle; the loss of the same number to the Boers means the wiping out of one-fifth, or one-sixth, of their entire force.

President Kruger blusters. He will bombard Bloemfontein, he announces, "within five days"—a date long since past!—and will shoot all the Free State burghers who have surrendered. President Steyn shrieks in even shriller strains. He will bury the British prisoners in the depth of the Johannesburg mines. Before Pretoria is captured, he declares, things will happen to astonish mankind! The Boer casualties, he says, amount to only 800, while the British have lost 64,000! All this is, of course, mere angry and half feminine shrieking, and proves how sore are the straits, how bitter the wrath, of the Boers. The month has been, for the British, a pause; a time of preparation for a new campaign. Next month will be a time of great events.



A MACHINE GUN IN A TRENCH.

Each of the Forts which surround Modder River Camp is supplied with one machine gun, and this photo shows how it is worked.

(From Photo by the Special Correspondent of the "King.")



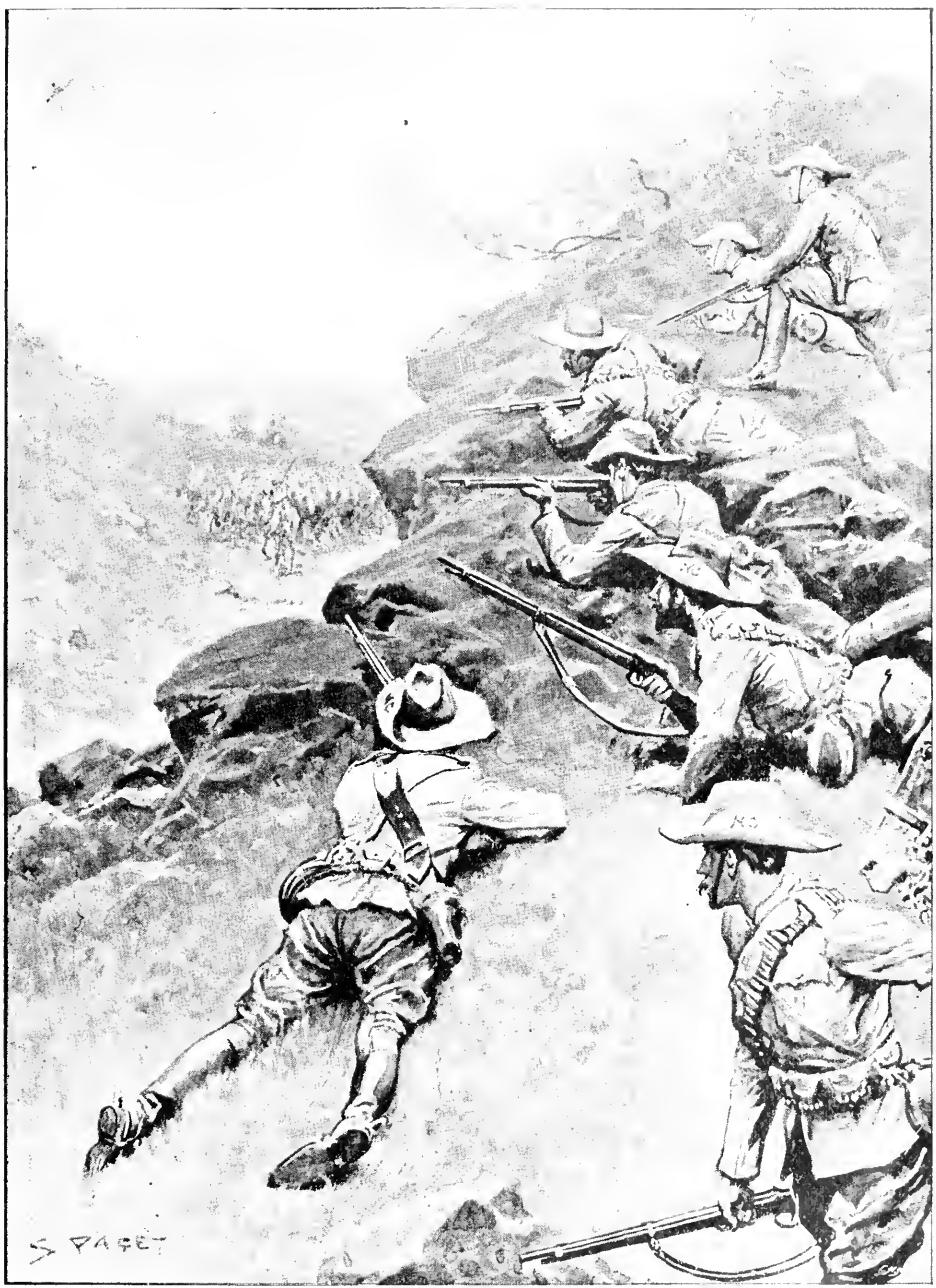


CRONJE AND HIS STAFF BEFORE LADYSMITH.

(Cronie with Whip.)



HOLLANDER CORPS MARCHING OUT OF BLOEMFONTEIN.



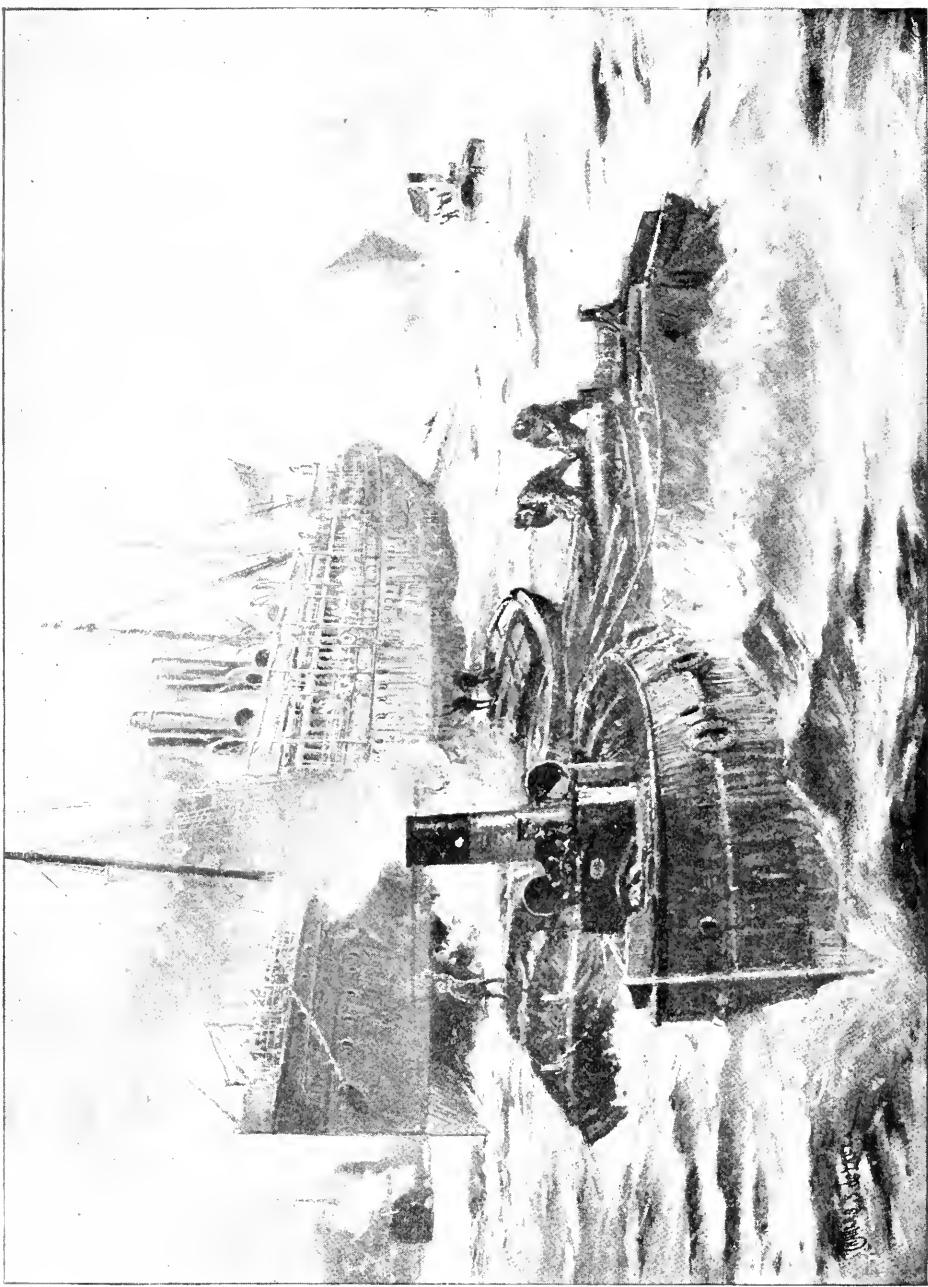
"Sphere."]

SURPRISING A BOER PICKET AT SPION KOP.

Previous to the fight, a flanking party of Natal Carabiniers, Natal Police, Imperial Light Horse, and South African Light Horse, under the command of Major Graham, discovered a strong Boer picket at Acton Homes coming towards them with the evident intention of taking possession of a kopje towards which our forces were also making. The Boers, quite unaware of the presence of the British, crept steadily on while our scouts signalled for our men to come on with all speed, which they did. Gaining the kopje in advance of the enemy, our men lay in wait for them until they were within 400 yards. Then the Colonials poured a fire on the Boers that threw them into complete confusion, killing over 40, while 23 were made prisoners.

GOOD-BYE TO DEAR OLD ENGLAND.
A Transport Leaving for the Cape.

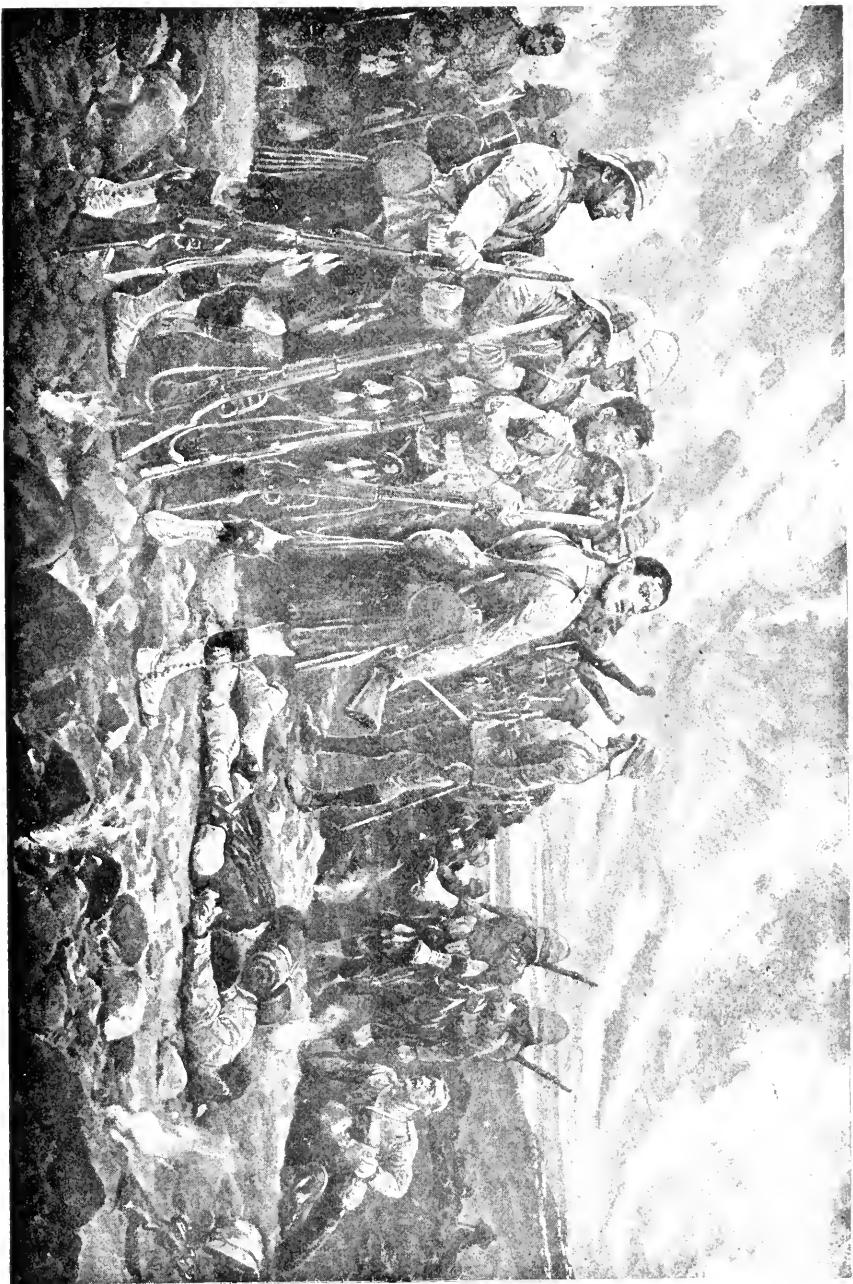
"Spear."]



MAGERSFONTEIN.

The Highland Brigade Re-forming after the Battle.

(Small Reproduction of the Photogravure of Caton Woodville's Picture, given away with the First Number of "The Spear.")





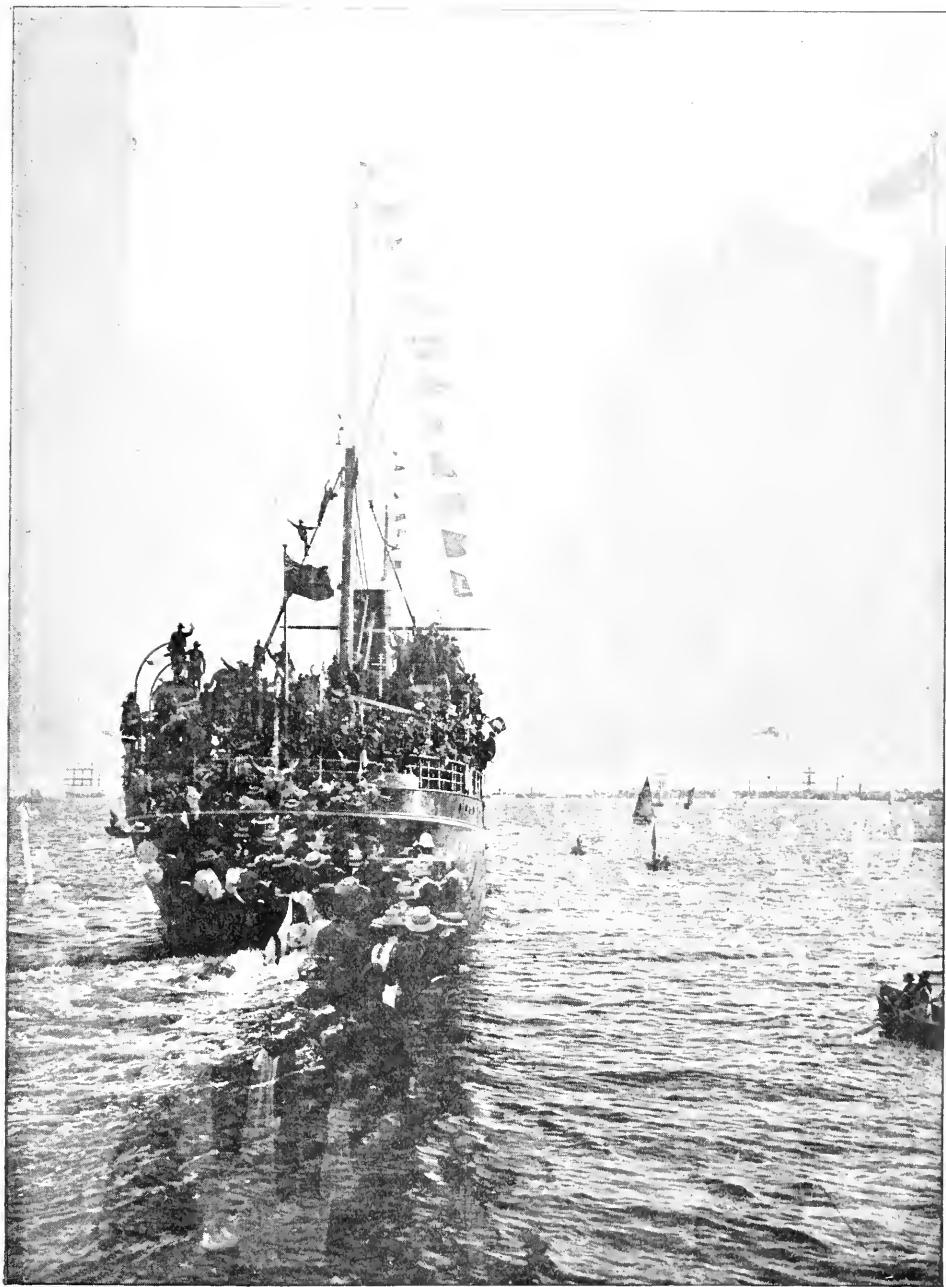
ADVANCING IN EXTENDED ORDER.



"King."

AMBULANCE WORK.

These photographs illustrate in a remarkable manner the way in which our men advanced and fought at the battle of Colenso.

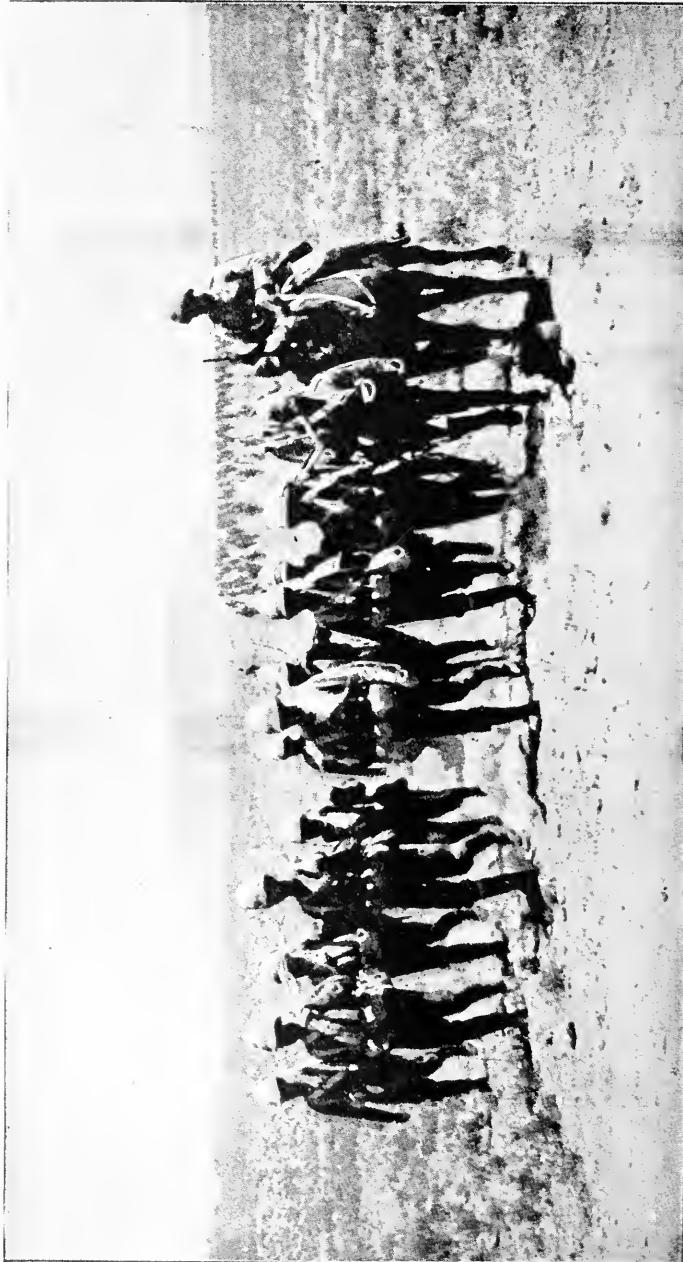


A PHOTOGRAPHIC PUZZLE: HOW IS IT DONE?
The s.s. "Eurvalus," carrying Victorian Bushmen, sailing up Collins Street, Melbourne.

"King,"]

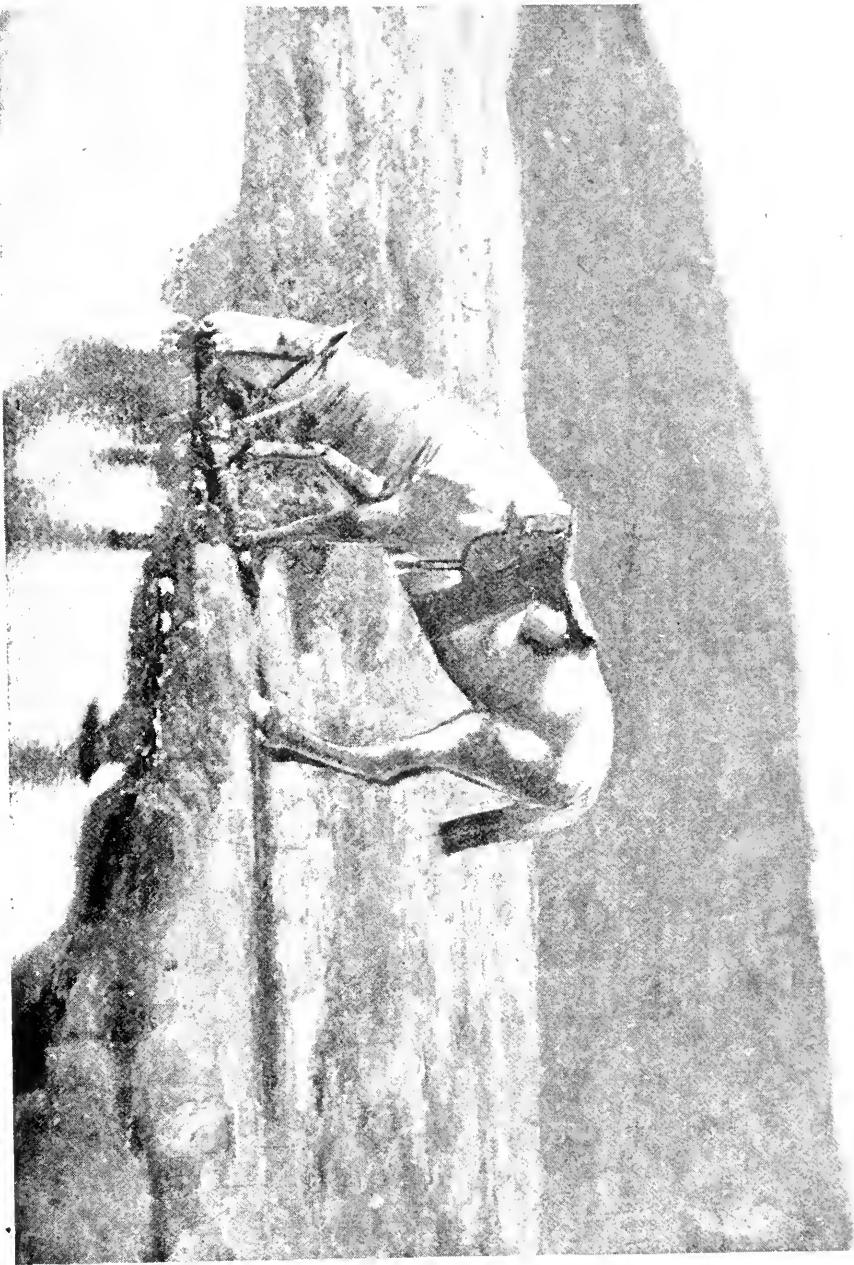
ALL THAT WAS LEFT OF THEM.

The unfortunate H Company, Suffolk Regiment. All that was left of 100 men, straggling into Camp after the engagement at Pink Hill, January 6. (Photo by Alfred P. Hosking.)



"Spear."

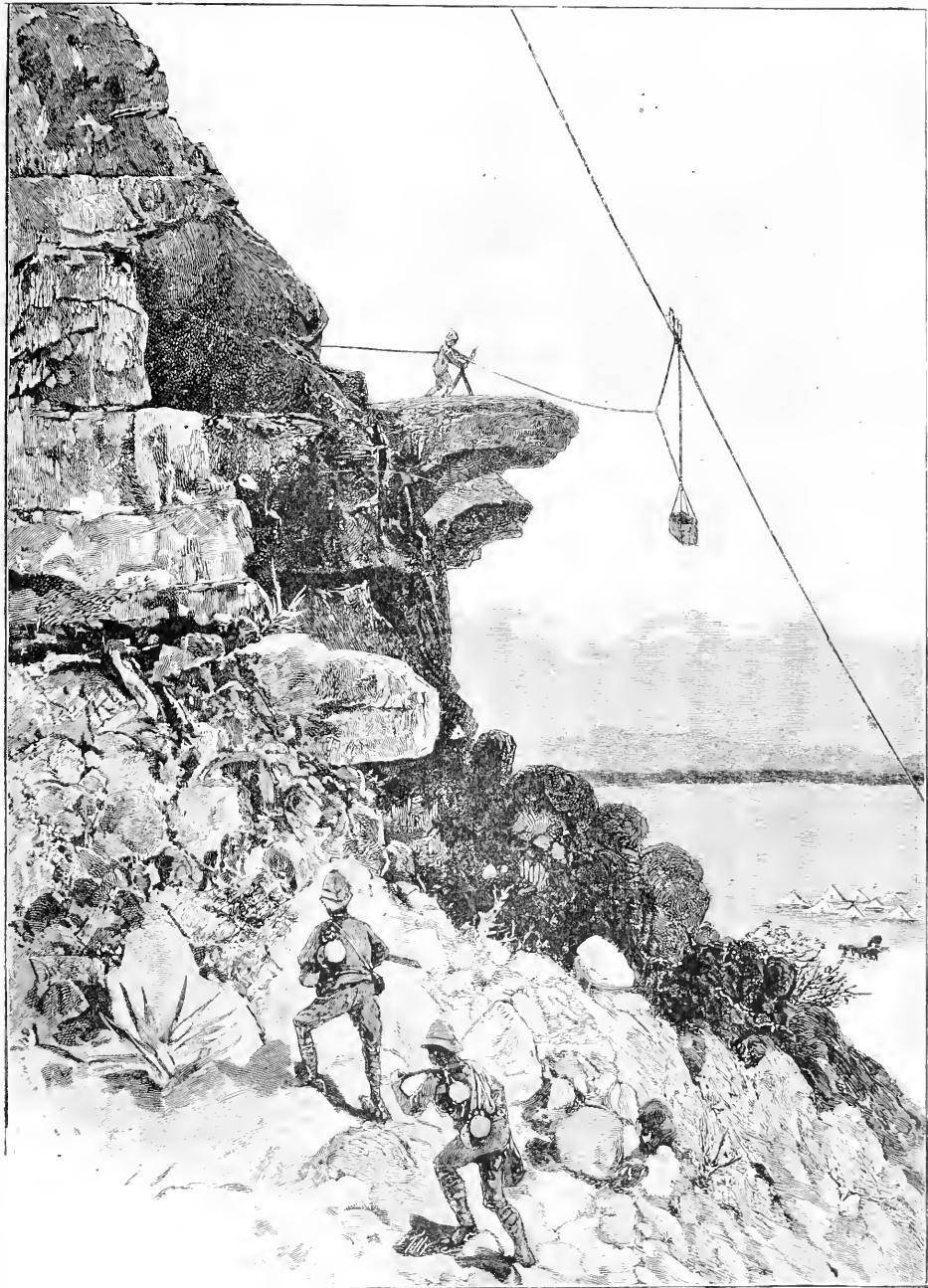
RIDERLESS.
From an enlarged photo by a British Officer with General French's Division, after the Attack made by the Boers on Arundel Camp on December 13.





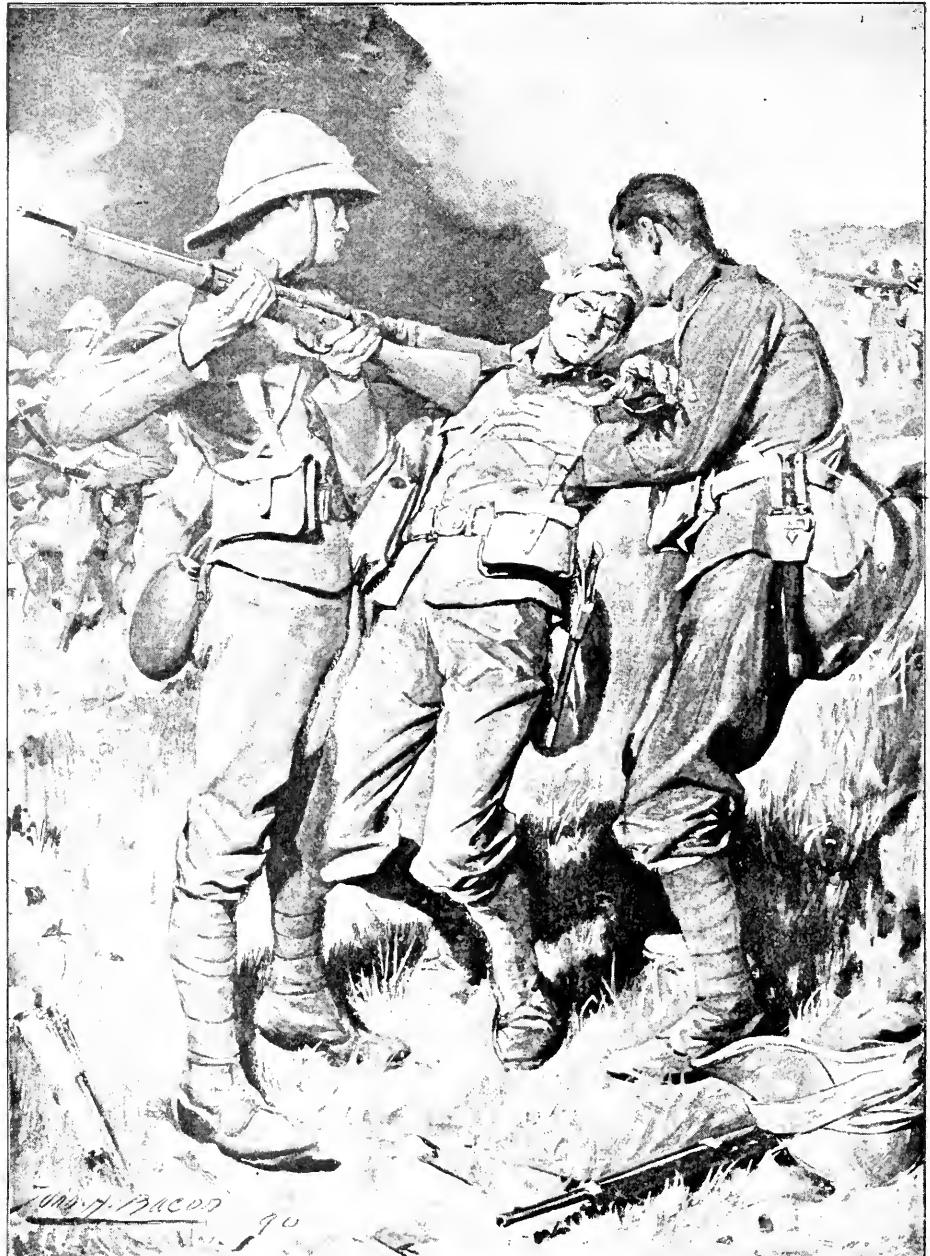
HAULING THE GUNS UP COLES KOP.

The men of "B" Company, Essex Regiment, thirty men to each rope, ninety in all, dragging up the guns to the top of Coles Kop, 1,400 feet above the plain.



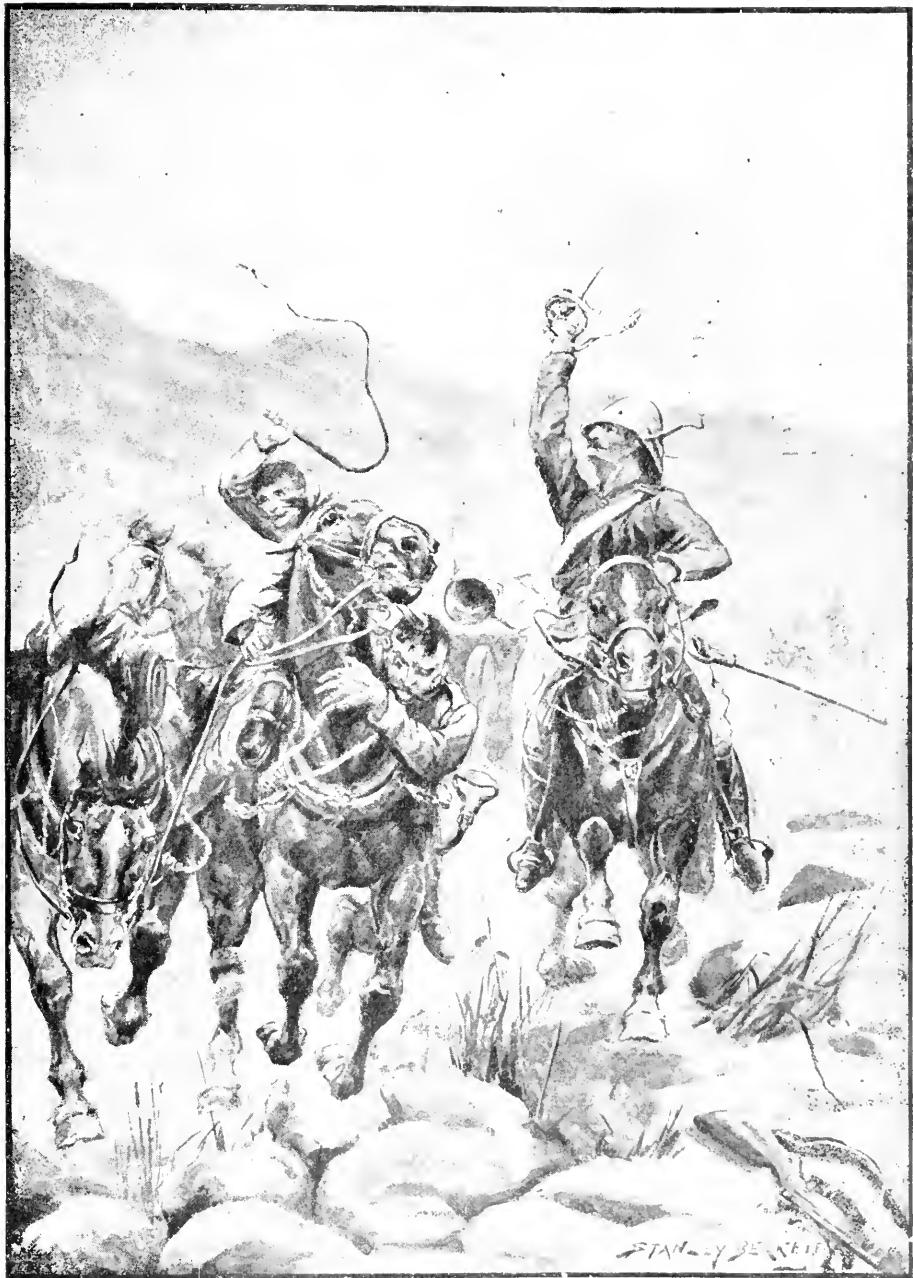
SENDING UP AMMUNITION FOR THE GUNS ON COLES KOP.

The distance is 1,400 feet from the camp on the plain below. Half way up the hill the load is guided from the projecting rock to its destination.



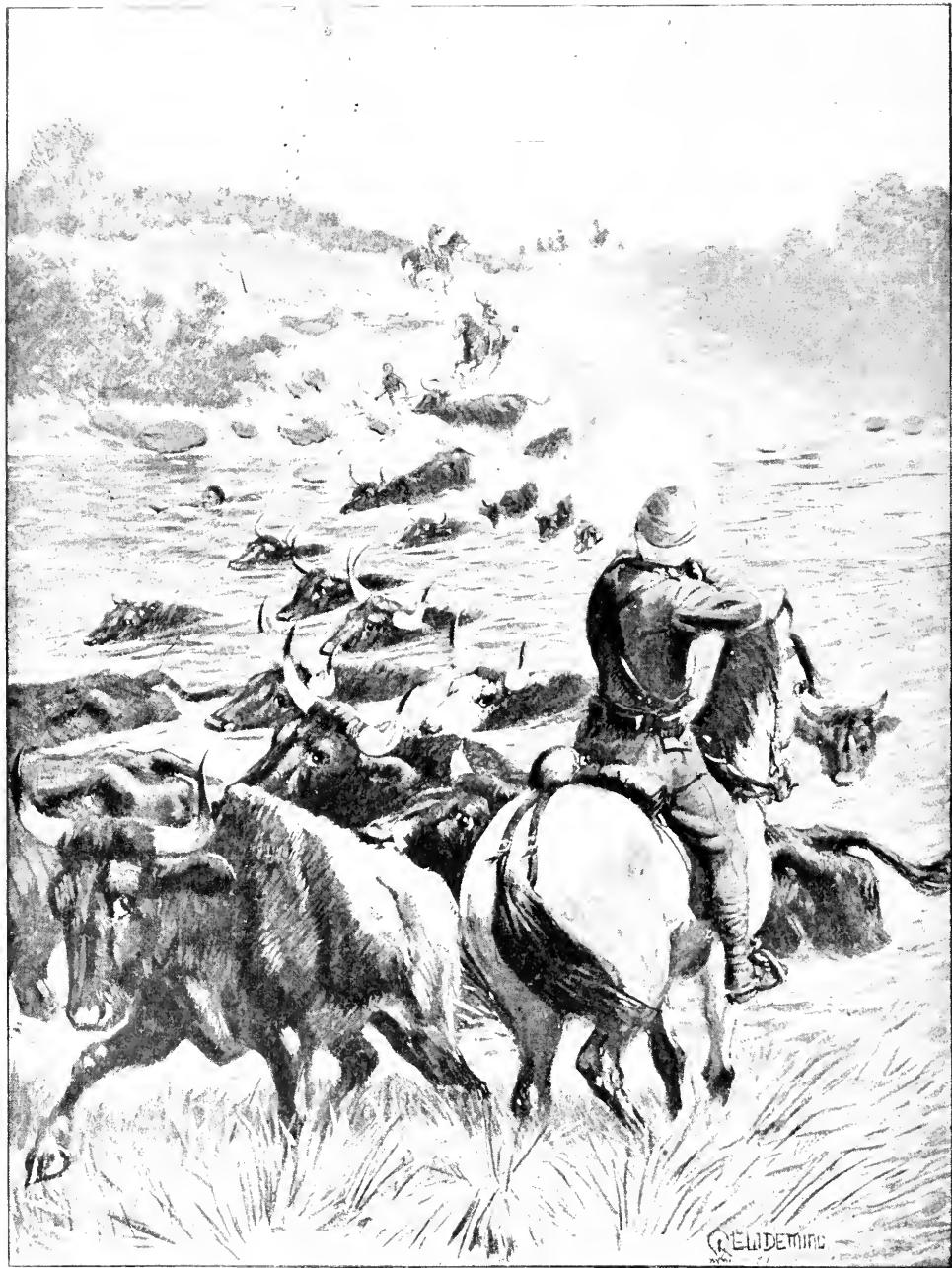
HIS FIRST AND LAST SHOT.

The extraordinary eagerness of our men to fight is shown in the above picture, which illustrates an incident that occurred to a Lancashire Fusilier in action near Spearman's Camp. He was wounded before he had time to get a shot at the enemy, and could not raise his rifle. Two of his comrades, at his request, held up his arms so that he could at least have a shot at the enemy. He pulled the trigger, and fell back panting into their arms.

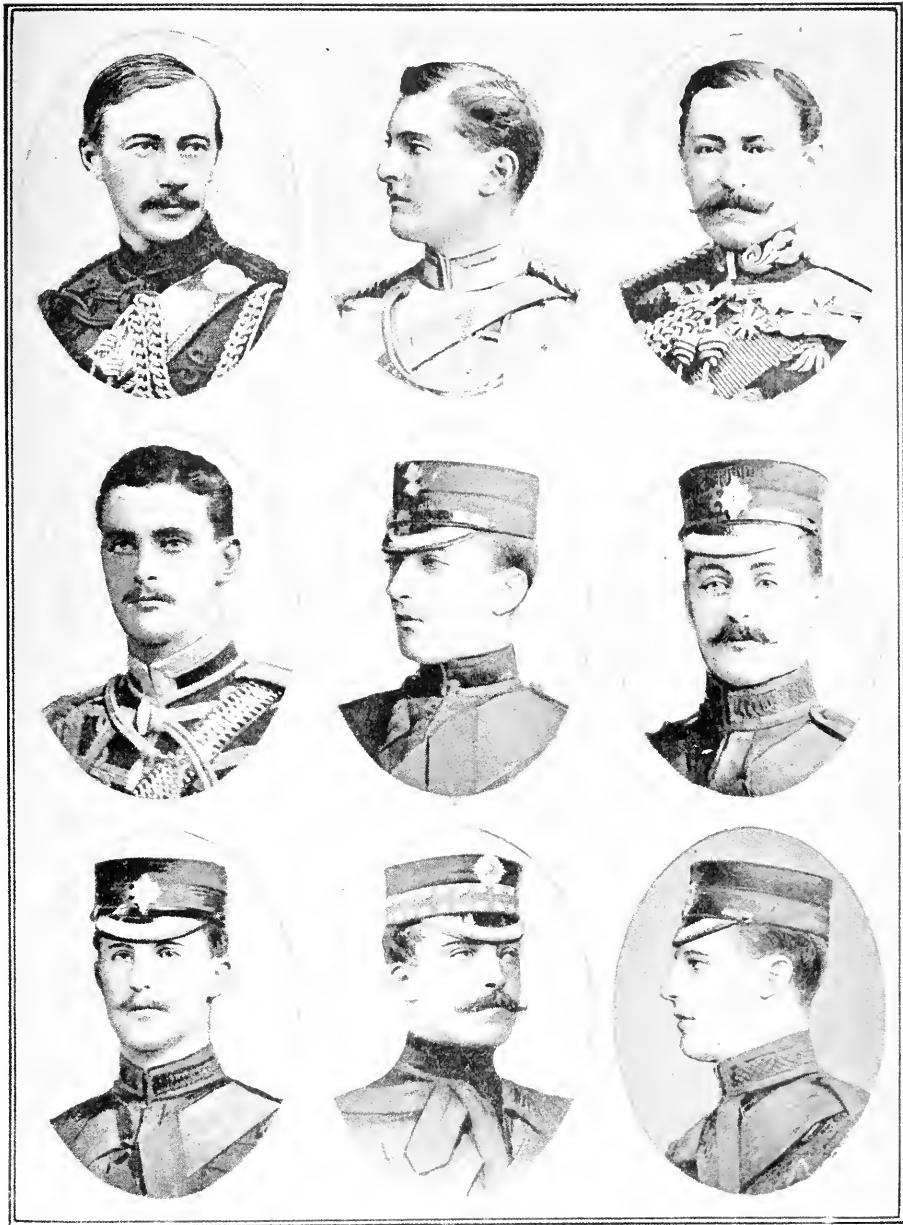


LORD ROBERTS' SON URGING THE DRIVERS WHO VOLUNTEERED TO RESCUE
THE GUNS.

Lieutenant Roberts, who died three days after the battle, was buried with five soldiers, each in separate graves, close to Chieveley Railway Station. ("Sphere.")



A SUCCESSFUL RAID: BRITISH SCOUTS AND KAFIR BOYS CAPTURING A HERD OF BOER CATTLE NEAR THE MODDER RIVER.



HOW THE PEERAGE HAS SUFFERED BY THE WAR.

- 1.—THE EARL OF AVA, Son of the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava. (Died of Wounds, Ladysmith.)
- 2.—CAPTAIN THE HON ST. LEGER JERVIS, Son of the late Viscount St. Vincent. (Wounded, Colenso.)
- 3.—MAJOR COUNT GLEICHEN, a Relative of H.M. the Queen. (Wounded Modder River.)
- 4.—THE HON. G. B. PORTMAN, Youngest Son of Viscount Portman. (Dangerously ill in Ladysmith.)
- 5.—LIEUTENANT THE HON. E. LYGON, Son of the late Earl Beauchamp. (Wounded, Modder River.)
- 6.—MAJOR THE HON. W. LAMERTON, Son of the late Earl of Durham. (Wounded, Magerstontein.)
- 7.—LIEUTENANT VISCOUNT ACHESON, Son and Heir of the Earl of Gosford. (Wounded, Modder River.)
- 8.—MAJOR THE HON. N. DE C. DALRYMPLE HAMILTON, Son of the Earl of Stair. (Wounded, Belmont.)
- 9.—LIEUTENANT THE HON. C. WILLOUGHBY, Son of the Earl of Ancaster. (Wounded, Belmont.)



TYPE OF NEW ZEALAND MOUNTED RIFLES.

"Navy and Army."

A CHOIR OF CRITICS ON THE WAR.

I.—What England is Fighting For :

THE MARQUIS OF LORNE, IN THE "NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW."

No talk of Boer piety, bravery or weakness will avail in the long run. The fanatics of the Inquisition were brave and pious enough, but they found progress too much for them. Boers, like Inquisitors, would shut out knowledge by refusing to allow the teaching of English beyond elementary school standards. They have laid on iniquitous taxes, while they will not touch with their little finger any State financial burden. They have shown an insolent contempt when any redress of grievances was demanded. They forbade anyone but themselves to carry arms. They made their judges subordinate to their politicians. The grievances were severe enough to make any free people rise in revolt long before exasperation produced the ill-advised Jameson Raid. It was their purpose to grow rich and powerful at the expense of free government. Religious intolerance and civil intolerance bred of ignorance made them believe that they could drive the Uitlander away from their own confines, which were to be extended to the sea, that their land should be a power among the nations.

This was their ambition before the Raid; it is their ambition now—one Africander nation, under the backward rule which sees no good in anything but serfdom for the blacks, inferiority for the British and other Uitlanders, subordination of justice to the caprice of the President and his council, a maimed public intelligence and general backwardness in all things, except in making the crafty and tyrannical the lords of the citizens coming from more progressive countries.

Can this policy be expected to succeed? Ought it to prosper or to awaken any sympathy?

Is it selfish only on England's part to act as fighting parent in defence of the offspring, not always of her loins, but of her laws? If it be selfishness, it is selfishness of a type unknown before in the world, and the cause of good to others than herself. It gives the open door of commerce to all people. It gives to those who pride themselves on political connection with her a liberty, not only of home laws, but a liberty to act without her in treaties of commerce. A voluntary alliance is all she reaps from the bond. She thinks this enough. Believing it will continue. But it is a "selfishness"

based on self-sacrifice in war for those who are not pledged to war for her. She has defended by her fleets their infant liberties. Selfishness is a foolish word for the conduct of any of the members of a great alliance, strengthening every decade in the invigorating air of a mutually protected freedom. At all events, such a selfishness is one that any people must fight for, and if they did not they would be worthy only of the contempt of mankind. We who are the sowers of freedom have a right to reap the harvest, and we prefer to have the envy and malice rather than the contempt of those who have not ploughed the straight furrows we have made.

II.—Is England Right :

CAPTAIN MAHAN, IN THE "NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW."

In my opinion, the question who declared war is immaterial, except for the moral effect upon the sentiment that condemns all war, judges mainly by feeling and preconception, and looks little into causes. Briefly stated, the argument in my mind runs thus: There were in the Transvaal some 60,000 Uitlanders and 30,000 Boers of an age fit for suffrage. Of the former the great majority were British subjects. They were oppressively mis-governed, and were denied both franchise and representation. In a Volksraad of twenty-eight there were from their district only two, in the choice of whom they had no adequate voice. They raised the revenue, from less than a million, to twenty million dollars. Their appeals for good administration and for fair treatment were disregarded. They had entered the country by encouragement of the Government, many of them at a time when five years' residence conferred the franchise; but before they could obtain it the period was increased to fourteen years. The laws were unstable and easily altered; confused, purposely or not, so that the difficulties of qualifying were enormously increased.

The Appeal to England.

Unable to become citizens, unprotected, and unable politically to protect themselves, they appealed, as every domiciled foreigner does, to their home Government. Innumerable complaints cumbered the files and embarrassed the relations of the two States. Agitation spread throughout South Africa, defining itself on lines of race feeling, never wholly

extinguished, and threatening the deplorable antagonisms that thence arise. The elements of a conflagration were all there, and the atmosphere rising to the kindling point. To compose the trouble, Great Britain suggested a plan eminently reasonable, unfair only to the Uitlanders, to whom it gave far less than all white men throughout South Africa receive at British hands, and she refused to accept as satisfactory anything less than the minimum of remedy; for let it be continually remembered that the franchise was sought, not mainly as an act of justice, but as the most promising means of escape from a position become unendurable.

There is not an American pro-Boer partisan that would have endured for six months the conditions of the Uitlanders without appeal to his Government, if it were in a position to aid.

That race differences were at the bottom of the war is an interesting philosophical explanation, and has its value. It is true, indeed, in great part, as a fact; for I trust no American or English community in the present day could, without its own blood boiling in its veins, give to any indwellers such treatment as the Boers have given the Uitlanders. But whatever part race differences have played, it has been as an ultimate cause, not as a proximate. The occasion of the war has been as described.

Was there a Boer Conspiracy?

Whether there was any widespread organised conspiracy to supplant British rule by Dutch is a matter only of inference; but it appears to me beyond doubt that a considerable number of Boers throughout South Africa cherished that purpose, consciously, and had succeeded in setting in motion feelings and conditions—of which the Transvaal was the centre—that would, unless abruptly checked, result in the subversion of British rule. We in America, who know the history of Secession, know to what lengths small beginnings, ably guided, can go. The political complexion, tenure and stability of South Africa, however, are not a concern of the British Isles only, but of the British Empire. My professional opinion does not attach supreme, exclusive, naval importance to the Cape route as compared with that of Suez; but the mass of sound British opinion does, and its commercial value is beyond dispute. To India and to Australia it is of the first consequence; to Great Britain and to Atlantic Canada hardly less. The Cape is one of the vital centres in the network of communications of the whole Empire. To let it go, wrenched away through culpable remissness, would be to dissolve the Empire; and justly.

England's Duty.

A government is not worthy to live that, having shown to all its subjects the impartiality and

liberality which Great Britain has to British and Dutch alike throughout South Africa, should supinely acquiesce in the conditions of the Transvaal, as depicted, or fail to take heed that the Dutch Africander, as a class, has so little learned the lessons of political justice and true liberty that his sympathies are with the Boer oppressor rather than with the Uitlander oppressed. Under such conditions it would have been imperial suicide to have allowed the well-known, though under-valued, military preparations of the Transvaal to pass unnoticed, defiant oppression to continue, and race disaffection to come to a head, until the favourable moment for revolt should be found in a day of imperial embarrassment. To every subject of the Empire the Government owed it to settle at once the question, and to establish its own paramountcy on bases that cannot be shaken lightly.

III.—What Is at Issue in the Fight:

BY GEORGE F. BECKER, U.S. GEOLOGIST, IN
THE "FORUM."

My information as to affairs in South Africa is not wholly derived from books or periodicals. In 1896 I spent several months in the Transvaal. Uitlander and Boer alike were kind to me. I studied grievances as an eyewitness, and saw how my friends fared in Pretoria gaol. I repeatedly heard the Boer side of disputed questions, as well as the other; and I discussed at length with President Kruger the franchise and other matters. For a specific purpose, I acquainted myself as far as I could with the conditions then prevailing, and their causes, and have since kept myself fairly well informed of the course of events.

It never seemed to me doubtful that the Boers would be good men at reconnaissance work, good judges of positions, and stubborn fighters; but they have also displayed tactical ability and generalship which have astonished most observers. They have shown qualities so admirable as to prove that their destruction would involve the loss to the world of a valuable strain. It remains to be considered which of the combatants is in the right and deserves American sympathy.

The Boers are fighting for race domination, for the enthralment of industry, for the maintenance of a social condition which is mere semi-civilisation. The English are fighting to obtain for British subjects in the Transvaal no greater rights than all white foreigners enjoy in every portion of the British Empire and in the United States: the right of franchise on reasonable terms, reasonable industrial conditions, and liberty to be civilised after the manner of Anglo-Saxons.

There are some who think that the Boer community has a right to complete control of its own

territory, and to be as uncivilised or as tyrannical as it may choose. But this is an error. There is an international right corresponding to the right of eminent domain. All rights are enjoyed either by nations or by individuals on the tacit understanding that they be exercised with due consideration for the rights of neighbours and of the greater public. The Boers are attempting to arrest the march of civilisation, to hamper industry, and to retard education.

The Battle of Civilisation.

England is fighting the battle of civilisation. A State may not oppress the subjects of other Powers, nor commit injustices under the shelter of pettifogging interpretations of treaties or conventions. This it may not do because there is no international police court which will uphold legal quibbles and evasions. England is fighting for an honest interpretation of the Convention which established the South African Republic.

No one on earth values freedom more than the Boers; but, much like the early New England Puritans, they regard it as a treasure to be protected jealously lest someone else should share it. They want a monopoly of the rights of freemen. They are fighting for freedom to deny freedom to others, to establish a corruption of blood which shall exclude the Anglo-Saxon race from what the Boers consider their heritage.

In spite of their picturesque medievalism, and the gallantry of their attack of a vast Empire, the Boers are wrong. The British are fighting for ideas most dear to the American heart—ideas for which, under analogous conditions, the United States would fly to arms. They deserve our moral support and cordial good wishes. At present they wish nothing more. It is, however, in my opinion, a great mistake to suppose that they will, or should, make peace with the Boers until they can dictate terms from Pretoria. Before that time comes we may have an opportunity of reciprocating the service the British Government rendered us not long ago. The end of it all is certain. The Boers will have greater freedom and better government than their own oligarchy has ever given them; the rights of all men, white or black, will be better respected in South Africa than they have been heretofore; the British Empire will be knit closer by the participation of the colonies in Imperial affairs; and the army will have undergone a valuable, though bitter and bloody, experience.

IV.—For How Much a General Counts: "LONDON SPECTATOR."

How much would each of the one hundred and eighty thousand armed men now fighting for Britain in South Africa willingly pay to be quite sure

that his Commander-in-Chief was a thoroughly competent man; would a farthing a day from each be considered an extravagant contribution? Every body knows it would not, but that apparently infinitesimal sum means a salary for the general of £80,000 a year. That very simple proposition is a final answer to Mr. Burns' argument that no man is worth more than £500 a year, and it is also a rough measure of the value to an army of a sufficient brain at its head.

The truth is, that value is incalculable. Until it is organised an army, however perfect its discipline, is a mob, hushed it may be in expectancy, but still a mob, and when it is organised it is useless till the man appears who can utilise it aright. Experience is valueless if it is misapplied, bravery is worse than useless if it only increases slaughter, even self-devotion only exalts the individual until it is well directed. Just look at the scene before us. Millions were expended, thousands of lives were given for the country, the world rang with stories of British valour, and we were left just where we were, face to face with the enemy, but unable to drive them from our soil, and believed by foes and friends alike to be incapable of performing the task which, nevertheless, remained imperative. The Cabinet sent out two competent men to command the crowd, and in six weeks the whole scene is changed, the crowd has become a great mobile army, the enemy is flying over the border, and all enemies, sullen or admiring, reconsider the situation, and think that the smashing of the English must be postponed to a more favourable opportunity. Are not those two men worth the farthings we have mentioned? We leave the answer to those whom they are leading, and who, because they are so led, are becoming victorious soldiers.

Educating Our Generals.

Why are we making these very obvious remarks? Because the reading of much history and the observation of many campaigns has convinced us that the British people, which comprehends some things about war very well, has never fully realised what the value of a generalissimo to his army is, and while spending blood and treasure like water, will allow the chief to be selected almost without watchfulness. Every general is the same in their eyes, if only he is brave and "experienced." Until disaster occurs they see no difference between an astute and cautious leader, like Lord Hardinge, and a dense Paladin with the heart of a lion and the skill of a buffalo, like Lord Gough. "Give them the cold steel, boys," he used to cry; and there are scores of generals in the service who, till the Boers woke them out of their dreams, still thought him, even after Chillianwallah, "quite right." The English, who watch their statesmen as a French

author watches his "human documents," never watch their generals at all except in the field, know nothing of their "records," and will suffer anybody who is "recommended" to be entrusted with their children's lives. They are patient of failure, no doubt—not one man has been superseded yet for all that has happened—and that is to their credit, but they display as to choosing a thick-witted and apparently incurable carelessness which is the despair of their historians. They said nothing when Leicester was sent to the Low Countries, and never recognised Churchill until he had beaten Louis XIV. They would send, or rather allow to be sent, the senior Major-General against a Moltke, and never dream as they sighed over their dead that the choice might be in part their fault. The truth is they think that armies win battles or lose them, and do not understand that the historian who declares that "Alexander defeated Darius on the Granicus" is relating what is, in the main, a simple truth, which would only be obscured if he discoursed about the difference between the Hoplites and the Immortals.

V.—Bullet or Bayonet:

SPENSER WILKINSON IN THE "CORNHILL."

The British infantry went out to South Africa armed with two weapons of offence, the bullet and the bayonet. It had been taught to rely neither upon the one nor the other, but upon both. It had to face an enemy who relied entirely upon the bullet, and the result was that which was expected by those who had considered the problem. In a few cases, where the British could advance up a hillside, which almost invariably gives a certain amount of shelter to those who ascend it, the Boers were so astounded by the magnificent courage displayed that they ran away. But after the first two or three battles, as they had time for reflection, and as with their first successes their spirits rose, the Boers discovered that the right way to meet a charge was to lie still and shoot; and the later charges of the British have been disastrous failures accompanied with terrible loss.

Why the Bayonet Fails.

What is the truth about the bullet and the bayonet, and about the instruction given in peace to the British army on this subject? The bayonet has been for thirty-five years an exploded superstition. Even in the days of "Brown Bess," the actual use of the bayonet was a rare exception. Wellington, who perhaps knew something about fighting, relied mainly upon the fire of his two-deep line, which usually made an end of the attempts of his opponents to charge. Napoleon also, by no means an incompetent judge, said: "Shoot-

ing is the thing, everything else matters little." But there have been men in the British army ready to forget the practice of Wellington and the opinion of Napoleon because Souvaroff, a brilliant but certainly eccentric personality, is reported to have said: "The bullet is a fool, but the bayonet is wise." The bullet of Souvaroff's time, though Napoleon and Wellington relied mainly upon it, was, no doubt, erratic in its ways, but under the influence of Whitworth it acquired wonderful steadiness and persistence; while Dreyse and his successors have enabled the modern soldier to discharge sixty bullets, guaranteed to go exactly where they are aimed anywhere within a mile, during the time required by Souvaroff's contemporaries to send forth one solitary bullet which had no more than a half chance of hitting a barn door at the other side of a spacious farmyard.

In 1864 the bullet was only at the beginning of its modern education. A Prussian captain, who had not been brought up in the school of Souvaroff, was with his company in the village of Lundby, when he heard that a company of Danes was marching to attack him. He made his men lie down behind a bank and waited for the Danes, who at 700 yards from the village formed a small column and set out to attack. The Prussian captain waited until the Danes were 200 yards off, and then let his men begin to fire. A quarter of an hour later the surviving Danes were retreating, leaving 101 dead and wounded, and twelve prisoners. Three Prussians were wounded. That little skirmish made no great sensation in the newspapers at the time, but it was a decisive battle. It settled the question between the bayonet and the bullet. The moral was drawn by competent judges somewhat as follows: riflemen posted upon ground suitable for their weapon, the bullet, having in front either flat ground, or ground sloping gently away from them, cannot be approached in front by men on foot intending to use cold steel. Men who want to turn them out must either shoot them down or go round them.

Why the Bullet Wins.

The bayonet has no chance against the bullet, and is useful only when the bullet cannot be used against it, either because the bayonet man has come to striking distance before the bullet has had a chance, or because there are no bullets left. The first consequence of all this was to make it necessary in attacking a position to let some of your troops walk round it towards the flank or rear, while the rest occupied the attention of the defenders in their front. The reply of the defence was to prolong its line to the flank, or otherwise take precautions against being outflanked or turned, and the counter-move of the attack was to

put its riflemen in a circle all round the defence, and thus give the defender the choice between pure frontal attack and surrender. The theory was explained by Moltke in 1865, the practical demonstration by the same hand followed in 1870 at Sedan.

In later years officers whose preoccupation was war came to see more and more the necessity for an alliance, not merely between the bullet and its assistant, the shrapnel shell, but between the rifleman and the ground. The rifleman was taught to lie down so that the ground should protect him, to move so that it should conceal him and to dig heaps and holes for his protection against the enemy's bullets. It must be at least a dozen years ago that the spade was adopted as an offensive weapon to enable the advancing rifleman to hold his own against counter-attack.

These were some of the conditions of modern war, long recognised in armies in which the officer's life is devoted to the preparation of himself and his troops for war. The recent campaign seems to show that they were well understood in the Boer army, but came as a surprise to the British forces. The British soldier has, indeed, during the last twenty years, been taught to shoot, and the army ought to have learnt from its own experience in the Soudan that the bravest and most athletic troops cannot possibly, however fleet and sound-winded, carry the knife or the spear within reach of a line of riflemen. But this lesson can hardly be said to have been digested. Last summer I spent a day watching a sham fight on Salisbury Plain, carried out by British troops under British generals. On both sides the men were armed with magazine rifles, but without bullets. I watched two lines of troops standing up in clusters at least as dense as the old two-deep line, facing each other at three hundred yards' distance, and making a terrific noise as they fired blank cartridge, each line apparently aiming at the other line. The generals and the umpires seemed quite satisfied. To me that part of the spectacle seemed to be a sham, for it was quite clear that all concerned had completely forgotten the existence of the one thing that reigns supreme on the modern battle-field, the bullet.

VI.—The Missing Strategy:

SPENSER WILKINSON IN THE "CORNHILL."

When Sir Redvers Buller reached Cape Town he had a difficult situation to meet. Sir George White's force was invested by the Boers, who were about to overrun Southern Natal. There was a ferment in the Cape Colony, and no one knew how soon there might be an extensive rising among the Cape Dutch. The small British forces in Mafeking

and Kimberley were besieged. The business of strategy was out of this tangle to discover the point at which a sufficient effort would make it possible to solve all the different problems. This point was in Northern Natal, because the principal Boer army was there. Strategy said: Defeat that army and everything else will be easy. Time is, in war, of the utmost importance, and to defeat the Boer army it was therefore desirable to choose the shortest way to get at it, which was the railway line from Durban to Colenso. Strategy prescribes the concentration of effort upon the main point, when that has been discovered. But instead of the British force, 50,000 strong, being taken to Colenso for a decisive attack upon the Boer army, it was split up into two halves, one for Colenso, one for the Cape Colony, with the result that one half was defeated at Colenso and the other half at Magersfontein and Stormberg. These defeats only made the importance of action in Natal more evident. The two divisions there were reinforced by a third, which has in turn met with defeat. Yet all the time the adherents of the geometrical school have thought that the mistake lay in not advancing through the Orange Free State by a round-about route which offered no certainty in a reasonable time either of relieving Ladysmith, or of bringing the principal Boer army to a decisive battle.

When Sir George White first reached Natal he found his forces wrongly divided, and proposed to concentrate them. But because he was told that concentration would create a temporary panic, he consented to meet the enemy with his force divided. The weakness of this decision is veiled by the phrases which contrast military with political expediency, but sound strategy knows of no such distinction, at least in such a case. To have concentrated the forces and evacuated Dundee might have led to the increase of the Boer forces by a large contingent of Dutch colonists from Natal, which would no doubt have been a misfortune; but to leave the forces divided was to court defeat, and defeat was still more likely to lead the Natal Dutch into the Boer Camp, and certain to expose the whole colony to Boer invasion. That being the case, there was to a clear eye no choice. The one course was right and the other wrong. But the clear eye, which in matters of this kind sees through phrases into the heart of the situation, can never be obtained except by a man who by repeated efforts has thought out to their very essence, and to their ultimate elements, all the problems of war, so that the principles of strategy have become incorporate with the fibre of his mind, and he is incapable of violating them.

No army can secure, in its average general, the presence of the indispensable minimum dose of

strategy, unless it has the means of passing him for a number of years through a strategical school, under the supervision of a master of the subject. There is in the British army no office for testing its generals as strategists, no guarantee whatever that an officer, before rising to the rank which may at any time place in his hands strategical decisions of national importance, shall have given any proofs of his competence to make such decisions. Thus it has come about that the army sent to South Africa was inadequately supplied, not merely with field guns, mounted troops, and transport, but with the strategical direction without which an army is as helpless as a nation without a government.

VII.—The Lesson of Spion Kop:

“BLACKWOOD.”

The position was found to be too large for efficient defence, water was deficient, and it was terribly exposed to the enemy's artillery, to which our own could hardly reply; so, after holding it all day, and losing forty per cent. of the defenders, it was decided by Major Thorneycroft, who had succeeded to the command when General Woodgate was wounded, to withdraw during the night,—a decision that was carried out before daybreak on the 25th.

Was such a decision necessary? Was it necessary for our guns to fire upon our own men? Was it necessary to retreat at all from the key of the position, which our men had won? Was it necessary to leave the momentous decision on which hung the fate of Ladysmith—of the campaign—on the shoulders of a major of mounted infantry, a corps in the nebulous condition that leaves the men uncertain whether they are fish or fowl? We heard that the Boers were galloping wildly about, their waggons were trekking, their laagers were breaking up; on one side of all this confusion were two or more divisions of British, on the other 8,000 more, waiting, expecting to burst out and join them—a little more, only a little more, and the back of the Boer army was broken. Were there no generals to appeal to? Everyone knew General Woodgate was shot; there was General Buller across the river; there was General Warren, with his division, down below; there was General Clery somewhere; there was General Lyttelton; General Coke was on the hill; General Hart was about,—surely out of these one could have been forthcoming. Of that army of staff that left their college to set things right in South Africa, were none of them about? It is not in the curriculum taught at the college, though it is an axiom of common-sense, that the “highly-placed” staff-officer may, on occasion, turn “galloper,”

and tell a general that he is wanted. Did it not occur to one of these to overstep the line of study? Are there no heads left in Natal? It would seem so. If there are, the Boers have the monopoly.

General Buller, in his despatch, says:—

The fact that the force could withdraw from actual touch—in cases the lines were less than 1,000 yards apart—with the enemy in the perfect manner it did, is sufficient evidence of the morale of the troops; and if we were permitted to withdraw our cumbrous ox and mule transport across a river eighty-five yards broad, with 20-feet banks and a very swift stream, unmolested, is, I think, proof that the enemy has been taught to respect our soldiers' fighting powers.

More than all, it shows up the defect in Boer tactics, which shuns the attack, as well as the paralysed state of the burghers; also the magnificent discipline, unaffected by the losses which had just suffered, which enabled our men, as a defeated army, to retreat unmolested, and the military genius of a commander who can take such a momentous decision without hesitation. No better proof of the soundness of the principle in tactics that lays down the importance of the attack can be offered. Had the Boers the stomach to attack the column which was retiring across their front, a river before it, the retreat must have become a disaster. Two pontoon bridges for miles of waggon which dragged slowly over the veldt under command of Boer positions to cross a river 85 yards wide, the approaches steep banks 20 feet above the rapid stream! Fortunately for us, Boer tactics do not include this power.

The Attack!

The attack is the kernel of the military nut, because the active is more prominent than the passive in human nature. Men just now are accustomed to speak of armies, those collections of soldiers where thousands are quoted as mere trifles, as mere blocks that a general can move across the table with a toothpick. But an army consists of men, mere specks, each one brimful, as you are, of thoughts, of hopes and fears; one speck may be braver than the rest, and the bravery of that speck will infect those nearer specks till we have one army braver than the other. These armies take the field; the specks on one side will be behind a ditch, a wall, defending; those on the other side advance to attack; there will be a fierce struggle, and the attacking specks will be driven back. As they go, one speck turns about—“Are they coming?” asks its comrade specks—“No! they're afraid; let's have another try.” The attack is renewed, and is beaten off again, but the defeated specks do not go so far back this time; still the defenders don't budge—“It's better behind the wall than in the open, let us stay where we are well off.” Then the specks outside, who do not find the open quite so bad, seeing them hesitate try back; once more flung out, not very far this

time; and the other specks cry out, "They're coming on again, oh law! Those specks will never stop, here's off"—and they dissolve themselves, and the attack walks in.

A Sacrificed Strategy.

So the campaign dragged on through January, towards the end of the month, finding itself, at every point, in a cul-de-sac. Sound strategy had been sacrificed to indifferent tactics—indifferent because due to underrating the intelligence of the Boers, and to the absence of materials adapted to meet their tactics. True, they have the kopje, and have fortified and held it on principles not taught at Chatham; but with reconnaissance and scouting, common-sense being added, our generals should have solved the kopje: if they cannot do so, let us confess ourselves beaten, and retire into the consciousness of our own moral superiority.

With regard to the materials supplied, the man in the street knew that the Boers were mounted, and should be met by mounted men; yet we sent out battalion after battalion of infantry—the excuse, that there were no ships fitted for the conveyance of horses, when 5,000 colonists in South Africa were longing to distinguish themselves on horseback, another 5,000 in Australia and the other colonies, every man of them ready to stand by his horse and greet the arrival of that Napoleonic Army Corps. The complaint about the materials supplied is emphasised by Lord Methuen in his despatch after the battle of Belmont:

The last height cleared, the enemy in large numbers galloping into the plain, the enemy's laager trekking across me, 3,000 yards off; my mounted troops unable to carry out their orders on one side—left—because the retreat was covered by kopjes; on the other—right—because too far; the artillery dead-beat and unable to help me. A cavalry brigade and a horse artillery battery from my right would have made good my success. Shrapnel does not kill men in these kopjes, it only frightens; and I intend to get at my enemy.

Still, to act on unreliable information and imperfect knowledge of the enemy's position, which he refers to, can only be charged against himself and his staff, who neglected the most ordinary precautions: as General Buller says in his comments, "I suppose our officers will learn the value of scouting in time; but in spite of all one can say, up to this our men seem to blunder into the middle of the enemy, and suffer accordingly."

But surely he committed the same mistake on the Tugela, when he seemed to be ignorant that Boers were occupying trenches and the river's bank on the south. The tactical methods by which an almost unfordable river, when both banks are held by the enemy throughout its length, can be forced in face of a strongly entrenched position are not readily found in any text-book. We are casting about for a scapegoat on whom to lay the cause of our defeats, and we find it in the power of rapid

movement which the Boers possess, and which enables them to anticipate all our movements. It always will do so if we adhere to obsolete and antiquated drill. Our generals must move with the age, and try to get a bit "forrader." The lessons of the Peninsula must be rewritten with a quick-firing pen.

VIII.—When England Wins :

BY JAMES BARNES, IN THE "OUTLOOK."

Of course no sane man who bestows a moment's thought on the subject denies that it can have but one end—England must win, or "pop" goes the Empire! And the British Empire is neither a balloon nor a bubble, but a big idea that holds a mighty tight little island in close and loving touch with a string of free and loyal colonies marked out in soldier red here and there on the map of the world; and they will send their free and loyal sons to fight for the idea that is called "the Empire" as long as there are ships to carry them. And if the idea was not a good one, and its realisation not a success, they would not send a man! That is the unvarnished truth of it, and President Kruger and President Steyn must know it as well as Mr. Chamberlain; and "the idea" is—the liberty of the individual; freedom to speak his mind, to come when he pleases, go where he likes, buy his stores, sell his goods, sink his shafts, pay his taxes, make his laws, without distinction as to whether his name is Brown or Van Brugen, or whether his ancestors sailed from the Hague or Plymouth Ho.

Hostile Critics.

Now, in England and America there are men who write and speak the English language so well that they have but to pick up a pen or sit down and talk, and everyone pays attention, no matter whether they agree or not; and some of these men have got the wrong end of this question and are making it harder for other men who are not writing or talking, but who are fighting and dying on either side. They are helping to prolong a struggle that will have an inevitable end, though it fills the South African veldt with empty homes and the English towns and villages with widowed and fatherless. Of course, those who are called "the hereditary enemies of Great Britain" (and it is not so many years ago that the United States was reckoned in the list) would rejoice at the downfall of England's power and the humbling of her arms; the small number of disloyal Irish are not counted in this category—it is but the power of England that saves them from their brothers. These wise men are constantly referring to England's mistakes in South Africa, to the past misjudgment of her colonial governors, to the injustice of her rulings, of her policy and treatment of

the Afrikaner Dutch. No doubt there have been mistakes; beyond question there has been bad policy. But policies have changed in the course of years; injustices can be forgiven and may be forgotten in time. It is the living present that we should think of. Progress and advancement stand for liberty nowadays. The question has turned the other way. England represents what the Dutch patriots fought for not many years ago, what our own ancestors struggled for and won under Washington—representation and equal rights.

I am writing this from what should be properly termed the "enemy's country," although it is within the boundary of Cape Colony. I have seen the leniency and dispassionate ruling of the English military authorities, for I have attended the trials of men accused of high treason, rebellion against a Government that had always treated them fairly, and they have been acquitted oftentimes with evidence strong against them, set free when their real sentiments are known and are as plain as if they proclaimed them from the housetops—these men are colonial subjects of the Queen, but they speak a foreign tongue; there is extenuation for their sentiments. Over the border, in the Orange Free State, their brothers and cousins have risen to fight the English—or, better, their brothers and cousins have invaded the English territory. They have been born with a hatred of the English, they have been instructed in contempt for the British fighting power; they suspect England's motives. They fight a feud, and are ready tools in the hands of those who wish to fan the fires of their hatred, play upon their ignorance, and use them for the furtherance of their ends.

Coming Revelations.

It is safe to say that if the Boers, or even the majority of the Afrikaner Dutch spoke or read the English language, there would have been no war. It is safe to say that when the history of this war will be written, much will be disclosed that will startle those who read, much will be explained that will make plain certain strange things that have puzzled many. It will be the history of a great conspiracy, nipped in the bud. In it will be told how a bitter civil war was averted, how the dream of some fanatical Dutch sixteenth-century-thinking leaders failed of realisation. Then will be displayed the plan to drive the English-speaking people out of the country "into the sea," it has been said. Then will be shown where went the vast quantity of arms and ammunition that has been pouring into the Transvaal for years—enough rifles to arm every man and woman and child that lives in the land Paul Kruger rules, yes, and to arm their cousins in the Free State and their

cousins in the Cape Colony. The Transvaal will be an incident, the Uitlander grievances will be a side issue, the millionaires and the money question may be passed over in a few words, though all contribute to the general reason "why." This is no war of conquest on the part of Great Britain against Boer farmers. There came near to being a war of conquest, but the shoe would have been upon the other foot. The "Rooineks," the hated English, would disappear. It was to be the wiping out of all old scores; it was to be a Dutch Afrikaner republic from the Cape to Delagoa Bay! This was the dream; this was the reason for the heavy taxes that the Uitlanders alone paid. This explained the enlistment of trained German gunners and the purchase of siege guns and long-range artillery; this made clear the formation of the Afrikaner Bond, and the attitude of the Dutch press.

Not many miles from here, at Barkly West and Douglass, and several other colonial towns, the flag of the Dutch Federals is flying; the English have been driven out; they are refugees in their own country. Many of them have never seen England; they have known little but the wide-stretching karoo, and here they will spend their lives; but they speak of England as "home;" they have a wild, enthusiastic pride in being Englishmen; they are exponents of the idea, they are representatives of the Empire; and should not their interests be of concern to the motherland?

Sir Alfred Milner.

I have talked with a man who knows, and who knew before many others would believe, how the situation stood here. Sir Alfred Milner, simple-mannered, kindly, and keen, has one of those aligrasping, quick-weighing perceptions, the possession of which has made men great in deeds. He saw the danger, and he forced the conspirators to declare themselves before their time; he met them when they were but half prepared. Home in England the Government did not appreciate the size of the work it had to undertake. The people, perhaps, did not realise it here. Both have learned. The fight is yet in English territory. There are battles ahead, for the Boers have to be taught a lesson also—a lesson that must be brought home to them in their turn, or it will not last.

When, in some years to come, the English army of occupation shall be withdrawn, and Modder River shall cease to be a military depot (for such it is destined to be, surely), the Dutch will long ago have dismissed the political leaders who misled and betrayed them; they will find as much liberty as is good for man. I doubt not that independence will be theirs; they will cease to hate a people who are too busy to bear malice, and

who may knock a man down, give him a hand up, and forget it all. They will have to work, if they do not wish to be left behind. Incidentally they will have to pay their taxes like Englishmen; and such is the sturdiness and determination of the Boer character that, with the new spirit of progress aroused, South Africa will bloom and blossom like a garden. Just now the Boers regard victories or defeats as gifts or punishments from God. When it is over, the lasting peace that should follow they will regard as the greatest blessing He could bestow upon a land that has seen too much bloodshed and unhappiness.

IX.—Betwixt Two Battles :

BY JAMES BARNES, IN THE "OUTLOOK."

It is between two battlefields, and from my tent door I can look over both of them. In front, to the northeast, rises the grim kopje that commands Magersfontein. It is, as the crow flies, but six miles away. The Boers are there. The naval guns on the hill, only two or three thousand yards outside the camp, blaze away, and the old kopje smokes with the bursting clouds of lyddite fumes and dust, for all the world like "a blooming volcano," as a sergeant gunner said. How many of the enemy are there no one knows. They know how many we are here, for with a strong glass they can count almost every tent; besides, there have been a great many cousins, loyal subjects, who have stayed to keep titles to their farms, and are making small fortunes by selling to the soldiers what their relatives from over the border got for nothing. On the day of the battle of Modder River they were hiding out in the veldt, but I doubt if "Jan" hid while "Piet" fought. They should have been cleared out long ago. It is a hard thing to know what is in a Dutchman's mind; you certainly cannot tell from his lips. It is not hard to get news outside of a big camp—forewarned is forearmed.

At the foot of the big brown kopje yonder perished many a brave Highlander, and from the line of trenches that stretch away in crescent form to the river bends, on east and west, retired a British army; and over this retirement much ink has been spilt and much talk has been wasted. It has been magnified into a disaster; it was nothing of the kind. It was a hard slap to an army that had fought three successful battles, but it was one of the incidents of war. After a while we may learn why certain things were done and why certain other things were not done. Some occurrences of that day will never be repeated. I doubt if the Boers will have such fine shooting during the rest of this campaign.

"Tommy Atkins" at Play.

In the meantime we wait, and the men play football and cricket, and have just finished a week of sports; the bands and drums and pipes play in front of the tents in the evenings. Oh, these wonderful South African nights and gloamings, when, after the heat and dust of the day, the air grows suddenly cool, and before the western red has died the great sparkling stars shine out, or the moon, clearer and whiter than we ever see her at home, soars up, and then seems to hang overhead for your own special benefit. The heliograph signals begin to twinkle along the line of outposts; the Kimberley light talks against the sky; a patrol or a picket stamps, with a roar like musketry, across the pontoon bridge; the snatch of a song comes from somewhere back in the tents; and then the bugles blow and the camp goes to sleep. Perhaps a bird may whistle; or perhaps a sentry challenges, and one fears that in the stillness the countersign must reach the Boer lines. As morning breaks, the "four-point-seven" guns speak up, and the great shells go tearing out towards the kopje, roaring in a diminuendo like trains across a trestle. And, like as not, a Boer gun, that must have more lives than a cat, spits back at us. Often, through the glasses, the gunner, a brave fellow in shirt-sleeves, can be seen. If you are up at the trenches and that little puff comes from the hill (which must be of value as an iron-mine by this time), somebody calls out, "Here she comes!" Thirty or forty seconds and she arrives, accompanied by a whistling, fluttering screech that ends in a spurt of red sand, and now and then a spattering explosion (for the Boer shells do not always "go off," more's the blessing!) Then the man whose pipe has gone out lights another match; and for half an hour the game goes on. So far, we have not had a man killed by shell fire. What has happened on the other side it is hard to say. But lyddite is a fearsome thing to watch!

During the day there is little done until the mid heat is past. The men bathe and wash and fish in the river; the officers sit and gossip about headquarters; the ubiquitous correspondent wonders what he shall write to his paper; and we wait.

X.—Are Our Losses Great :

COL. F. N. MAUDE, IN THE "CONTEMPORARY."

We have never yet fought so large a campaign as this South African one, and we are creating an Imperial force, because our colonies show that they wish it, and we are proud to do so. We were bound to make mistakes in the beginning, especially with so scattered an army over so large an area, and we have made them; but were the Germans any better in 1870? I think not; for in

the record of only forty-eight hours' consecutive operations from the 16th to 18th August at Mars-la-Tour and Gravelotte I find far worse defects in scouting, and equally bad blunders in leading, which had to be paid for in blood at about three times the cost with which we have bought our African experiences from October 15, 1899, up to date.

Had the bulk of the nation taken that intelligent interest in the principles of land warfare which it now undoubtedly devotes to questions of sea power, none of the recorded events and casualties (which could all have been pretty accurately predicted by any fairly well-read staff officer) would have roused anything but a passing surprise, and a permanent sincere regret for those needlessly

fallen. And we should have been spared the hysterical comments of so large a part of our Press, which have done no good, but only harm, if only by lowering our prestige in the eyes of Europe. Let us harden our hearts, take our punishment like men and soldiers, and learn from our mistakes, and then our dead will have done a doubly splendid thing: they will have died bravely, and by their deaths have taught us what to avoid and what to remember, so that in the future we may have traditions of war based on sound principles, and not a collection of fallacious theories.

Here is a table which shows the rate of loss per hour in the great battles of modern history. These figures show that the British losses in South Africa are relatively light:—

Battles.	Hours.		Percentage of Loss per Hour.		
Mollwitz	6	Austrians	4	Prussians	3.7
Chotusitz	4	"	5.6	"	4.3
Hoheufriedberg	5	"	4	"	1.5
Kesselsdorf	2	Saxons	17	"	3.4
Roszbach	1½	French	10.6	"	1.6
Leuthen	4	Austrians	7	"	4.8
Zorndorf	7	Russians	6.1	"	5.5
Hochkirch	3	Austrians	5	"	8
Kunersdorf	6	Russians	4.4	"	7.2
Torgau	5	Austrians	5.8	"	6.4
Austerlitz	4	Austrians	3.2	French	2.6
Jena	6	Prussians	3.3	"	2.2
Eylau	10	Russians	2.7	"	2.1
Borodino	15	"	2.2	"	1.8
Waterloo	8	Allies	2	"	4
Koniggratz	11	Austrians	1	Prussians	0.3
Worth	8	French	2	"	1.5
Vionville	10	"	0.9	"	2.2
Gravelotte	9	"	0.6	"	1.1
Sedan	12	"	1.6	"	0.5
Plevna—					
First battle	4	Turks	4.5	Russians	7
Second battle	10	"	1.9	"	2.2
Third Battle	60	"	2	"	3
Modder River	10	British	0.7	Boers	Unknown.
Magersfontein	10	"	0.7	"	"
Colenso	6	"	1	"	"

WHAT AN AUSTRALIAN SEES IN ENGLAND.

By W. H. FITCHETT, B.A., LL.D.

IV.—THE SECRET OF THE EMPIRE.

The problem is to discover the secret of the unity of the Empire. What magic is it which robs so many discordant elements of their separating power? What weaves this strange tangle of races, languages and creeds, scattered over half the surface of the planet, into a compact and orderly Empire? It is the puzzle of political science how the eighteen States which constitute the Austrian Empire contrive to exist under one political system. It is probably a personal force, the tact, wisdom, and faculty for government possessed by the Emperor of Austria—who, without any pretensions to genius, somehow accomplishes ends which might seem impossible to anything but the highest genius—which holds the Austrian Empire together. And that force must soon disappear; and then German and Czech and Slav, Magyar and Pole and Serb, will fly apart as the grains in a powder cask do at the touch of a match! But the British Empire is infinitely more complex than the Empire of Austria, if its geography and ethnology are taken into account. And yet, somehow, it is a unit; a single political organism, with a hundred political systems dwelling side by side in peace, under a single flag! What is the secret of this cohesion which confounds all precedents, and seems to run in the teeth, not only of history and of geography, but of human nature itself?

Imperfect Forces.

A cluster of great words is usually accepted as explaining this puzzle. It is a community of blood and speech, of literature and history, which holds the nation together. But the far-scattered provinces over which the Queen reigns are certainly not knitted together by any crimson thread of kinship. No common speech exists, and no common literature or history.

Race and language and history do, of course, count; a common literature probably counts for more than even these. Carlyle, in a well-known passage,² declares that Shakespeare is worth more to the English-speaking race than India; he meant in intellectual coin. But Shakespeare is also one of the unifying forces of the Empire. As someone has said, “we are all the subjects of King Shakespeare”! Our great writers—Scott and

Dickens, Thackeray and Macaulay, Tennyson and Browning—colour the general imagination of their readers under every sky to a common tint; they thrill them with common emotions, and put them into subjection to common ideals. So the whole Empire is knitted together with subtle threads, woven of the intellect and the imagination, threads whose strength no wise statesman will despise. Race and language and history and literature, we repeat, count. They are elements in the cement which holds the Empire together.

But for how much do they count? The tie of common blood does not count for much; else the United States would never have cut, with a blood-stained sword, the bond which held them to the mother-land. What human quarrels are more bitter and angry than those amongst kinsfolk! Moreover, the Ghoorkas, who are amongst the bravest and most loyal of the Queen's soldiers, do not find the root of their loyalty in community of blood with us; and the Canadians, whose heroic rush on Cronje's trenches at Paardeberg drove the Boer general to surrender, were Frenchmen both by blood and speech. Pride in a common history may hold, with a certain energy, a scattered people together. But for the innumerable races under the sceptre of Queen Victoria there practically is no common history! History, moreover, divorces as well as unites. It is well that Lord Roberts' gallant Canadians forgot the Plains of Abraham!

The human memory has, it is true, a gracious magic of its own, and most of us, happily, forget the controversies of history, and remember only its glories. So the shadows of Pitt and Nelson and Wellington, the far-off glories of Trafalgar and Waterloo, knit us to each other by bonds of sympathy. Yet, in the clash of contemporary politics, the slender threads of pride in a common history are soon snapped. The memories of Agincourt and Crecy, of Magna Charta and the Invincible Armada, did not prevent an English-speaking people on one side of the Atlantic from fighting furiously with an English-speaking people on the other side of the Atlantic; any more than did the genius of Shakespeare or the music of Milton-Southerner and Northerner in the United States

were knit together by all the ties of blood and speech and literature and history; yet that did not prevent them waging the most bloody civil war the world has known.

Cash and Religion.

It is sometimes said it is a cash nexus which holds the British Empire together. At bottom Englishmen are "practical," not to say selfish. The most sensitive spot in the average Englishman is his pocket. And so, it is argued, the provinces are loyal to the motherland, and the motherland is anxiously considerate of her colonies, merely because the connection pays both parties. Trade follows the flag. That is why, according to the cynic, we are all so jealous for the flag! Are not our white-sailed merchant ships, our smoky funnelled steamers, the flying shuttles that weave the web of Empire? In the last analysis, loyalty is but another name for a good investment.

This is the philosophy of a cynic—and of a cynic, it may be added, who must be singularly ignorant, both of history and of human nature. In the presence of all the greater human passions and emotions, purely material interests count for little. The colonies, at the present moment, are pouring out their gold, as well as the blood of their children, like water, to sustain the Queen's flag in Africa; and they are certainly not doing this merely as a good trade investment. England has spent—or is spending—some £60,000,000 in the struggle against the Boers; and when she has triumphed she will not take a coin from a Dutchman's pocket nor an acre from a Dutchman's farm. As Southerner and Northerner plunged into that most tragic of civil wars, it was with the knowledge that the conflict must ruin the chief industries of both sides. Men, after all—and even in the dusty realm of politics—are swayed much more by their convictions and their passions than by their pockets; as history—in spite of the cynics—abundantly shows.

Religion, under certain conditions, may be a great unifying force; but it certainly is not the bond of a common creed which holds the Queen's realm together. There is no need to quote once more Voltaire's oft-quoted epigram about the English having "forty religions and only one sauce." We must forget all history if we fail to see that differences of religion—or what is mis-called "religion"—are amongst the great disruptive forces of society. And the British Empire, taking in all its provinces and subjects, is the strangest patchwork of creeds ever held together under one sceptre.

Pace and speech and literature and history and material interests do, we repeat, contribute something to the unity of the British Empire. But they do not explain it. In some senses they even

tend to imperil it. Taken at their best, they act only partially, and affect only sections of the Empire. They affect most powerfully, it is true, the most influential section of the Queen's subjects—the strong-brained, restless, hard-fighting Anglo-Saxon, with his faculty for ruling. But the Queen's Empire does not consist solely of even the strenuous Anglo-Saxon! Perhaps—to make the statement of the case just—it might be added that what influences the Anglo-Saxon—what colours his imagination and controls his conscience—decides the policy and the history of the Empire. And the forces we have been discussing—community of race, speech, literature, history, and religion—supremely affect the Anglo-Saxon, and, through him, reach and sway the whole Empire.

But there remain two great forces—one personal and one political—which do reach every province of the Empire, and profoundly influence every section of its subjects, and are to be counted as amongst the greatest of the forces which hold the Empire together. These are the personal influence and character of the Queen, and the wise and magnanimous policy on which the colonial empire of Great Britain is administered. To these have to be added a third force—as the present writer, at least, profoundly believes—which is moral rather than political; which is found, not in any conscious human policy, but in a divine purpose—a divine vocation, impressed on the English-speaking race by that Supreme Will which shapes all human history to the pattern of its own counsels.

The Queen!

Who can measure the value of the Queen, as a personal and political force, to the Empire! The general political conscience grows sensitive; and the personal character of the monarch is, for good or evil, a factor of supreme importance. The monarchy would not survive another George IV., with his cesspit-flavoured morals. Another George III., with his narrow brain and obstinate will, would drive the Empire into fragments. But the Queen has brought to the task of royalty a woman's unfaltering tact, a statesman's cool-brained wisdom, a soldier's steadfast courage, a martyr's loyalty to duty. In a sense she is more to England than Washington was to America. Something both of the hate and the love, the exaggerations and the obscurities, of party passion gathers round Washington. But the Queen sits in a serene air where no dust of "party" blows! All classes love her; all parties trust her. She is the representative and servant of those great political principles which are behind and above all political parties. What the Queen is to her realms we shall never quite realise until that sad day comes—may it be far distant!—when she is laid beside her

long-mourned husband in the stately mausoleum at Frogmore.

This magic of loyalty to the Queen penetrates through all barriers of race and creed. It is felt everywhere and by everybody under the British flag. It is at least as strong in the colonies as, say, in Kent or in Argyleshire. It sometimes takes odd forms. Says Mr. Alleyne Ireland, in the "Outlook":—

It is impossible for anyone who has not lived in the British colonies to realise what a mighty force this loyalty is. I have seen a man almost torn to pieces for refusing to drink the Queen's health at a banquet in Melbourne; I have seen a drunken French sailor in St. Lucia-soundly-thrashed by a negro porter for spitting on a picture of the Queen in an illustrated paper. There exists throughout the British colonies that sentiment which in these days is driving London wild over the abominable and vile attacks made on the Queen by the French "yellow press." It is in neglecting to count in this element of personal devotion to the sovereign throughout the colonies that Continental Europe falls into an absurd error when it congratulates itself on the smallness of the British army.

It is idle to attempt an analysis of that sentiment of loyalty to the Queen which is one of the steady-ing forces of the British Empire. Her sex, her sorrows, her household pieties; her genius for saying the right word and doing the right thing; her wizardlike insight into the feelings of her people; her obstinate truthfulness; her great fidelity to duty—these are the qualities which take captive the imagination and the heart of her people. Of the influence—with a strangeness as of magic about it—which the Queen has over her subjects, Ireland supplies the latest example. A woman's insight sometimes sees more clearly than even a statesman's instructed vision. The Queen has felt, like all her subjects, an impulse of admiration for the splendid valour shown by her Irish soldiers in the fighting on the steep hill summits in front of Ladysmith. How does she honour it? She writes a generous phrase; she gives the shamrock a recognised place amongst the emblems of honour the Empire recognises; she will add an Irish battalion to her Guards; she will visit Ireland herself! There is nothing of the calculating sagacity of a statesman in all this, only a woman's quick and generous impulse; but the "woman" is the Queen, the most honoured and venerated figure, perhaps, alive to-day! And the Queen, in this matter, is wiser than all the politicians. With a word of queenly praise, a gesture of queenly sympathy, she has done more to take the bitterness out of Irish discontent than a dozen Acts of Parliament could do.

Generosity as a Policy.

But "personal" influence is, after all, a temporary force. Death, if it does not slay it, seems to lift it into some far-off realm remote from contemporary polities. The memory of Washington did not keep

North and South, in America, from flying at each other's throats. What chiefly makes the British Empire to-day possible, and what, as long as it endures, will hold the Empire together, is the new temper of England towards her colonies, and the wise and magnanimous policy on which her colonial Empire is administered. The Continental nations, says Mr. Barnes, "do not know that this great Empire has developed a colonial government under which people live as free as in the most visionary republic that men's minds have formed; that laws are now the same for all men, black or white, brown or yellow, and they may speak any language under the sun, and walk as kings." But the colonies themselves know all this, and it is the secret of colonial loyalty. French or German colonies must be spoon-fed and gendarme-ridden. But the sturdy, strong-fibred Briton is left in every colony under the British flag to manage his own affairs, to make his own laws, and devise his own taxes. The motherland asks nothing from him but what he chooses, out of pure affection and loyalty, to give. And, as a result, he is willing to give everything—to the last coin in his pocket, and the last drop of blood in his veins—for the common flag.

Nowhere in all political history can be found such another example of generosity as that which England shows to-day towards her colonies. She makes herself responsible for their safety, and would fight in defence of Melbourne, or Sydney, or Auckland, as she would for London, or Edinburgh, or Dublin. The burden of the armies and fleets of the Empire is borne practically alone by the inhabitants of the three kingdoms; but the shelter of the army and fleet stretches over the whole area of the Empire. And while thus bearing the cost of their defence, England asks no advantage in the ports of her colonies over other nations. Her children tax her goods at will. Nay, even a province like India, won and held by the sword, is allowed to tax the goods of her conqueror! As a result, the British colonies have the safety and pride of citizenship in a great Empire without its cost. They enjoy all the freedom of independence without the risks and the burdens of independence.

The Colonies under the Flag.

The Australian knows this is his own happy experience: but as he sails round the world and touches colony after colony, he finds the same rule to obtain. The self-governing colonies under the British flag are communities enjoying the happiest political conditions human history has ever recorded. In the British colonial system of to-day what may be called household affections are erected into a policy. The impulse of a father towards his children is an impulse to give to them, not to get from them; and this is the spirit of English col-

onial policy. England would not fire a single cartridge, for the sake of keeping a colony that seriously wished to set up in business for itself.

The noblest ideals, when translated by clumsy human hands into the concrete, are apt to be marred. But, with all its failures and imperfections, the British Empire of to-day is built on noble ideals: on justice, on freedom; on reverence for law; on hate of oppression; on the care of the strong for the weak; on the desire to lift up civilisation to new levels, and to increase the sum total of human happiness. The way to realise this is to imagine that the British Empire, with all the ideals it represents, were suddenly blotted out of the modern world! Can anyone doubt that this would be, for human freedom and happiness, a tragedy? It would be to put back the hands on the clock of Christian civilisation by whole centuries.

A Divine Ideal.

As the Australian wanders across the provinces and cities of this great Empire; as there rises to his imagination the vision of what the Empire means, and of the part it plays in history, the sense deepens of a divine vocation. It is the worst sort of atheism to believe that God has no plans for His world; that nations and kingdoms are accidents without meaning, vagrant sandgrains blown hither and thither by winds of chance. God has His ideals, towards which He is educating the race; and He works by human instruments. He calls, now this nation and now that, to some great service. The Jew was chosen to be the religious teacher of mankind. The Greek was God's instrument in the intellectual development of the race. The Roman had a divine vocation to stamp on human society reverence for law and for political

order. And we do not understand how any student of the growth of the British Empire can fail to discern behind it the energy of a divine purpose.

Kingdoms and provinces come to us without our seeking. British statesmen watch the expansion of the Empire much as a peasant on the seashore might watch the flowing of a sea-tide, and with as little comprehension of the forces behind the tide. In one of his latest speeches, Mr. Balfour said: "I myself am not one of those who watch Imperial expansion wholly without misgiving, or wholly without a sense of anxiety. I think it is necessary, but that it ought not to be undertaken with a light heart." This exactly expresses the sentiment with which the wisest British statesmen watch the growth of the Empire. They are looking on the operation of forces they have not created, and which half frighten them by their energy.

No human force explains the tide. The energies behind it run to the rim of the physical universe. And something more goes to the making of the British Empire than the wisdom of its statesmen, the energy of its merchants, the valour of its soldiers and sailors. The present writer, at least, believes profoundly that the British Empire is built of God. It is an instrument in His hands for great services to the race. It is the deliverer of the slave. It is the foe of injustice and oppression. It is the trustee and schoolmaster of the coloured races. It is the representative and servant of civilised order in all the waste places of the earth. It is the great missionary nation. It multiplies and spreads the Bible as no other nation does. So long as it serves these great offices it will stand. When it ceases to serve them it will perish, and will deserve to perish.

SHALL WESTERN AUSTRALIA BE BROKEN UP?

BY THE HON. J. W. HACKETT, M.L.C.

I have been asked by the Australian Editor of the "Review of Reviews" to make some remarks upon the movement to divide Western Australia into two colonies. I understand that my remarks are principally to have reference to the paper contributed by my friend, Mr. Kirwan, to this "Review" last January, and headed, "Altering the Map of Australia." This paper is practically a condensed statement of the case presented by the Reform League in their recent Separation Manifesto.

Who are the Uitlanders?

Of the earnestness of some of the promoters of separation there can be no question; nor again, curiously, of the indifference shown by so many of their brother Uitlanders on the coast and in the agricultural districts. It may be well to bear in mind, if a radical error is not to be committed,

that when the goldfields' separatists claim the movement to be one by the Uitlanders, that is, the inhabitants of the goldfields, against the old West Australians—including in the latter the entire population lying between the goldfields and the Indian Ocean—this point of view has to be fundamentally revised. The proportion of Uitlanders—I continue to use the phrase because of its convenience—is almost as great in the agricultural and coastal urban districts—in the latter no doubt quite as great—as it is on the Eastern goldfields. In Perth and Fremantle, since the grant of responsible government in 1890, the growth of the population has been five-fold or more, and has almost entirely come from the colonies of the East. A similar change has taken place, though not quite in the same degree, in most of the agricultural districts, and even in the older country towns, such as Bunbury, Northam, Geraldton, and Albany. This fact clearly changes the complexion of the agitation. It is not one between the old West Australians and the newcomers from the East, but between the newcomers resident on or near the coast and the newcomers resident in the Eastern goldfields, districts, though it is undoubtedly that any influence which the small remnant of the old settlers which is left may exercise is exerted among the people near the coast. This phase of the matter must not be lost sight of.

One other initial correction has to be made: The deeply regrettable hostility displayed by the Eastern goldfields towards other portions of the colony is not a birth of yesterday, or due to recent legislation by the local Parliament, or to the administration of the Government, or even to the miscarriage of the proposal to send the Commonwealth Bill to the referendum, but has existed in its present strenuousness from the day when the first arrivals laid the foundation of Coolgardie. The language of the fields is at the present moment no more harsh, nor more angry, and, possibly, no more justified in these days, than it was at the time I speak of, some seven years back. At that early date the hostility was so bitter, so full of contempt and passion, that it would afford an interesting study to the political student. Surely this hostility was



THE HON. J. W. HACKETT, M.L.C.

not deserved. Face to face with difficulties of an almost unexampled character, the Government of the colony, unfamiliar as it was with large operations, with the scantiest means at its disposal, and a hopelessly insufficient staff, struggled to provide the newly-discovered goldfields with the elements of order, communication, education, and medical service; and performed this task with a vigour and resolution which have even now obtained some recognition, and will, I believe, stand out prominently when the history of the events of the last decade of the nineteenth century comes to be written, the decade which covers this colony's contribution to the history of modern Australia.

These two points are worth bearing in mind: The facts that the coast is as much the territory of the new arrivals as are the goldfields, and that the feeling of the present moment is a prolongation of that which sprang into existence on the first settlement of the fields.

The Case for Separation.

I am now asked to show cause against "altering the map of Australia," as a result of the present agitation. It may be admitted that the day must come when this huge, unwieldy province of Western Australia, which contains as much territory as a third of Europe, must be divided into two or more provinces, but that day seems hardly to have come yet. It may be predicted that the Commonwealth will hesitate many times before it accepts, with its full burden of debts and responsibilities, past, present, and to come, the creation of a State which will be founded on a single industry, and that the precarious one of gold mining; which will be ruled by the employees of that one industry; which is likely to resemble, most of all, a huge trades' union, and to organise which it will have to find at the start a capital of some six millions, to meet its obligations to the older State and to defray the cost of pressing public works. For this State, having been called into existence by the Federal Government, must be seen successfully through all its difficulties.

When I say that the new State will be a goldfield and nothing more, I state a literal fact. Of pastoral and agricultural resources it has practically none. There are probably not half-a-dozen stations in the area marked out for the new colony, and, so far as I know, not a single holding that can be called a farm. The arid interior is fatal to all occupations save that of mining; whilst at Esperance the singular phenomenon is to be seen of a rainfall dropping from 25 inches at that port to something like a third of that amount a score of miles inland.

The physical is supplemented by the legal difficulty. It is true that when we were given our Constitution by the Imperial Parliament in 1890, provision was made for dividing the colony by Order in Council, to meet the views of those who believed that a door should be kept open to admit the millions of over-populated England into the wide areas of a colony supposed to be one of boundless resources. It is admitted now that an Imperial Act will be required to give effect to such a division, if it were only to overcome the provisions of the Colonial Boundaries Act of 1895, which forbids the dividing of Western Australia without the consent of its own Parliament. But such an Act would also be required to provide a Constitution for the new State, to convey the control of many public interests at present vested in the authorities of the old colony, and to adjust the financial relations between the two. Probably one reason why the rest of the colony has remained so quiet in the face of the movement on the goldfields is the conviction that the matter would have to be investigated by a Select Committee of one of the Houses of the Imperial Parliament, and the contents of the Manifesto of the Reform League analysed. In that case they believe that the exposure of the case of the Separatists would be so complete that nothing more would be heard of it.

Let us now examine this case, and see how far it justifies the rending of Western Australia in two. It is not quite easy to feel assured as to what may be considered the salient points in this agitation. By watching the columns of this "Review," I fancy I observe that the points which seem to be most striking refer to what the Manifesto sets down as "inadequate Parliamentary representation," and, next, "unscrupulous treatment in the matter of finance."

The Franchise Grievance.

To speak first of the second, the complaint seems to be in your words: "They are granted the franchise, but are denied adequate representation in Parliament. They are half the population of the colony, yet they have only three out of twenty-four members in the Council, and six out of forty-four representatives in the Assembly. There are three of the older constituencies who, on an electorate of less than one hundred, return one member each to the Assembly, while 5,674 electors of East Coolgardie have only one representative."

Now, in the first place, it is more than doubtful if the goldfields contain half the population of the colony. Indeed, it is as certain as anything can be that they do not. At present, questions of population are more or less guesswork, for it is nine years since the last census was taken, and her

population has mainly come to Westralia within that time. The census of 1901 may have surprises in store for us, but it will hardly show half the population to be resident on the Eastern gold-fields. It is much more likely that it will show one-third. But what we have reason to take exception to in the above quotation is that you do not proceed to say that you are giving the figures of a state of things which has passed away. The two new Reform Bills which are awaiting the assent of the Queen may alter almost every phrase of the sentences I have quoted. A new province has been formed for the goldfields which will give them three members additional to the three they already possess in the Council. By the new Constitution Act, again, three of the smaller constituencies have been disfranchised, and the other smaller constituencies have been, for the most part, enlarged. The 5,674 electors at East Coolgardie are to have three members by the new Bill. Mr. Kirwan balances this by saying that a new "pocket borough" has been constituted for Collie. Whether this purely mining constituency, composed of three mineral fields, be a pocket borough or not, he must settle with Mr. Vosper, the most politically advanced member of the fields, who was responsible for the creation of this undoubtedly democratic constituency. By the new Bill four new members in the Assembly have been allotted to the Eastern gold-fields. In justice, we should not stop here, so far as the new population is concerned. The metropolitan district is almost wholly composed of Uitlanders. This also has received an additional province, with three more members in the Council, while four new constituencies have been formed in the metropolitan area.

The History of the W.A. Franchise.

Nevertheless, it is complained, and has to be admitted, that the representation of the goldfields, as compared with the far North, shows a disparity that may be called unfair. An explanation of this disparity requires a few words of history.

When responsible government was granted in 1890 to the small community in Western Australia, every little centre of population was given a representative. The distribution of seats then made was not generally considered unequal. In 1893 came the discovery of gold in Coolgardie, resulting shortly afterwards in an inrush of population from the East, which was then suffering from an extreme depression. In that year a new Constitution Act was introduced, giving its first member to the Eastern goldfields.

In two or three years' time the richness of the fields was proved beyond dispute, and the increase of population demanded an amendment of

the Constitution Act. The tenure of Parliament was cut short by a year to allow of this Bill being introduced, the Eastern goldfields were formed into a province of their own, with three members, and six members were allotted to the fields in the Assembly. I may add that, at this time, I strongly advocated granting a second member to the district of Coolgardie, but received no support, either from the municipality, press, or people of that town. This Act was passed in the middle of 1896. Three years later another Constitution Act was passed, which is now awaiting Her Majesty's approval. To all appearances most persons in the East are quite unaware of the existence of this Bill. By it another province has been created for the goldfields, with a representation of three members in the Upper House, whilst in the Assembly four new members have been added to the goldfields, giving them a representation, in all, of ten members.

There remains to be considered the position of the North, a distinct anomaly; and it is now many years since I took upon myself to point out the discrepancy which existed between these small constituencies and the very large electorates of the metropolitan district—the goldfields at the time were hardly existent. In the new Bill, the Government proposed to disfranchise four of the smaller seats, but one of these, East Kimberley, was retained by the Assembly. The problem before the Government was, what to do with a number of electorates which had enjoyed separate representation for many years. To disfranchise them at a blow would have been contrary to the practice of our Constitution, unjust to these electorates, and injurious to the balance of an established system. They decided to proceed gradually. What is aimed at is reform, not revolution. In another three years, or even less, we may expect to see several more of these smaller seats erased, and the power they wield transferred to more populous centres, when the work of our Constitution should be completed. But at present the Uitlander can control the whole of the Eastern goldfields' seats, ten in number, and the whole of the twelve metropolitan seats, as well as the Northern mining electorates. The course of development and liberalisation was menaced by the retention of East Kimberley, a step against which I protested. Yet the arguments used by those who favoured it were not without strength. Kimberley is a province of over 100,000 square miles—larger than Victoria—and contains resources which will probably render it one of the most valuable additions to the Commonwealth. It is practically divided into two districts, independent of each other—East and West. It may be mentioned that the Northern Territory of South Australia, pos-

sessing, according to some reports, inferior resources to those of Kimberley, is represented by two members in the South Australian House of Assembly.

The progressive character of the new Reform Acts does not stop here. The period of Parliament is cut down from four years to three, the residential qualification is shortened, immensely improved facilities are given for the transfer of votes, while the justice of giving the franchise to women is for the first time acknowledged in Western Australia. This last act of right is, with a curious application of the "Wolf and the Lamb" fable, claimed to have been intended as a blow to the fields, on the ground that the women are more numerous in the older districts. If it be the case that the miners of the goldfields do not bring their wives and families to live with them, it is surely no reason that, because they declare themselves a migratory, and to that extent a homeless, population, the woman's vote should on that account be denied to the rest of the colony. It is, however, one of the most satisfactory of recent developments that the influx of women to the goldfields not only promises a settled and more contented population, but bids fair to equalise the women voters in all parts of Western Australia. It is perfectly safe to say that, in the first place, the electoral legislation of Western Australia is based on the most advanced models of the Eastern colonies, in some respects going beyond them; and, secondly, that at the rate in which the principle of electoral equality is working, we shall see the rule of one adult one vote given practical effect at the next distribution of seats, which may come at any time after the census of next year has given us a reliable basis to work upon.

Financial Wrongs.

We now come to what the League calls the "unscrupulous treatment" received in the matter of finances. The position of the Reform League I understand to be as follows:—For the four years 1895-99 the consolidated revenue of the colony has been £9,935,004. In that time, apart from loan expenditure, there was spent in all, £10,459,585. Besides, there was a loan expenditure of £6,180,464, making, during the four years, a total outlay of £16,640,049. Deducting that spent on railway administration, and posts and telegraphs, the total amount spent in Western Australia for the four years amounted to £13,180,996. On the strength of a return presented to the Legislative Council, the League claims that the total expenditure for the four years on the Eastern fields, including public works, has been only £1,615,332. All these figures seem to have been accepted by the "Review" as incapable of contradiction. Further, the Mani-

festo states that the Eastern goldfields have contributed to the consolidated revenue over two millions, exclusive of railway receipts or profits, so that, in their own words: "To put it briefly, the Government has derived half a million more revenue from the goldfields during the last four years than it has spent on them out of the consolidated revenue and loan funds put together. In other words, during the last four years the Government has spent on the coastal or older districts, in addition to their own proper revenue, the entire loan expenditure, and half a million of the revenue derived from the goldfields."

The Real Facts.

This is one of the statements which is read in the colony, smiled at, and forgotten. The matter, however, was submitted to the Government Actuary, a gentleman of much actuarial ability and unimpeachable honesty. After a full investigation, Mr. Owen points out the inaccuracy of setting down the net amount spent on the area which is to constitute the new colony as £1,615,332. The distinction he is careful to draw is between the goldfields and the territory of which it is intended the new State shall consist.

He dwells on the fact that the return asked for dealt with the past four years' expenditure alone. But grants were voted, and works carried out prior to that period within the area of the proposed new colony. Nor is the share of the latter in the cost of the general administration included in the return, nor did the League include interest on loan moneys.

The conclusion the Government Actuary arrives at is a very different one from that set down on the Manifesto. The expenditure out of revenue he sets down as follows for the proposed colony:—

General expenditure chargeable	£2,113,890
Goldfields expenditure chargeable	223,121
Interest on loan expenditure chargeable	...	105,183
Special votes and grants chargeable	...	523,253

Expenditure out of revenue chargeable .. £2,965,447

In addition to these, out of loan moneys have been spent £1,761,331, making the total expenditure chargeable £4,726,778. The revenue credited to the area he shows to be £3,311,043, leaving an excess of expenditure over revenue of £1,415,735. So that instead of, as the Manifesto states, "half a million more revenue being derived from the goldfields than was spent on them out of consolidated revenue and loan funds put together," according to the Government Actuary about a million and a half has been spent on the delineated area over and above the revenue received.

But this is not all. In addition to what has been already expended, the colony has accepted further heavy liabilities on account of the new colony. The

Coolgardie water scheme, the Leonora railway, and the Boulder railway duplication are responsible for future borrowings amounting to £2,650,000, an obligation which has to be added to the sums already paid. If the Government Actuary's figures be correct, it will be seen that the charge just dealt with is one of the most hollow that could be made.

Is Taxation Fair?

Akin to the question of revenue and expenditure is that of taxation. The Manifesto states that "the guiding principle seems to be to get as much out of the fields as possible by taxing our food, clothing, and other necessities, and generally all commodities in the interests of farming products and local coastal manufactures. The stock tax is a notable example." It adds, "To penalise the goldfields still further, the Government has imposed a dividend tax." This tax, it may be mentioned, is the only form of property tax we possess outside the death duties. It is practically a copy of the Queensland measure, and was preferred by the West Australian Government to other forms of taxation on property, such as an income tax or a land tax; first, because the two latter seem likely to yield such meagre results; secondly, because it seemed easiest of collection, yielding the best results with a minimum of friction and injury to the producers' interests; thirdly, because it was claimed to have worked well in Queensland; and, lastly, because it was practically a tax upon profits. It is hardly necessary to say that it does not apply to the goldfields only, but to dividends paid by all joint stock businesses whatever in Western Australia.

"We then come," says the Manifesto, "to that most iniquitous form of taxation—differential railway rates." Considering that this principle is in force all over Australia the indictment is a somewhat sweeping one. Seven instances are given in the Manifesto in which the freight on local articles is lower than that of the imported—timber, coal, jam, tomato sauce, vinegar, wine, and agricultural produce. The importance of jam, tomato sauce, and vinegar may be safely neglected. As to the rest of the list, agricultural produce is stated to pay to Kalgoorlie £1 8s. 9d. if imported; if local, 15s. 6d. As a fact, the rates for agricultural produce are precisely the same for imported as for the local article. In regard to coal, our Government follows the example of the Victorian Government in encouraging the granting of a lower rate of carriage for the local article. The rates on jarrah and oregon are largely determined by the fact that the former is an exceedingly heavy timber, and that oregon is lighter and more bulky. None of the rates complained of have been the work of

very recent years, whilst some have been in existence for very many years past.

But there is a stronger answer to this attack upon differential rates. It appears that the rates, on the whole, if not the lowest in Australia, are amongst the lowest. What the Railway Department has done, under pressure from Parliament and the public, is to reduce the rates to the lowest point which is consistent with making the railways pay their way. Of these low rates, the goldfields get the full value. But to encourage local industry, a few of these low freight articles are still further reduced. What, then, have the fields to complain of? Not only do they get practically the lowest rates in Australia for all other articles, but they get still lower rates on certain articles of local production. Surely, in any case, lowering the rates means the gain of the consumer.

An explanation of the complaint of the Manifesto that "The Government imposes a progressive tax on gold ore sent as back loading to the coast" is easily made: Rich parcels of ore—say, 50 oz. stone—are charged a higher rate than lower grade parcels—say, 3 oz. stone—on the simple principle that goods of a high value are placed in a higher class for railway freight charges than goods of a lower value. This was all arranged with the concurrence of the Chamber of Mines at Kalgoorlie, and the mine managers, who thought the rates reasonable and fair. Yet the goldfields' wolf complains of the railway lamb troubling the water in this respect also.

The Denied Referendum.

The complaint to which least space is devoted in the Manifesto is perhaps the most serious one, the fact that the Commonwealth Bill was not sent to a referendum. To explain this it would be necessary to include many pages of "Hansard," with a large slice of the proceedings of the joint Select Committee. That body, after taking much evidence, reported by 11 votes to 3 that the Bill ought to be amended in certain points before being submitted to the vote of the electors. That is to say, while the Eastern Parliaments all accepted the Bill, the Parliament of Western Australia decided that, under its abnormal conditions, the interests of the colony required amendments. The Assembly resolved that both Bills should be sent to the popular vote. The Council demurred to sending the unamended Bill, but voted in favour of referring the Bill with the amendments of the Select Committee. On a final division, by an alliance between the Bill-at-any-price and the no-Bill-at-any-price advocates, the question was ultimately lost. This is how Federation came to be wrecked in the Parliament of Western Australia. This,

branch of the question would require an article to itself.

I am afraid that these few notes, put together amid the stress of importunate work, may be the means of rather exhausting the reader than the subject. Yet I have not alluded to such blunders as the making the railway distance from Coolgardie to Esperance 200 miles in place of 235, the distance made by railway surveyors; or the pregnant fact that the new State will have to pay her share of the interest on the loan expenditure on the old colony; nor the certainty that the mining companies, for obvious reasons, will exert themselves to the utmost to prevent this separation being agreed to in London; nor, again, the fact that the petition favouring separation is likely to be signed equally by those who are wholly opposed to it as well as by those supporting it—voting by petition being open, and susceptible to all forms of influence. But I may claim that I am not moved in this instance by prejudice. A Uitlander myself, with many years' experience of this colony, and one whose entire expectations rest upon the influx of men and capital, and on the development of its resources, I have but one object in view, the promotion of the good of the entire territory, if only on the lowest of all grounds, because it brings grist to my mill.

The Position of W.A. on Federation.

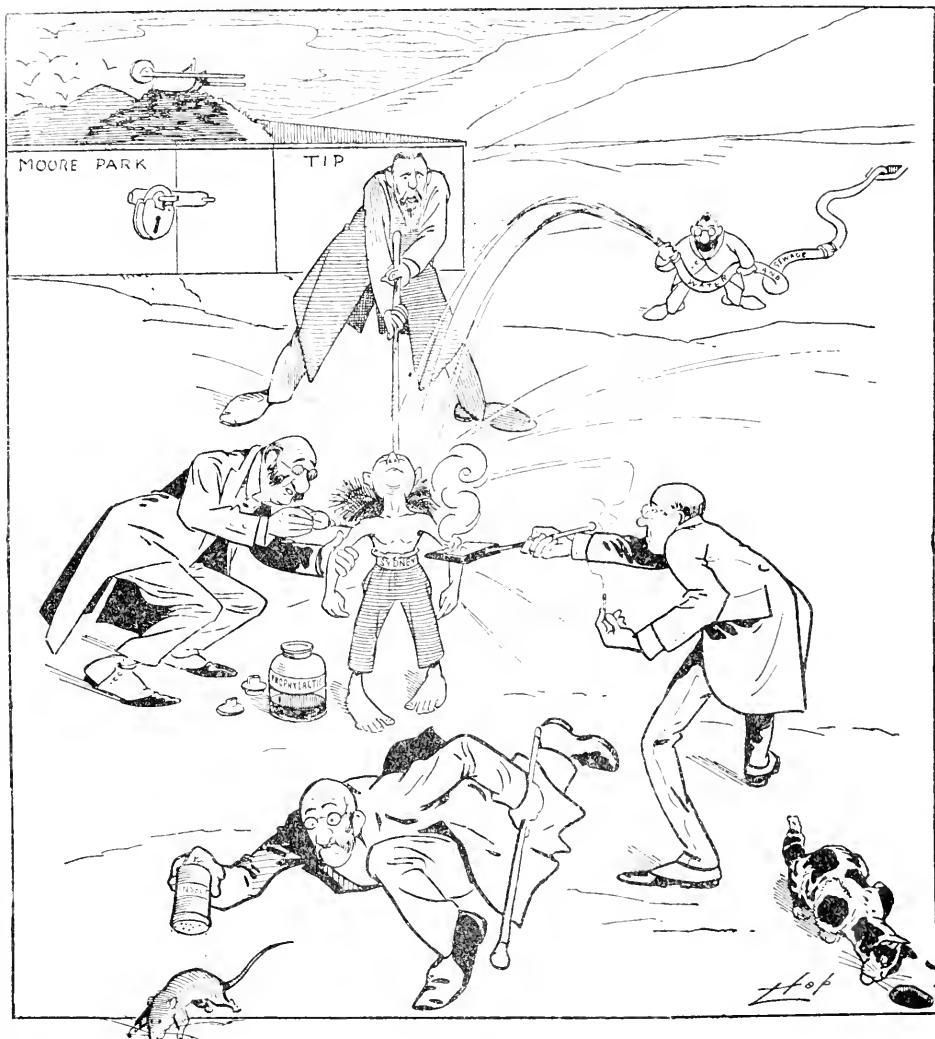
Although the Federation movement touches but indirectly my subject, I would crave permission of the Editor to make a few remarks on the position this all-important matter occupies at present in Western Australia. Of the four suggestions made by the joint Select Committee formed by the two Houses to consider the Bill, three may be said to have now ceased to be obstacles. The provision for dividing the State for Senate electoral purposes is open, there can be no doubt, to serious objections. Moreover, the Federal Parliament is empowered to deal with the question, and is likely to do so at a very early date. Probably some form of preferential voting, as suggested in many quarters, would usefully meet the case. The request for the suspension of the inter-State Commission for five years loses most of its force in view of the fact that the Commission is not likely to get into working order before the period asked for by the Select Committee has expired. The undertaking of Mr. Holder that his best influence will be given towards promoting the completion of the Trans-Australian line, and the evident general

acceptance by Australia of the necessity of this line for mails, defence, and general purposes of communication, should convince most reasonable men that the prospects of this great federal work will not be jeopardised by the advent of the Commonwealth.

There remains the fourth suggestion, the conversion of the five years' sliding scale privilege into the more practical one of five years' absolute Customs control. The arguments for the change are probably well known. The clause, we gratefully admit, was intended to meet the peculiar circumstances of Western Australia, but it is admitted that in its present form it cannot be of any real service. The Customs taxation of the Commonwealth will be heavier than that now imposed in this colony. If to this be added taxation on Eastern products, our burdens will become so unendurable that one or the other must go. As the tariff of the Federation is invincible, it is the local taxation which must yield. Add to this the inconvenience, confusion, and probable loss due to periodic alterations of the tariff, amounting to 20 per cent. annually. Yet Western Australia desires to continue a little longer protection to those industries which are fast rooting themselves in the soil, and to make good some part of the heavy loss her revenue would sustain in the early years of Federation.

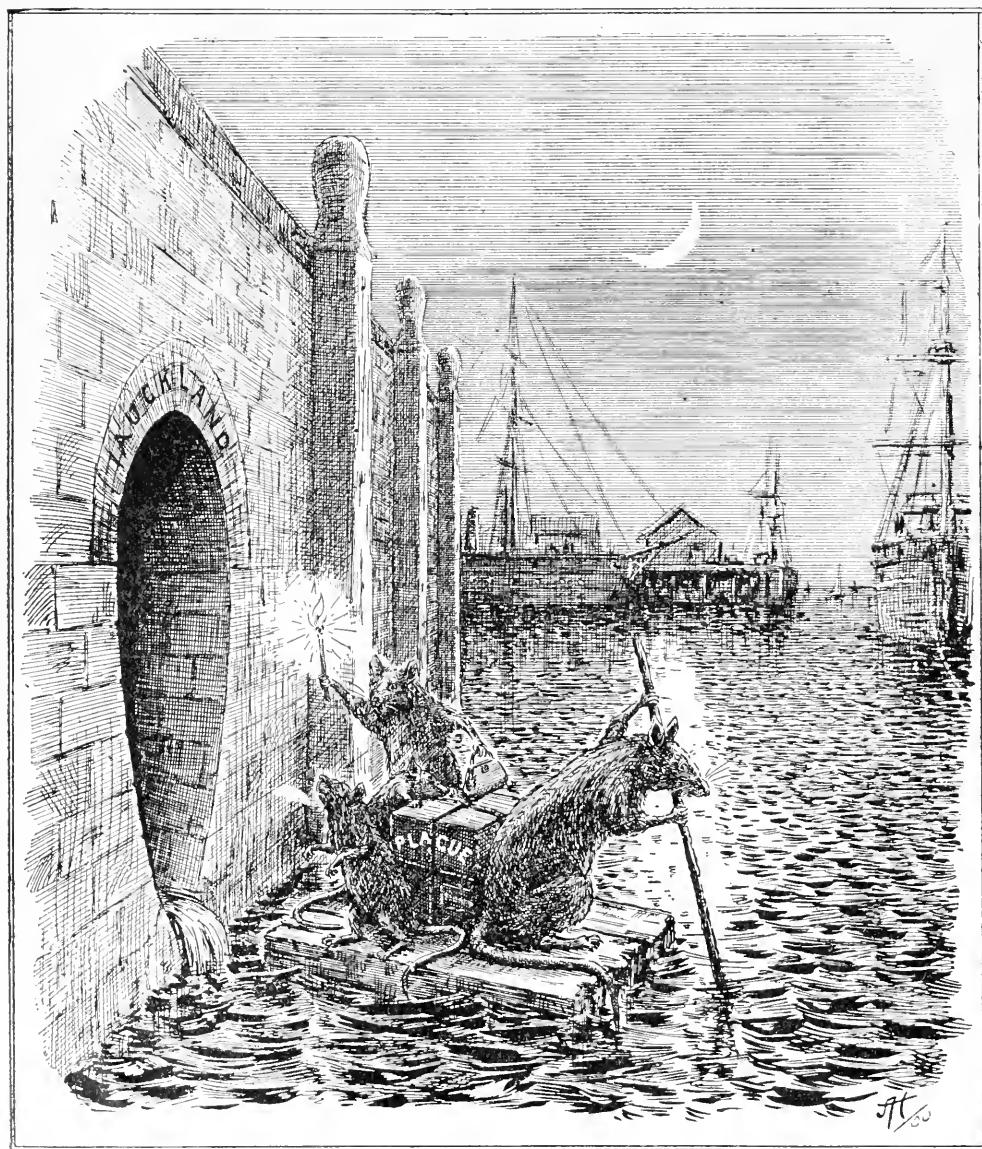
What is asked is that her Customs control should be absolute for any period the colony may choose, not exceeding five years, the rates not to be higher than those now imposed. If this can be arranged, there is no doubt that the Federation of all Australia can be an accomplished fact in a very brief period, and the difference between the two proposals, while important to us, can hardly weigh in the eyes of Eastern Australia during the short time it will last. There is, of course, the objection that this means an alteration of the Bill, but it is not an alteration of either the substance or the principle. The clause dealing with Western Australia is a temporary one, and confined to the colony, and what is desired is merely that this temporary and local provision should be amended. If this concession can be made, I believe that the adhesion of the people of Western Australia, by a most satisfactory majority, can be fully counted upon. May I not ask the people of the East if the greatness, completeness, and unanimity of the result is not worth the yielding what, after all, bears some resemblance to a technicality? This, only, now stands in the way of a united and a harmonious Australia.

THE HISTORY OF THE MONTH IN CARICATURE.



"Bulletin."]

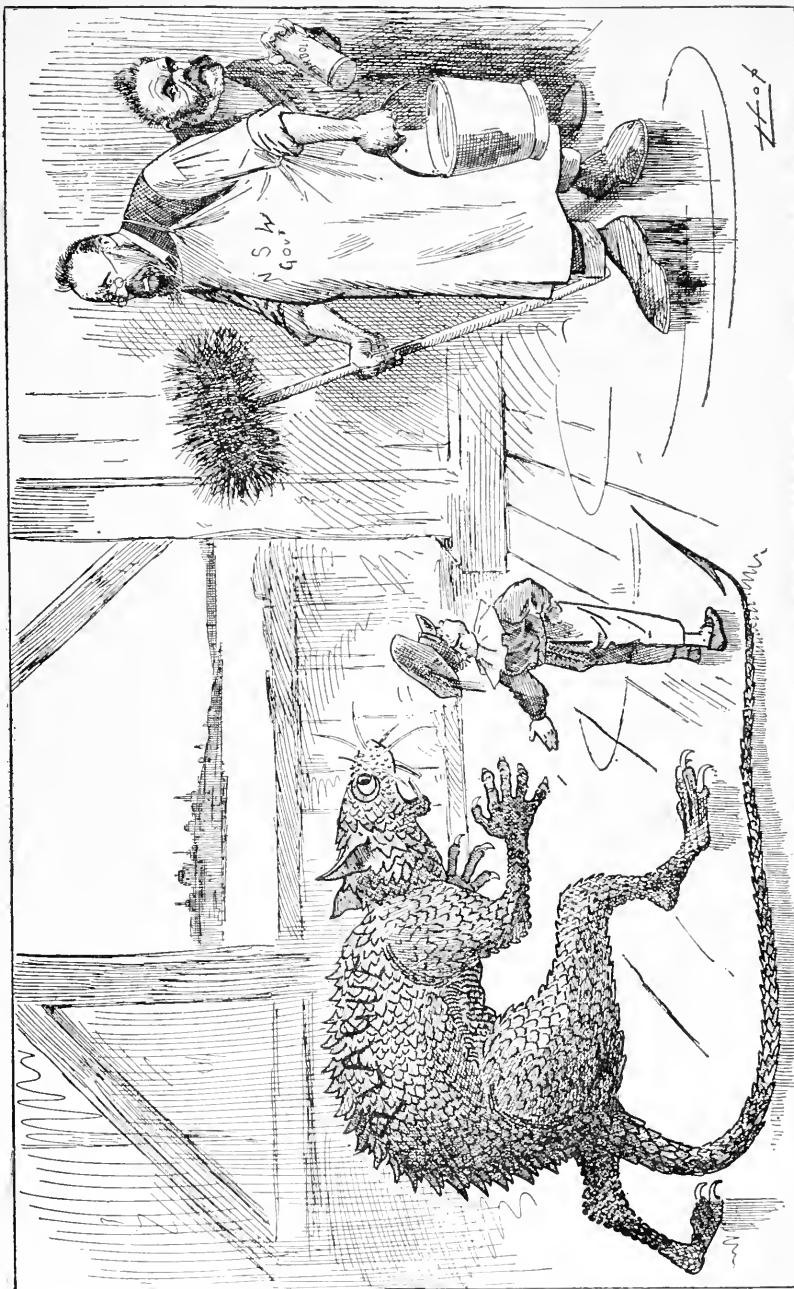
HOW SYDNEY IS BEING CLEANSED.



N.Z. "Graphic."]

"ROUGH ON RATS."

"Now, Rodie, my love, be quick and get the kids ashore, and I'll look after the luggage."



"Bulletin."]

THE NEW AUSTRALIAN TERROR.



SOME REMARKABLE BRITISH LIONS.

Since the outbreak of the war, cartoonists not too kindly disposed towards the British Lion, have portrayed him in a variety of unflattering shapes vastly different to the proud, fearless beast Britshers like to picture,

Our readers are here presented with a choice selection from the Continental and American Press.

SOME GREAT SOLDIERS OF THE QUEEN.

By W. T. STEAD.

I.—ALL ABOUT KITCHENER.

Lord Kitchener is fifty. He is the youngest General at the front. Lord Roberts is sixty-eight. Sir Redvers Buller is sixty-one. But when their military career closed, Napoleon and Wellington were only forty-six. In the armies at Waterloo there were only two Generals over forty-six, and they were both under fifty. From the point of view of Waterloo Lord Kitchener is an aged veteran. That is one sign of a long peace. It is true that we have had plenty of little wars. The recently-issued Parliamentary returns give particulars of not fewer than one hundred and ten wars and war-like expeditions in which our Indian Army has been engaged in the reign of Queen Victoria. But little wars do not kill off Generals. Great wars do. Nearly all nations go into great wars with old Generals and come out with young ones. The old ones are either killed off, or worn out, or superseded. Hence the command of an army always renews its youth in time of war.

Lord Kitchener, although belonging to an East Anglian family, was born in Ireland. So inveterate is the reputation of Ireland for military genius that even a great English General must needs go to the Sister Isle to be born. His father was a Lieutenant-Colonel of the 13th Dragoons, a regiment which, fifty years ago, was stationed in County Kerry, which explains how Lord Kitchener came to be described of Irish birth but of English parentage. He did not stay in Ireland long enough to acquire the geniality that is distinctively Hibernian. For he is a hard man. Wellington was the Iron Duke; Kitchener is the Lord of Chilled Steel.

The Machine of the Soudan.

He is a demon for work, a miracle of self-possession, and a veritable military machine. The late G. W. Steevens, who knew him in the Soudan, said:—

His precision is so unerringly human that he is more like a machine than a man. You feel that he ought to be patented and shown with pride at the Paris International Exposition: British Empire; Exhibit No. 1, hors concours, the Soudan Machine.

A machine works without tiring, without rest, without ruth. It has neither bowels of compassion nor an inclination to swerve to the right hand or the left. It is never touched with a fellow-feeling for human infirmities.

Mr. Winston Churchill, who served under him, says:—

His wonderful industry, his undisturbed patience, his noble perseverance are qualities too valuable for a man to enjoy in this imperfect world without complementary defects. The General, who never spared himself, cared little for others. He treated all men like machines, from the private soldier whose salutes he disdained, to the superior officers he rigidly controlled. The comrade who had served with him and under him for many years in peace and peril was flung aside incontinently as soon as he ceased to be of use. The Sirdar looked only to the soldiers who could march and fight. The wounded Egyptian, and latterly the wounded British soldier, did not excite his interest, and of all the departments of his army the one neglected was that concerned with the care of the sick and injured. The stern and un pitying spirit of the commander was communicated to the troops, and the victories which marked the progress of the River War were accompanied by acts of barbarity not always justified even by the harsh customs of savage conflicts or the fierce and treacherous nature of the Dervish.

A Possible Dictator.

Long years ago I remember Mr. Carlyle telling me that he had asked Lord Wolseley how long it would be before he took down a file of soldiers and cleared out the talking shop at Westminster—a consummation which Mr. Carlyle regarded as one devoutly to be wished. Lord Wolseley at no time of his career was cut out for such a role. But if ever Parliamentary institutions break down in hopeless confusion, and the nation needs a man who would not shrink from cutting the Gordian knot of Constitutionalism with a sharp sword, Lord Kitchener is a man ready to hand for the task. He would have no scruples, and he would be fettered by no fear. In France he would inevitably have become Dictator. In England we have not yet developed an appetite for such potentates. We have preferred to muddle through somehow. But if serious disaster overwhelmed our Empire, Lord Kitchener at the War Office would be not far removed from the Dictator to whose direction the Roman Republic was wont to commit its destinies.

The Sirdar Painted by Steevens—

There are various sources to which you must turn for information about Lord Kitchener. The last source is himself. He is taciturnity itself. The best picture of him in brief is in Mr. Steevens' account of the Soudan campaign. The best picture of him at full length is to be found in the vivacious volumes written by Mr. Winston Churchill, entitled

"The River War." There is also a brief sketch of him in Mr. Arthur Temple's "Our Living Generals." Here is Mr. Steevens' pen-picture of the man as he saw him after the victory of Omdurman:

He stands several inches over six feet, straight as a lance, and looks out impudently over most men's heads; his motions are deliberate and strong; slender but firmly knit, he seems built for tireless, steel-wire endurance, rather than for power or agility. Steady, passionate eyes, shaded by decisive brows, brick-red, rather full cheeks, a long moustache, beneath which you divine an immovable mouth; his face is harsh, and neither appeals for affection nor stirs dislike. All this is irrelevant; neither age nor figure nor face nor any accident of person has any bearing on the essential Sirdar.

—and by "T. P."

Mr. T. P. O'Connor saw Lord Kitchener, not in the desert of the Soudan, but in the Peers' Gallery of the House of Commons during the Kitchener Debate. He saw him smile not once, but repeatedly, and this led him to paint the following verbal photograph of the then Sirdar:—

Somewhat other, the grim face never looked to me grimmer than when this smile passed across it. The large strong mouth, heavy covered with the typical military and brush-like moustache; the strong, square jaw; the tremendously heavy brows; the strange, glittering eyes; and even the red-brick complexion—the complexion that told so many tales of hard rides for many hundreds of miles under blazing Egyptian suns, through wild and trackless Egyptian sands; all the features of a strong, fierce, dominant nature were really brought out into greater relief by that strange smile. The smile, as it passed over the forehead, seemed to bring out into even greater prominence the bulging forehead—a forehead that has what looks like cushions of flesh or bone just above the eyes.

The smile gave an additional glitter to the eyes; it seemed to impart a more deadly curl to the heavy and moustached mouth. Through it all, the face seemed strangely familiar to me. I could not make out why, but in the end it all at once struck me; it was the typical face of the Irish Resident Magistrate.

Which is a compliment to the R. M. of which in stormier times "T. P." would never have bestowed.

Kitchener Twenty Years Ago.

One who knew him when he first laid his hand upon the Egyptian soldier describes him as "a tall, slim, thin-faced, slightly stooping figure in long boots, 'cut-away' dark morning-coat, and Egyptian fez somewhat tilted over his eyes." "He's quiet," whispered a brother officer—"that's his way. He's clever." The occasion when this remark was made was when some fellah officers were being selected by a trial of horsemanship. Kitchener stood in the centre of the ring, with his hands in his pockets, watching, unmoved, the antics of the cavaliers. Not till the trial was over did he speak. "We'll have to drive it into these fellows," he said, as if thinking aloud. And for fifteen years he drove it into them to some purpose.

Sergeant What-His-Name in Excelsis.

It is a mistake to attribute to him alone or even to ascribe to him a primary share in the "ever-

lasting miracle" which Kipling has celebrated in the famous verses telling how the English in Egypt "drilled a black man white, and made a mummy fight." But his name stands out the most conspicuous of all the British officers who gave a backbone to the unwarlike fellahs. Evelyn Wood may have forged the sword as Mr. Churchill says, and Grenfell tested it, but it was not until it was grasped by Kitchener that its efficiency was made manifest unto all men.

To this supreme quality in men of our race Lord Salisbury made eloquent allusion when speaking in praise of Kitchener in his triumph after Omdurman. Lord Salisbury referred to this as—

That quality which is the real secret of the domination of this country over such vast masses of uncultivated people. Our officers have this power, and not merely one or two of them, but nearly all the officers, whether in India or in Egypt, and they have the power to an extent not, I think, given to any other race in the world, of inducing the men of a lower race to attach themselves absolutely to the officers who govern them, to repose in them the most complete confidence and trust, to obey them without question, and to follow them into any danger.

His Education and Start in Life.

Kitchener did not begin in Egypt. Neither was he a public-school boy. He was privately educated, and when nineteen entered the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich. When he left two years later with a Commission in the Royal Engineers he had no special mark attached to his name. He had not been three years in the service before he was appointed to assist in the survey of Palestine. He has not the passionate devotion to the sacred writings which made Gordon take so intense an interest in the exploration of the sacred sites, but he stuck to his work—and he learned Arabic. The old saying that every French soldier had a Marshal's baton in his knapsack suggests the observation that young Kitchener found a coronet in his Arab grammar.

For it was his knowledge of Arabic that gave him his chance. The dictionary of Arabic was the stepping-stone to all that he subsequently achieved. Scores of officers in his place would have amused themselves shooting, and squandered their leisure after the survey of the day was ended in mere re-creation. Kitchener put in all his spare time learning a language which at that time did not seem particularly likely to help him in his career. But four years later Lord Beaconsfield "conveyed" Cyprus, and from Palestine to the famous "place of arms" the young officer was transferred to do some surveying in the newly-acquired dependency. After a year in Cyprus, he was appointed as one of the Vice-Consuls in Anatolia, whose beneficent supervision, exercised under the provisions of the Anglo-Turkish Convention, was to make the desert blossom as the rose, and to inaugurate an era of

steam-ploughs throughout the Asiatic dominions of the Grand Turk.

A Lucky Leave of Absence.

There he remained until Arabi's revolt against the rule of the Bondholders precipitated the revolution in Egypt in which not he, but Kitchener, came out on top. He went to Alexandria on leave of absence, and saw with disgust that his leave would be up before the bombardment began. He telegraphed for an extension, and added, at the suggestion of a newspaper correspondent, that he would assume it granted unless recalled by telegraph. The telegram of recall came, but as it fell into the hands of the friendly press man, he didn't pass it on until it was too late. Alexandria—no, the forts of Alexandria were bombarded. The city itself was in a blaze. The Egyptian Expedition became "inevitable." Officers who could talk Arabic were at a premium. Kitchener's chance had come. As Major of Egyptian Cavalry he served through the campaign of 1882, and at its close he was one of the twenty-six British officers who were entrusted with the work of reorganising the army of the Khedive.

The Link with Gordon.

While the work was in progress poor Hicks led the Soudan army to utter ruin in his march against the Mahdi. General Gordon was despatched to Khartoum to bring away the garrisons and evacuate the country. Kitchener was sent half up to Khartoum to Abou Hamed to keep the tribes in hand and to keep in touch with Gordon as best he could. In these trying months Kitchener perfected his Arabic, and became expert in the many shifts and devices by which the suspicions of the unfriendlies could be overcome, for the unravelling of their plots and the revealing of their secrets. When Lord Wolseley came up the Nile with his little army of relief, Kitchener welcomed him to Dongola, and led the Desert Column with his scouts as far as the wells of Gakdul. He returned to Korti to receive the news of Gordon's death, and to take part in the evacuation of the Soudan down to Wadi Halfa.

His First Fight.

He was Lieutenant-Colonel Kitchener, now appointed Governor of Suakin, the Red Sea gate of the Nile. He fortified it and worked off some of his restless energy in worrying the unfriendly Mahdist tribes who bitterly resented the extension of the trade which resulted from the blockade of the Soudan. He had not been there much more than a year before Osman Digna turned up at the head of a confederacy of tribes. Putting himself at the head of five hundred men, he went out in support

of the Friendlies, who had stormed and plundered the camp of the Mahdi's Lieutenant. But before he could reach them Osman Digna had rallied his forces, and was driving the Friendlies in hot haste back on Suakin. He did his best to cover their retreat, but without much success. He lost two British officers. He had twenty killed and twenty-eight wounded of his men. In this action he received a nasty wound in the jaw, from which he soon recovered, and a nastier reproof from Lord Cromer, then Sir E. Baring, who rapped him across the knuckles for abandoning a purely defensive policy.

It is, however, one thing to advise a purely defensive policy. It is another thing to stick to it. The offensive-defensive became necessary. General Grenfell, with British troops at his back, had to hurry to Suakin to repel the Mahdist force. In the battle of Gemeizeh, fought December 20, 1888, Colonel Kitchener, who had in the meantime been made Adjutant-General of the Egyptian army, was in command of the first brigade of the Soudanese. He led his troops into battle with coolness and gallantry, and their steadiness under fire gave evidence of their confidence and his control. In the following year he commanded the cavalry at the battle of Toski. He held the Mahdist in check in the morning until the infantry came up, and when the day was won he converted defeat into headlong rout by hurling the Hussars and Egyptian Horse upon the retreating foe. To his "activity and forethought" the Sirdar attributed not a little of the completeness of the victory. These fields of battle were not the field in which he really achieved his reputation. The fights at Gemeizeh and at Toski were but interludes.

Lord Cromer's Confidence.

His real task lay in Cairo, where for three or four years he worked under Baring's eye in the Egyptian War Office. He worked hard, and established a reputation for himself as a great administrator, ruthless in carrying out reforms and resolute to secure efficiency. Hence when Sir F. Grenfell retired from the chief command, Sir Evelyn Baring appointed him Sirdar, passing him over the head of Colonel Wodehouse, to whom, on principles of seniority, the appointment naturally belonged. Lord Cromer believed in Kitchener. He had watched him, tested him, and approved him. Having appointed him, he backed him up through thick and thin. The old "P. M. G." doctrine of the Free Hand and the Blind Eye seldom was more faithfully applied than in the relations between the old and the young Anglo-Egyptian. "Whatever you do, and whatever may happen, I will support you. You are the best judge of the situation." So Lord Cromer telegraphed on the

eve of the Battle of the Atbara. It condenses into a sentence the whole story of the relations between Kitchener and his chief.

The Grub in the Soudan Apple.

The Soudan was then very much in the condition of an apple, in the core of which a huge grub is steadily eating all that is edible inside the skin. Mahdism, which survived the Mahdi, and was exploited by the Khalifa, went on steadily year by year eating up with fire and sword the territory over which it held sway. From time to time refugees escaping from captivity brought news as to the progress of the work of exhaustion. Just before Lord Rosebery's Government went out, Slatin Pasha arrived at Cairo with his terrible tale of "Fire and Sword in the Soudan." Lord Salisbury came into power with a strong majority. The time was near at hand for the long-delayed reckoning in the Soudan.

The Order to Reconquer the Soudan.

The pretext for the first move toward Dongola was the defeat of the Italians by Menelik at the Battle of Adowa on March 1, 1896. To protect Kassala, to strengthen the Triple Alliance, to restore European prestige—any and every pretext was put forward to mask the fundamental fact that the reconquest of the Soudan had been begun. Mr. Churchill says that the impulse came from Lord Salisbury, not from Lord Cromer. Only a few weeks before the fateful order was given, Kitchener and Sir W. Garstin had pleaded before Lord Cromer their respective claims. Kitchener wanted a war, Garstin a great reservoir on the Nile. At last the decision was given. "I'm beat," said Kitchener. "You've got your dam." Then Downing-street intervened, and Kitchener got his war after all.

The Advance to Akasha.

At first the enterprise was limited to the recovery of the fertile province of Dongola. Shortly before midnight on March 12, 1896, Kitchener received orders to occupy Akasha. The earliest battalions started in three days. On the 20th, Akasha was occupied. The only relic of civilisation left was the rail of the old dismantled railway:—

Beyond the old station and near the river a single rail had been fixed nearly upright in the ground. From one of the holes for the fish-plate bolts there dangled a rotten cord, and, on the sand, beneath this improvised yet apparently effective gallows, lay a human skull and bones, quite white and beautifully polished by the action of sun and wind.

Akasha was converted into a strong entrenched camp. It was 825 miles south of Cairo, and about seventy as the crow flies south of Wadi Halfa. Troops ordered south went first by ordinary railway to Balliana. At Balliana Cook and Son took

them in hand and towed them up stream to Assouan. At Assouan they took rail again in order to turn the First Cataract. Then again they took ship to Wadi Halfa. Leaving the river at Halfa, they went on by the military railway to Sarras, then the rail head. From thence they went by road to Akasha, 4,500 camels supplying the transport. From Sarras, Kitchener's first duty was to make a railway to Akasha, reducing a four days' march to a run of as many hours.

But before that was done the Battle of Firket was lost and won. The battle was fought on June 7. The Sirdar had under his command a force of about 9,000 men, with one battery of Horse and two of Field Artillery, and one battery of Maxims. They marched at night, many men falling asleep on their camels. At four o'clock they heard the drums sound the summons to morning prayers in the Dervish camp a mile to the southward. At five they surprised the enemy, and at twenty minutes past seven the camp was in the Sirdar's hands, the battle was over, and the victory was won. Here one British officer was wounded, twenty Gypsies killed and eighty-three wounded. The Dervishes lost 800 dead, 500 wounded, while 600 prisoners remained in our hands. As the Dervishes were only 3,000 to start with, there were not many left.

On June 26 the railway was completed to Akasha, and began at once to grow still further southward, until on August 4 the line was open to Kosbeh, from which there is a navigable Nile to Merawi, in the heart of Dongola province. The first task of the railway was to bring up three gun-boats in sections, new stern-wheelers which only drew thirty-nine inches of water, but which were armour-plated, carried one 12-pounder quick-firer forward, two 6-pounder quick-firing guns in the central battery, and four Maxims. They were one hundred and forty feet long, twenty-four feet broad, and steamed twelve miles an hour. Such was the water dragon which, like some monster of chivalric romance, was put together above the Second Cataract to carry the Deliverer with the Sword of Judgment to the lair of the Khalifa. They were taken to pieces in London, forwarded 4,000 miles, and although seven times transhipped, not a single important piece was lost.

The Desert at Bay.

The Desert, however, was not disposed to allow its stronghold to be rifled at the first summons. The Dervishes' vanguard at Firket might be overwhelmed into sudden destruction. But the swords and spears of the Dervishes were far less potent weapons than the pestilence. The stricken field of Firket cost but twenty lives. The cholera that broke out immediately afterwards and clung to

the camp till August, swept off nearly fifty times that number. Nineteen out of twenty-four of the British troops attacked succumbed to the disease; 260 deaths occurred out of 406 cases in the Egyptian ranks, while 640 died out of 788 attacked among the camp followers. Meanwhile, in place of the grateful cooling breeze from the north which they had counted on to carry their flotilla over the Cataract, a hot wind from the south blew with scorching persistence. The boats were hauled over the Cataracts, and the advancing column made ready to march to Absarat. The first brigade reached it with difficulty, twenty-nine cases of sunstroke occurring in twenty-one miles. But it was the second brigade, which marched from Kosbeh, which experienced the full fury of the desert. Terrible storms of sand and rain, accompanied by blinding thunderstorms, overwhelmed the brigade. "Nearly 200 men fell out during the early part of the night, and crawled and staggered back to Kosbeh. Before the column reached Sadin Fanli, 1,700 more sank exhausted to the ground. Out of one battalion 700 strong, only 60 men marched in. Nine deaths and 80 serious cases of prostration occurred, and the movement of the brigade from Kosbeh to Absarat was grimly called "The Death March."

The Entry into Dongola.

But, undaunted, the Sirdar pressed on. Then the Soudan, alarmed at the failure of her resources to stem his advance, appealed to the flood to assist her in opposing the invasion:—

The violent rains produced floods such as had not been seen in the Soudan for fifty years. More than twelve miles of the railway were washed away. The rails were twisted and bent, the formation entirely destroyed. The telegraph wires were broken; the work of weeks was lost in a few hours. The advance was stopped as soon as it had begun.

(To be continued.)

The Sirdar's Palm—

Of the hand, not of victory. Lord Kitchener gave an impression of his hand to a professor of palmistry in 1894 at the War Office, on paper stamped with the Royal Arms. So Maud Churton recounts in the March "Windsor" in her interview with "Cheiro":—

The fingers are unusually long in comparison with the palm. Long fingers denote fertility of ideas; people who possess them are imaginative, resourceful, and quick to cope with unexpected emergencies.

The markings of Lord Kitchener's palm are very interesting when compared with the lines on other hands. It will be noticed that the line of individuality or destiny, up the centre of the palm, runs towards the first, instead of, as usual, to the second finger. As this first finger is regarded as the ruler or dictator, the

But the Desert and the Simoom, the Deluge and the Pestilence, had met their master. In a few hours the Sirdar had concentrated five thousand men at the damaged line, and in seven days traffic was resumed.

On September 12 the expeditionary force, now swollen to fifteen thousand, with three war vessels and thirty-six guns, was ordered to start. On the very eve of that day the low pressure cylinder of the best gunboat (the Zafir) burst, and all her stores and guns had to be taken out. But, despite steam explosions and Nile deluges, the Sirdar went on. The Dervishes fell back before his advance, and with the loss of only one Gyppy killed and twenty-five wounded, the Sirdar, on September 23 entered in triumph into the capital of the province of Dongola.

The Desert Railway.

For the reconquest of Khartoum it was necessary to adopt another line of advance. The hitherto insuperable or all but insuperable barrier to an advance in a direct line from Cairo to Khartoum was the stretch of 220 miles of absolutely barren desert lying between Korosko and Abou Hamed. Kitchener decided to bridge this desert by a railway. Before taking his decision he consulted everybody—engineers, soldiers, experts of every kind. With one consent they all declared that the task was absolutely impossible. No railway could possibly be thrown across that waterless wilderness. Kitchener listened to every one, noted their unanimous agreement that the railway could not be built. Then he forthwith went and built it. How it was built must be told in our next issue.

significance of the line of destiny going close to it is at once apparent. When the line takes this direction it is considered to be one of the best signs of power and success in whatever career chosen. It always denotes a leader of men—an ambitious nature that is capable of being a dictator and ruler. The same mark is to be found in the hands of Lord Russell of Killowen, the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, and other men of similar characteristics.

The position of this line is also an indication of character which, as Cheiro would tell you, is as strong in its meaning as the expression in the eyes or the shape of the mouth. In Lord Kitchener's case it denotes a nature that will never closely associate with others, an almost lonely temperament, self-contained, and not much influenced either by surroundings or by people.

The length of the line of mentality or head gives unusual mental ability, and the fact that it divides into two branches at the end indicates a dual temperament, giving an imaginative side to a level-headed and practical disposition.

HOW "JACK" FIGHTS ON LAND.

The British sailor is an amphibious creature, and fights as pluckily on land as on sea. A good fight, indeed, whether on the deck of an iron-clad, or on the hot sand of the African veldt, is equally welcome. Lieut.-Colonel Verner gives, in the March "Macmillan's," an excellent account of "The doings of the Naval Brigade at Graspan." He watched the Naval Brigade—marines and blue-jackets—step from the train at Witteputts, some 330 sturdy figures, marines and bluejackets alike being in khaki. The men were in the highest spirits, regarding the whole affair as a "picnic." They brought with them four quick-firing 12-pounders, each weighing 12 cwt., and mounted on the newly-invented gun-carriages of Captain Scott. Each gun was drawn by a long team of mules, and the joy the Jack tars extracted from these mules was immense. Whether the mules enjoyed it quite as much as the Jacks, however, may be doubted. Lieut.-Colonel Verner describes the part the sailors took in the fight at Graspan very graphically:—

The 9th Lancers reported an entirely fresh force of Boers to be advancing from the north-east and threatening the rear of Lord Methuen's enveloping movement. To hold this formidable diversion of the enemy in check, the Guards Brigade were ordered up from Graspan. Riding back across the interminable veldt to convey some orders in furtherance of the above scheme, I suddenly became aware of a mass of khaki-clad men advancing towards me. How marvelously that colour assimilates with the sombre tints of the South African veldt is shown by the extreme difficulty there is in detecting the advance of a body of men in extended order at a distance, when thus clad. It is notorious that the Boers are profoundly dissatisfied at what they consider the very unorthodox conduct of our military authorities in thus abandoning the traditional scarlet and still more conspicuous dark blue and green, which in 1881 afforded such excellent targets for their rifles. A Boer prisoner on the Penelope at Simon's Bay waxed very eloquent on this latest example of England's perfidy (no doubt prompted by Mr. Rhodes and ordered by Mr. Chamberlain!) which he declared was most unfair.

The Sailors.

This advancing mass of men was already in attack formation, that is, in successive lines extended to about six paces interval, and as they neared me, I saw that the portion in front of me was composed of sailors. Slackening my pace, a good view of the Sister-Service as they advanced into action was afforded me. On they came, steadily but painfully slow, as it struck me at first, but soon the reason for this solemn and stately movement dawned upon me. The sailor-men were in extended order and formed part of a long line which would, in the nature of things, shortly pass under the critical eye of the "little soldier-men" what stands so nice in line," as sings the naval bard. Hence, unquestionably, extra care and "watching of it" were of paramount importance.

I reined up, quickly realising that I should incur grave displeasure were I to attempt to break through the line at any pace.

As the line passed me I noted how each hard, clean-cut face was from time to time anxiously turned towards the directing flank so as to satisfy each individual that the interval and dressing were properly kept. Many a furtive wave of the hand or profound jerk of the head, conveying volumes to the shipmate next alongside, did I detect, presumably calling attention to the fact that he was not exactly "keeping station." The results of this energetic code of signals were, however, altogether admirable, for no better-kept line ever went forward to death or glory than that of our sailors and marines on this occasion. I noted with regret that the naval officers were especially conspicuous by reason of their helmets, swords, and revolvers, while the marine officers, although wearing the same head-dress as their men, were easily identified by their swords and, in some cases, by their blue putties, a terribly distinctive mark among a crowd of gaithered men. But it was no time or place to cavil at officers' dress, and with a wave of the hand in return to their gallant Commander Ethelston's cheery salutation, I sped on my way wishing them all in my heart God-speed, though with an instinctive feeling of anxiety for their safety in the impending ordeal.

The Scene of the Fight.

The kopje itself was like thousands of others to be met with in South Africa. To its front, where the British troops were, the level veldt extended for many square miles. This veldt was of hard red sandy soil overgrown with low scrub and coarse herbs, and with much young grass in places now just beginning to sprout. The whole plain, as usual, was dotted with ant-hills of hard red clay (not bullet-proof, by the way,) some two to three feet in height. About five hundred yards from the summit of the kopje where our foes were snugly ensconed, the plain gradually rose and a few scattered stones were to be seen in places. Two hundred yards nearer the slope became sensibly steeper, and the ground thickly covered with small rocks and boulders. Another hundred and fifty yards brought one to the point where the slope, hitherto practicable for men on horseback, suddenly became very steep and covered with a confused mass of rocks and rubbish fallen from the crags above. This was the commencement of the actual face of the kopje, the ascent of which had to be performed on foot and frequently could only be effected with the assistance of the hands. In places, where larger rocks were met with, the hillside was almost vertical for several feet. The summit, some hundred and twenty feet above the plain, was the usual mass of broken rocks affording innumerable sheltered spots where the occupants were safe from the storm of bullets of our shrapnel fire.

The infantry advanced in a wide arc of which the two field-batteries marked the extremities approximately, in successive lines, the Naval Brigade being directed at what may be described as the

salient angle of the hill, while the Yorkshire Light Infantry and a portion of the Loyal North Lancashire Regiment were on either flank and thus served to envelop it. The remainder of the 9th Infantry Brigade were to the left, and also in support. Thus the actual storming of the kopje was the work of the Naval Brigade and the two corps aforesaid, and nearly all the casualties were incurred by them.

The advance was carried out in the approved method, portions of the successive extended lines advancing by short rushes, and then lying down so as to obtain what shelter they could while they re-opened fire.

How the Sailors Came On.

It was soon apparent that the Naval Brigade were losing their extended formation and getting what is commonly styled bunched. As the whole force slowly and surely closed on the central objective, it was obvious that some crowding would inevitably occur, but it is on such occasions that practice and experience on the part of the men teaches them the best way to continue an advance with as little loss as possible. And now it was that our gallant sailors and marines naturally lacked the necessary practice. Indeed, it is to my mind doubtful whether anything would have checked them in their bull-dog determination to close at all costs with the deadly line of fire issuing from the rocky summit to their front.

As the men rose for each rush, several would be seen to drop to the unerring aim of the Boer rifles. These casualties began at about six hundred yards, the Boers having elected to reserve their fire on this occasion, but at that distance were inconsiderable. At five hundred yards they became more serious and thence-forward rapidly increased, the most deadly zone, as usual, being between four hundred and one hundred yards. Within the last range few men were hit, the ground being, as is commonly the case, in military parlance, dead from the summit of the kopje, and the defenders, as usual, having elected to depart when the process of shooting down Englishmen with reasonable safety to themselves was becoming one of some risk.

In the breathing-space between the rushes of the assailants, one conspicuous figure was to be seen standing erect and marking the station taken up by the Naval Brigade. This was their commanding officer, Captain Prothero, R.N., a man of great stature and immense physique, who elected thus to stand leaning on his walking-stick while his men, lying prone, gathered breath for another rush. How many scores of Mauser bullets were directed against him it would be hard to say. Eventually the inevitable occurred and he was seen to drop, happily only wounded and out of action for a time.

Now the combined line of sailors, marines, and soldiers surged forward again, the magazine-rifle fire of the Boers redoubled in intensity, and the ground seemed literally alive with the bullets which happily had not found billets in the assailants' bodies, a sharp flanking fire both from the kopjes to the west and to the north lending additional deadliness to it.

Four companies of the Yorkshire Light Infantry with two of the Lancashires, now attacked the south kopje to the north, and the frontal attack was home. As it did so, and before the Boers

ceased, the sailors and marines closed in until they were practically advancing in rank-entire. An eye-witness, who was hard by, aptly described their apparent formation at the time when the torrent of rifle-bullets was at its maximum strength, when he said they advanced as if they were arm-in-arm.

How the Men Fell.

When one remembers that even at four hundred yards good shots such as are the Boers would rarely miss men in line, since the trajectory of modern rifles is so flat as to make any error in elevation a remote contingency, the marvel is that any of the Naval Brigade survived the hail of bullets they faced up to within something less than a hundred yards of the kopje. Of the nine officers who led the Brigade with such intrepidity, seven were down, four, alas, shot dead. Commander Ethelston and a young midshipman, too young to be thus laid low on the threshold of his career, were among the latter as well as the major and captain of the marines. Unquestionably the conspicuous dress of the officers made them an easy target for the enemy; but all who saw that advance are agreed that no amount of assimilation in dress could have rendered the officers of the Naval Brigade less conspicuous. It was their general bearing and reckless gallantry that caused to be concentrated on them the unerring fire of those ten per cent. of selected marksmen whom Boer notions of civilised warfare had especially detailed for shooting down all officers. Some days after the fight, a soldier-officer, who has seen much active service, and who himself stormed the hill with conspicuous gallantry, said in my hearing to a sailor-officer: "Your fellows are too brave; it is utterly useless for you to go on as you do, for you will only all get killed in this sort of warfare. I saw your officers walking about in front of their men, even when the latter were taking cover, just as if they were carrying on on boardship."

The Boers, as usual, having enjoyed the luxury of shooting down our men at a safe distance did not wait to make any closer acquaintance with them. On our gallant fellows reaching the summit, breathless and panting to be at them with the bayonet, no defenders were to be seen, much to the indignation of our men and of the sailors especially.

The Victory.

A short check now occurred. The small kopje to the north was still held by a party of the enemy under the command of a gigantic Boer rendered especially conspicuous by a new yellow straw hat. The fire from the west kopje also checked further advance down the reverse slope of the hill. Soon, however, the Yorkshire Light Infantry and Lancashires on the right charged in, while far on the left the Northumberland Fusiliers swarmed up the height; and once again the Boers vanished. The fire from the kopje thus captured enfiladed the whole Boer position, and the remainder fell back. As our men crowned the line of heights on either flank a few mounted men, who had bravely remained as a rear-guard, were seen rapidly disappearing across the broken ground and valleys to the north.

Riding across the stony declivity below the fatal kopje, one came across abundant proof of the severe ordeal our men had gone through. The Yorkshires

had suffered considerably, three officers and fifty men having fallen; but it was where the Naval Brigade had advanced that the slaughter was so painfully apparent. In a comparatively small piece of ground lay six officers and close upon one hundred sailors and marines. The heavy losses of the marines in comparison with those of the sailors (the proportion being over four times as great) are to a considerable extent accounted for by the fact that the marines appear to have come in for a deadly flanking-fire from a small kopje, which the sailors in some measure escaped, owing to the configuration of the ground. The Marine Artillery, who lost no fewer than twenty-six out of their total strength of fifty-seven, doubtless afforded a better target by reason of their greater stature, and also to their wearing blue putties. A further possible explanation, which I merely record as it struck me at the time, may be that our sailors, when lying down among the scattered rocks with their khaki-covered straw hats covering most of their faces, were a much less conspicuous mark to fire at than the marines, who were bigger men and wore helmets.

"We Don't Get Such a Show Every Day"!

In the instance before us, the Naval Brigade, save and excepting those who formed the gun's crews, had not seen "much of the fun" (to use their own expressive phrase) two days previously, and in consequence were proportionately dissatisfied. Technically supposed to act as escort to the guns,—a position which, save in unusual circum-

stances, is a passive and uninteresting one—they one and all yearned for an opportunity to show the soldiers what they could do in the field. The peculiar views of the sailors on this point is well shown by a bluejacket's retort to a soldier's kindly-meant hint that it would be better if the sailors would open out a bit so as not to offer such easy targets to the foe. Quoth the bluejacket, "Oh, well, you see, after all we don't get such a show as this every day"! They had one and all, from captain to seaman and from major to private of marines, come out to take part in the show; and a leading part they certainly took.

I shall never forget the faces of some of those who had fallen in the final rush. They lay about in every attitude, many with their rifles, with bayonets fixed, tightly clutched in their hands and in some cases still held at the charge. There were the same hard-featured, clean-cut faces which but a short time before I had watched laboriously skirmishing across the veldt, now pale in death, but with the same set expression of being in terrible earnest to see the business through.

As the victorious British force stormed over the hill and the artillery crowned the heights to shell the main body of the flying Boers, now some three thousand yards distant, a staff-officer near me said to the commanding-officer of the Yorkshire Light Infantry, "How splendidly your men went up that hill!" The colonel, while acknowledging the well-merited compliment, added: "But did you watch the Naval Brigade? By Heaven, I never saw anything so magnificent in my life!" There was no man there that day who will not echo these words.

Forty Years of British Trade.

In the "Nineteenth Century" for March Mr. Michael Mulhall surveys the progress of British trade since 1859. In 1899, for the first time in history, the external commerce of a single nation has exceeded 800 millions sterling, for British trade in 1899 amounted to 815 millions. Mr. Mulhall's survey is classified geographically, and is little more than a host of figures; but I quote his summary, which contains the essence of his figures:—

1. The ratio of British trade per inhabitant in 1899 was higher than at any previous date.

2. The growth of our trade since 1868 has been unequal, imports having risen 72, and exports only 50, per cent.

3. Imports from Germany, France, Holland, and Belgium are increasing with great rapidity, while exports are declining except to Germany.

4. Spain has doubled her trade with us since 1868. On the other hand, our dealings with Italy have fallen remarkably.

5. Our relations with the United States have grown three times as much as with our colonies, imports being to exports as three to one.

6. South America (except Argentina) is slipping away from British, and passing into German, hands.

7. In the Far East we find our trade with China falling heavily, while it has quadrupled with Japan. It is declining with India and Egypt.

8. Australia and Canada send us more and more of their products in each decade, but take less of our merchandise than before.

9. There has been a great increase in our trade with South Africa, while our dealings with British West Indies have diminished.

10. The balance of trade against Great Britain is 150 millions yearly, which is covered by the earnings of our merchant navy and foreign investments.

11. Net imports of bullion in 40 years averaged three millions yearly: $4\frac{1}{2}$ millions in the decade 1889-98.

12. The trade of 1899 showed an increase over 1898 of 15 millions of imported merchandise, and 36 millions exports.

"The Sanity of Wellington" is a title with something of a challenge in it. Mr. David Hannay, who uses it in "Macmillan's" this month, does not mean to rebut charges of insanity, but to affirm his hero's possession of "pure and simple sanity, the absolute good sense of a man whose mind dealt naturally with facts, saw them clearly, and recognised them in a purely scientific spirit."

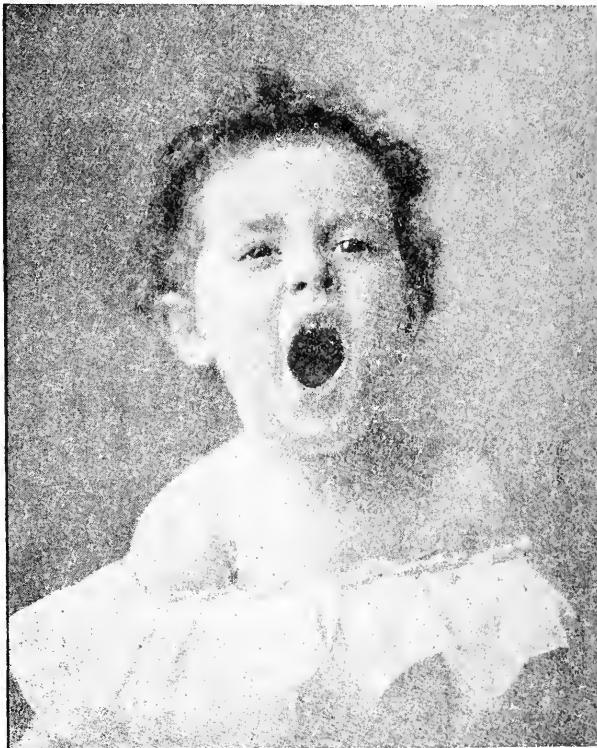
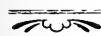
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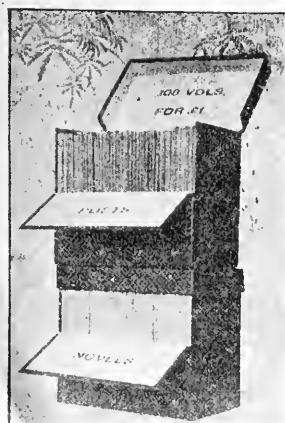


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I.

LARS PORSENA of Clusium
 By the Nine Gods he swore
 That the great house of Tarquin
 Should suffer wrong no more.
 By the Nine Gods he swore it,
 And named a trysting day,
 And bade his messengers ride forth,
 East and west and south and north,
 To summon his array.

II.

East and west and south and north
 The messengers ride fast,
 And tower and town and cottage
 Have heard the trumpet's blast.
 Shame on the false Etruscan
 Who lingers in his home,
 When Porsena of Clusium
 Is on the march for Rome.

III.

The horsemen and the footmen
 Are pouring in amain
 From many a stately market-place ;
 From many a fruitful plain ;
 From many a lonely hamlet,
 Which, hid by beach and pine,
 Like an eagle's nest, hangs on the
 crest

Of purple Apennine ;

IV.

From lordly Volaterra,
 Where scowls the far-famed hold
 Piled by the hands of giants
 For godlike kings of old ;
 From seagirt Populonia,
 Whose sentinels deserv
 Sardinia's snowy mountain-tops
 Fringing the southern sky :

* The legend of Horatius Coelus, as told by Livy, is briefly this. Two hundred and forty-five years after the founding of Rome, and two years after the expulsion of the Tarquins, Lars Porsena of Clusium rallied the Etruscan tribes for an attack upon Rome. The citizens, overwhelmed by the overpowering number of their foes, fell back upon the city. Janiculum, which defended the approaches of the bridge crossing the Tiber, was taken. The order was then given to destroy the bridge. This work required time, and in order to check the advance of the enemy three illustrious Romans, Horatius Coelus, Spurius Lartius and Herminius, undertook to hold the bridge. This task they achieved, performing prodigies of valour. As the bridge was reeling to its fall, Spurius Lartius and Herminius darted back and reached the other side in safety, leaving Horatius Coelus, the Captain of the Gate, alone. He flung himself into the swollen Tiber and swam safely across its turbulent flood. The ultimate result of the war is in dispute, but the Tarquins were not restored.

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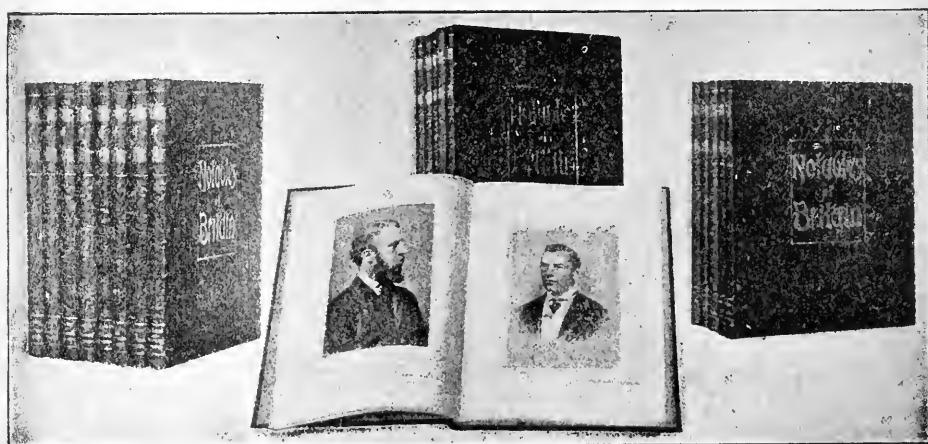
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LEADING ARTICLES IN THE REVIEWS.

How the Germans Mismanage a Colony.

Mr. Poultney Bigelow, in "Harper's" for March, writes a sketch of Kiao-Chau, Germany's first colony in China. It supplies an exquisite example of how not to run a colony. Kiao-Chau is a drill sergeant's paradise:—

The German garrison made up pretty much the whole of the white population—that is to say, there were about 1,500 uniforms as against half a dozen merchants. Six officials to 1,500 colonists would have been better.

The Governor.

The Governor was a good type of the hard-working, conscientious, and somewhat irritable Prussian official. Although a captain in the navy, he had the spirit of Frederick the Great in his love of regulating details. At one moment he spread out before me visions of imperial Germany eclipsing in Kiao-chau all that England had built up in Hong-Kong and Singapore; but in the very next sentence he would show that his mind was troubled by reason of a complaint against a Chinese cook who had washed the dinner plates in a bath-tub. To his mind all official acts were of equal importance, and he wasted reams of government paper over trifles which one word spoken on the spot might have settled. Everything official was to him sacred, and nothing in his eyes appeared more monstrous than that mere civilians should dare to take up his time with anything not connected with barracks, or uniforms. Yet he was a charming man, earnestly striving to do his duty, and sacrificing his health in the cause of colonisation. It was sad to see him discouraging colonial enterprise in the territory under his jurisdiction.

The agent for one of the largest concerns in Germany refused to return to Kiao-chau merely because of the effect produced on him by the Governor. Yet, as I said before, to one who, like myself, had no favours to ask, he was the embodiment of official courtesy. He told me, as a magnificent joke, that these merchants had had the impudence to think that he was going to find them lodging or put up tents for them in case they came to the sale of lands. The Governor laughed heartily over this, but it made me feel sad on his account.

Strangling Commerce.

There was, of course, great demand for labour of all kind in Tsin-tao, but as the government and not the law of supply and demand regulated the wages paid, only the most incompetent coolies came to this labour-market. The best remained in Chee-foo or Shanghai, while those who sought a new field went first to Wei-hai-wei. Though the half-dozen merchants of the place would gladly have paid ten times what the government paid the soldiers for some assistance in getting housed, they could not get their work done for love or money. One of my friends, who represented the largest electrical concern in the world, I found with a pot of paint smearing his door and window-shutters; another conspicuous merchant I found knocking a table together out of some empty packing-cases—and all this after nearly

a year of German occupation, in a province described by the highest German authority as peopled most abundantly with the best workmen in China. The captain of the *Matilda* could not get coolies to unload his boat, and though his cargo was almost exclusively for government account, and two lighters and a steam-launch lay idle at anchor, the Governor refused him all official assistance for two days.

The Diedrichs monument will remain as a monument to German enthusiasm and Chinese labour. It proves to the world that in matters colonial a German official can rise superior to sordid questions of commerce; that, while Kiao-chau can do without trade, it cannot afford to be without a monument glorifying the military character of its occupation.

Officially Regulated Sport.

The German troops had taken possession of some Chinese fortified barracks which were found here on first landing. Near each one of these a tennis-court had been laid out, of course at the instigation of the sailor Prince, but these were, on the occasion of my visit, cut up into such deep gullies that no game could have been played there save one connected with vaulting. I failed to discover anything like sport amongst officers and men, and that may explain, in part, the general depression that seemed to have settled down upon the community. There was nothing to do, even upon the Sabbath day, which, in Germany, is pre-eminently the day of recreation. So dull was this day in Kiao-chau that several soldiers told me it was a relief to go on with the usual week-day occupations. In Anglo-Saxon colonies of this kind the first thing done is the organising of a club for every variety of recreation, frequently including tennis, polo, rowing, and sailing.

A general social club is impossible in Kiao-chau, because of the social barrier between a German officer and a civilian. In Hong Kong all respectable white-men, from the admiral commanding the station down to the youngest clerk in a shipping-house, when office-work is done, meet on common ground for sport and recreation. During my visit there I saw his Excellency General Black swinging his polo-mallet in the same team with young men on a clerical salary in commercial houses. A Kiao-chau official would think this a monstrous indecency. No German officer could possibly allow his name to be balloted for at a club other than one purely military; his conception of honour is such that if he should be blackballed by civilians it would involve consequences too serious to contemplate with equanimity. He would have to challenge all the members of the club in turn.

A Selfish Policy.

England has developed China for the benefit of all the rest of the world, and the German trader has become rich through the protection of the Union Jack. But, as yet, Germany has reciprocated this liberality only in phrases. The Governor at Kiao-chau told me that English traders had the same rights as Germans in his dominions. That may be so on paper, but on the occasion of my visit, so far as I could discover, I was the only non-German in the place; nor was the treatment of even the German merchants calculated to encourage any more of them to seek a change by moving from British colonies. An example of German liberality may be seen in the exhibition of commercial

samples gathered by a government mission in China, which was held in Berlin in April, 1898, and afterward in Dresden, Saxony being particularly interested in the manufacture of goods suitable to the Chinese market. The British ambassador to the German court reported to his government that no persons were admitted to this exhibition excepting members of German commercial organisations particularly interested in Chinese trade. An exhaustive report was printed, but only for private circulation—in other words, every effort was made lest other than Germans should benefit by the results of this mission.

England and America give the widest publicity to any information gathered by their official agents in the East. From the occupation of Hong Kong, in 1841, to that of Wei-hai-wei, on the Queen's birthday, 1898, the history of British intercourse with China is, on the whole, a splendid monument to Anglo-Saxon courage and commercial generosity. Wherever the British flag has been hoisted, there has the trade of other nations settled in safety, and around that flag have gathered the only Chinese settlements in which the progress of our civilisation has been encouraging.

Why the Germans Fail.

To reap good result requires more than barracks and officials; more than spacious bulletins and a monument to the admiral commanding. Germany does not lack mercantile ability, nor good material out of which to make colonial officials. The German colonist is a prosperous element in any country, and nowhere more so than under the British and American flags. In the United States alone are more Germans than in Prussia in the time of Frederick the Great, and it is only in German newspapers inspired for political reasons that one hears of bad blood between them and the land of their adoption. There is no sphere of human activity where liberty is so necessary as in commerce, and history teaches few lessons more eloquently than that selfish legislation can ruin the trade of the richest nations.

Disaster for the Wellman Expedition.

In the March "M'Clure's" Mr. Walter Wellman continues his account of sledging toward the pole. Mr. Wellman tells of an extraordinary disaster which overtook his party on March 22, 1899. While sledging over the ice at this time the party had succeeded in covering 140 of the 700 miles which lay between its winter quarters and the pole itself. On March 22, while the party was in camp owing to a storm, the ice suddenly began to rumble suddenly, and then crack in various places. The cracks immediately closed, so that one of the dogs, for instance, had his head cut cleanly off. The ice was shaking and breaking and the sea was spouting through the openings. This disaster, which came nearly overwhelming the party, lost it one-third of their dogs, all the dog food and part of the party's food, and, worst of all, the basket of instruments.

In an "Ice-quake."

For a few moments, oddly enough, we did not fully realise our danger. To none of us was an ice pressure a new thing, and familiarity had doubtless bred in us, if not contempt for the ice king, certainly a somewhat superfluous confidence in ourselves. But when, a few moments later, the very pieces of ice on which we stood reared up and assumed angles of from

30 to 45 degrees; when our entire camp started revolving as if it were in a maelstrom; when we saw our tent, sleeping-bags, and cooking-kit threatened with destruction by a rushing mass of sludge and water, we knew that whatever was to be done must be done right quickly. There was no panic. There was not the slightest sign that any one of us was even excited. We cut the harnesses of such dogs as we could get at, that they might save themselves. In the very nick of time three of us sprang out upon the floe which held the tent, tilted though it was with one edge down in the boiling sea and the other up in the air; and after a sharp struggle we succeeded in rescuing the precious sleeping-bags, the cooking-outfit, and the tent itself.

What was most curious of all was that the ill-fated party had pitched its camp directly on the one place which was dangerous. This was about half a mile from an enormous iceberg as large as a New York office building. The storm had driven the ice field down upon the great berg, and the camp had been right on the line of the cut where the field of ice struck the berg.

The Cause of the Disaster.

It was all plain enough. The mountainous berg absorbed the ice sheet, and into the channel thus formed here, as elsewhere, nature will have no vacuum—the pressure of billions of tons, coming from rear, right, left, had jammed, rolled, revolved, uplifted, down-thrust, crunched, crushed, powdered the fragments of floes in a death struggle for mere place to exist. All along that coast, as far as we could see this bright morning, the one spot—the one little rood out of all these millions of acres—where our camp could have been pitched only to be destroyed was the very spot where it had been pitched. All other spots for miles and miles were just as they had been. Start an ant crawling across a newspaper. Take a pair of shears, shut your eyes, make one random clip, and cut the insect in two. We were the ant creeping across the surface of this great ice sheet, and that is what chance did for us—the one out of millions that saved at least one human life.

Mr. Wellman says that no one now proposes to reach the north pole by any other means than sledging; that the old idea of the open polar sea and navigation to the top of the earth has been abandoned. So the problem of modern pole seekers is simplified to a plan of going as far north as possible with a ship, establishing headquarters upon the land, and making a dash for the pole, and back again with dog sledges.

Sledging to the Pole.

The season of the year during which one can travel over the ice sheet is limited. The winter months are too dark and the summer months—oddly enough—are too warm. The best season is from about March 1 to the end of May—say 100 days in all. Before March the sun is far below the horizon and the gloom too dense. After May the snow is too soft and sticky and the ice too much broken up. It is true that some travelling might be done in October and early November, after the snow has hardened again, and this suggests the plan of using the 100 days of spring for reaching the pole and the autumn for returning to headquarters. But it must be remembered that after once leaving the land and taking to the sea ice no game can be had; everything the travellers eat and the fuel for melting ice and cooking food must be carried with them. The more they carry the slower they must travel. Two pounds a day is the minimum ration per man of the most approved modern "condensed" food. This means 200 pounds per man for a journey of 100 days, to say nothing of weight of sledges, instruments, tent, fuel, sleeping-bags, and packing. With the help of dogs this much may be carried, and the period of absence from land may be extended to 125 or even 140 days, though at first the loads will be very heavy. If, however,

a party sets out upon a journey of nine months' duration, nearly 600 pounds per man would represent the minimum load simply of food for men alone and excluding all other things, among them the sustenance of the dogs—clearly an impossible burden.

Literally "A Dash to the Pole."

So there is nothing for it but a quick journey out from the land and back again. It makes no difference whether the base used be north Greenland, Franz Josef Land, or a ship that has drifted into the inner polar sea—it is necessarily "a dash for the pole," and nothing but a dash. It is, practically, a campaign of 100 or 115 days, beginning in the midst of the arctic winter, and ending at the commencing of summer. The man who can get his base established just right, who can so organise his party and so arrange his weights and his motive power as to be able to cover an average of ten miles a day, and who can manage to avert all serious accidents, has the pole within his grasp.

A Mile an Hour.

Ten miles a day, a mile an hour, seems very little. But try it once if you want to know how difficult it is. Our party was as well organised as any party could be. We had the best of everything and not too much of it. Simplicity is the first essential of a successful sledge trip. Yet work as hard as we could we made an average of only six miles a day, about the same as Nansen and Johansen had made. Of course our loads were heaviest these days, for we were carrying four monibis' supplies. Each of the five of us had a sledge and a team of dogs. Much of the road was very rough. The previous fall, before the ice had frozen solidly, north-east winds, driving down against the land, had smashed the floes into a forest of hummocks and ridges. Between these elevations there were pockets of deep snow. Winding in and out, up and down, over and through these obstacles, we made our painful way by dint of much lifting, shoving, pulling, and an incessant shouting at the poor dogs.

Mr. Wellman says that the arctic traveller's greatest hardship was the indirect effect of the cold. "The camping hour arrives. You have been working hard all day, pulling and tugging, in a temperature ranging from 25 deg. to 45 deg. below zero, and perhaps with a nice cool wind blowing from the north. Outside, you are a mass of frost, and inside your skin is wet with perspiration. Be careful in pitching the tent that you do not leave your mittens off more than a few seconds, or you will not only freeze your fingers, but find the mittens frozen so hard you can't get them on again."

Longevity in the Nineteenth Century.

In the February "Forum" Mr. William R. Thayer gives interesting statistics of the duration of life among certain groups of nineteenth-century brain-workers.

Mr. Thayer believes that longevity, a characteristic which has become too common to attract much attention, distinguishes the nineteenth century from all the preceding centuries. He says:—

During the past one hundred years the length of life of the average man in the United States and in the more civilised parts of Europe has increased from a little over thirty to about forty years. A multitude of causes, mostly physical, have contributed to this result. Foremost among these should be placed (1) whatever may be included under the general term sanitation; (2) improved methods in medicine; and (3) the more

regular habits of living which are the direct outcome of industrial life on a large scale. These are some of the evident means by which life has been lengthened. Inventions, which have made production cheap and the transportation of all products both cheap and easy, have had an influence too great to be computed. And no doubt much has been due to a general improvement in methods of government; although, in the main, there has been much less progress in practical government than is commonly supposed. No great railroad company or banking house or manufacturing corporation could prosper if its officers and employees were chosen and kept in office according to the system by which political offices, almost everywhere, are filled. "None but experts wanted" is the sign written over the entrance to every profession, trade, and occupation—except government.

But whatever governments have done or left undone, the fact to be insisted on here is that the average man to-day lives almost ten years longer than his grandfather lived. Indisputably, therefore, the year 1900 finds conditions more conducive to longevity than existed a century ago. This is true beyond question for the masses, who feel immediately the effects of plenty, hunger, and cold—the great physical dispensers of life and death.

Are We Dying at the Top?

But improvement in the conditions essential to the physical well-being of the masses need not imply a similar improvement in the more favoured minority, in those who—to make a distinction which is sufficiently exact for our purposes—work with their heads instead of with their hands. And, indeed, the impression has long been current that modern life has been growing more and more destructive to precisely this class. Ever since the wheels of civilisation began to turn more swiftly, ever since the introduction of steam power, it has been the fashion to cry out against the acceleration of speed. "We live too fast," "the tension is too great;" "men are soon worn out or broken down;" "the pace that kills"—these and similar phrases, commonly accepted without question, indicate the prevalent belief that our era, in spite of its positive gains for some classes, does not conduce to longevity among brain-workers.

It is with a view to determining the truth or falsity of the assertion that modern conditions are really destroying society at the top that Mr. Thayer applies the longevity test. He reasons thus:—

A genius who dies at forty may well be worth to the world more than a thousand sexagenarian men of talent, so that mere number of years in individual cases may count for little; but no community nor considerable class of men lives to old age under permanently unfavourable conditions. The wages of sin—and with sin we must include ignorance of the laws of living—is death. The test of longevity, therefore, will allow us to make some precise deductions concerning modern conditions, just as the annual death-rate tells us something definite about the sanitary conditions of cities.

While Mr. Thayer's lists do not pretend to comprise the names of all the eminent persons in any group, they do aim at giving a sufficiently large number of representative names to furnish the data sought. Of persons born in the eighteenth century only those are cited who lived more than half their lives after 1800. A few living celebrities, whose age already exceeds that of their group, are included.

A general summary of the data recorded by Mr. Thayer shows that the average duration of life in these groups has been about 68 years and 8 months, viz.:—

SUMMARY.

	Average.
46 poets	66
39 painters and sculptors	62
30 musicians	62
26 novelists..	63
40 men of letters	67
22 religious	66
35 women	69
18 philosophers	65
38 historians	73
58 scientists and inventors	72
14 agitators..	69
48 commanders	71
112 statesmen	71
Average, 68 years, 8 months.	

Here, then, we have not a theory nor a popular fallacy, but certain definite information concerning nearly 530 of the prominent men and women of the nineteenth century. The assumption has been that modern conditions are destructive to the vitality of just this upper class of brain-workers. The fact is that these persons lived on an average sixty-eight years and eight months—that is, nearly thirty years longer than the population as a whole. Were we to double the number of names the result would not be very different.

It may be urged that a considerable minority of these persons grew up in the eighteenth century and died before the distinctive conditions of the nineteenth century had full play. This is true; but on analysis we find that most of the long-lived belong to those whose career fell wholly within the nineteenth century. Roughly speaking, 1820 may be set down as the year when the general adoption of steam power revolutionised methods of manufacturing and of travel by water; as early as 1840 railroads were beginning to affect the distribution of population and of commercial products; by 1860 the electric telegraph had come into general use; and since 1860 one invention after another has helped to quicken the rate of speed at which society moves. Accordingly we can say that the distinctive conditions of the century have been in full swing for nearly fifty years, and that if injurious their efforts would be seen on the men who reached their prime about 1850 or subsequently.

Octogenarians of the Century.

Our examination has shown that these men have suffered no curtailment of life. Look at the list, and particularly at those who have lived eighty years or longer—Martineau, Dollinger, Leo XIII., Bismarck, Gladstone, Tennyson, Newman, Kossuth, Schoelcher, Queen Victoria, Mrs. J. W. Howe, Malmesbury, Lowe, Selborne, Shaftesbury, J. E. Johnston, Moltke, Gorgel, Cialdini, Macmahon, Canrobert, Trochu, Bessemer, Ericsson, Ritter, Owen, H. Rawlinson, Bunsen, Kinglake, Merivale, Bancroft, G. Rawlinson, Ranke, Mommsen, Carlyle, Curtius, Mamiani, Gilbert, Manning, Littré, Verdi, Thomas, Hamlin, Jefferson Davis, William I., Simon, B. St. Hilaire, Gortschakoff, Broglie, Crispé, Cremer, Maria Mitchell, Henry Taylor, De Lesseps, Morse, Henry, Halevy, Whittier, Holmes, Bryant, Mrs. H. B. Stowe, Spencey, Ruskin, Hugo, Watts, Pusey, Duruy.

These 65 men and women not only lived long, but, as a rule, they also worked long and hard. Conditions under which the greatest workers in the world live to be octogenarians or older certainly cannot be permanently deleterious. It may be that after another hundred years these modern conditions will have proved injurious and will have undermined the vitality of our grandchildren. My business, however, is not to prophesy, but to ascertain the truth as it exists to-day. That truth, so far as our lists reveal it, is that civilised society is not withering at the top. Incidentally we perceive that the possession of genius, or even of any excellence in a marked degree, carries with it the presumption of unusual vitality. Great men may die young, but in general greatness presupposes a strong hold on life. By the latter I do not mean mere muscular strength. Indeed, many of these patriarchs were physically frail. But I mean strength of will, of intellect,

and of character, which have far more influence than we commonly imagine in prolonging life. Whoever doubts this should examine whether the longevity of any 530 athletes of whom there is a record approaches an average of sixty-eight years.

Electricity at the Paris Exhibition.

The great distinguishing feature of the world's fair in 1900 will be the achievements of electricity. It is the intention of the management that the exhibition shall be in this field a record and a prophecy.

Whatever was done by the power of steam in the exhibition of 1889 will be done in that of 1900 by electricity. The electricity will be made by steam, but it will be the electricity, not the steam, that will drive the thousands of busy, whirring machines in the great show. The seat of this power is the electrical palace at the lower end of the Champ de Mars. It closes the long avenue between the exhibition buildings. The "palace," in fact, is a workshop concealed by an immense ornamental screen of glass and iron. Its facade, to one looking down the avenue between the temples of industry and science, seems to be an enormous fan of lace and ivory spread out against the sky. But within this decorative veil ornament gives way to the practical and useful. The aggregate force of the engines that drive the dynamos is 40,000 horse power. Michel Corday, who writes in the "Revue de Paris" on the function of electricity in the Paris show, pauses for a moment to tabulate the steam power of the five Paris exhibitions. The progressive increment is certainly very striking:—

	Horse Power.
1855	350
1867	525
1878	2,500
1889	6,500
1900	40,000

The furnaces and boilers that supply the immense steam power of the present exhibition are in a covered court just outside the electrical palace. The steam, conducted thence to the ground floor of the palace, sets in motion the motors and dynamos. In front of the palace, concealed by the Chateau d'Eau, is the room where the electrical currents are controlled and directed. Here are the keyboards and switches for turning the currents to the various places where they are to be employed.

How the Fair Will be Lighted.

Naturally the attention of those who visit or approach the exhibition at night will be first arrested by the illuminations. These will not differ from similar illuminations in America except in their volume. The young man who sits at the switchboard below the Chateau d'Eau will put his

finger on a key, and immediately a flood of light thrown on the Porte de la Concorde by 3,100 incandescent lamps and 36 arc lamps calls up a burst of applause from the crowds that throng the Quai d'Orsay and the bridges of the Seine. Another touch of his finger, and the quays and bridges themselves are illuminated. Then the great lines of the palace of the Trocadero are traced in fire on the sky; now the gardens and exhibition buildings gleam in moonlight—artificial moonlight; and at last the foaming plumes spouted from the Chateau d'Eau take the tints of the rainbow. But a description of this sort of display is really less striking now than a bare statement of the number of lamps to be used in producing the effects. Here are the numbers for the principal places of interest:—

Porte Monumentale, 36 arc and 3,100 incandescent lamps. Jardin des Champs Elysees, 174 arc lamps; Pont Alexandre, 500 incandescent lamps; Palais de l'Electricite, 12 arc and 5,000 incandescent lamps; Chateau d'Eau, 1,100 incandescent lamps; Salle de Fetes, 4,500 incandescent lamps; Esplanade des Invalides, 60 arc lamps; Palais des Invalides, 2,136 incandescent lamps.

Only a rhapsodist like M. Corday can awaken an adequate notion of the wonders that may be accomplished when a steam force of 40,000 horse power is converted into electricity. M. Corday is especially impressed by the anticipation of seeing mechanical productions and the processes of making them brought close together so as to be in one view, as it were—an attainment that would not be practicable for most productions but for the wonderful adaptability of electricity to all mechanical appliances.

Electricity at Chicago in 1893.

While M. Corday's retrospect is interesting, it wholly disregards the World's Fair of 1893 at Chicago, where the electrical display was far in advance of anything previously attempted. The Paris exhibition of 1889 was made insignificant by comparison. Thus the plant for incandescent lights at Chicago was made up of 12 dynamos, each with a capacity of 10,000 lamps; the arc lights numbered 6,000, each with an illuminating power of 2,000 candles.

How the American Merchant Marine is Dying.

The American "Review of Reviews" has a striking article on this subject by Mr. Winthrop L. Marvin. He says:—

A Dying Marine.

In that vast material expansion of America which is a wonder and glory of the nineteenth century one great,

honourable, and ancient interest for many years has had no share.

While American manufactures have increased five-fold since 1860, commerce threefold, agriculture three-fold, and coastwise and domestic shipping twofold, the American deep-sea fleet, carrying cargoes in the foreign trade, has shrunk to one-third of the tonnage of forty years ago. This exceptional result must have been produced by exceptional causes. Those causes and the best means for checking their disastrous operation justify all the keen attention which they have received in the past few years from the statesmen in Washington and the merchants of the Atlantic and Pacific seaboard.

No other nation in the world is in such a humiliating plight as ours. No other with any pretension to mercantile or maritime greatness depends upon its foreign rivals for the transportation of nine-tenths of its oversea trade. It is a conservative estimate that the United States is now paying every year to foreign ship owners for freight, mail, and passenger service the great sum of £30,000,000—almost equivalent to our entire customs revenues, and four times the interest on our national debt. No country but a very rich and prosperous one could long do this, and such an annual expenditure has come to be a very serious drain on even our immense resources. As a matter of sentiment it jars on the national susceptibilities that nine out of every ten deep-sea ships in our harbours fly foreign flags. Moreover, it is recognised by thoughtful men that by yielding up to foreigners almost all of our carrying trade we not only strengthen our commercial competitors, but help to build up abroad sea power which may be used against us in time of war.

Peril as Well as Cost.

This consideration has gained force from our very recent experience. In our war with Spain we saw great German steamship companies which have grown rich from American patronage deliberately sell several of their fast steamers to the Spanish Government, to be used to harry our coasts and our commerce. Thousands of American travellers had crossed the Atlantic in these vessels. They had run for years out of the port of New York. They had carried our goods and our mails and had been liberally paid for it, and yet but for the quick ending of the war they would have been turned loose to "burn, sink, and destroy" every unarmed ship under the American flag, like later Alabamas. What was done with these German liners in 1898 is liable to be done in a similar emergency with any of the hundreds of foreign craft which almost monopolise our North Atlantic traffic.

Forty Years of Neglect.

It is a strange fact that this era, beginning with the election of Lincoln, which has witnessed the general exaltation of the protective idea and a continuous and most successful Statefostering of American manufacturing, has been a period of unprecedented neglect of American ship-owning. Ship builders, of course, have been indirectly protected by the exclusion of foreign-built ships from American registry and from the coasting trade, but the prime factor in a merchant marine is not the builder of ships, but the owner of ships. Unless the ownership and operation of merchant tonnage are profitable, no merchant vessels will be built. The first imperative step toward the creation or restoration of a merchant marine is to make ship-owning prosperous. If that is done, ship-building under such a policy as ours will take care of itself. If it is not done, no legislative ingenuity can succeed in making business permanently active and profitable for the ship yards.

Neither War nor Tariff.

The decrease of American shipping is often erroneously said to date from 1861. Some writers attribute it to the war; others to the protective tariff. But both theories are mistaken. The real beginning of the present decline of our deep-sea tonnage dates not from 1861, but from 1855—from a year of peace

for our country and not from a year of war—from a period of tariff for revenue only, not of tariff for protection.

The real truth is written indelibly in the figures of American ship-building. In 1855 we launched 2,027 vessels of 583,450 tons, and 381 of these were full-rigged ships or barks. In 1859 we launched only 875 vessels of 156,602 tons, and only 89 of these were full-rigged ships or barks for deep-sea voyages. As the present Commissioner of Navigation has well said, this was "a steady and rapid decline without equal in our marine history"—and it occurred under the most thoroughly non-protective tariff in our economic history. In 1860 there was a slight rally in American ship-building, lifting our output to 214,797 tons. But (another ominous fact) Great Britain launched in that year 301,535 tons of shipping, much of it iron and steam. In 1850 we had launched 279,255 tons and Great Britain had launched 133,695 tons. Thus in this memorable decade the positions of the two chief rivals for the mastery of the ocean had become completely reversed.

Of course the Civil War, the destruction of 100,000 tons of our best shipping by Anglo-Confederate cruisers, and, more important still, the transfer of 750,000 tons to foreign flags, gave a vast impetus to the decline of our marine; but the great significant fact which the student of maritime history perceives is that this decline had set in long beforehand. It was as if a victim of consumption in its earlier stages had his end hastened by a blow from a sabre. So long as our merchant marine was protected by national legislation it prospered. It even outlived this protection (for the so-called maritime "reciprocity" was not formally completed until 1849) because of the temporary stimulus afforded by the California gold discovery and the Crimean War. But when this stimulus had lost its brief effect and our unprotected ships of wood were forced to compete with the iron-built or subsidised British ships, they melted like mist from the face of the ocean.

What the Frye Bill Does.

The title of this measure reads: "To promote the commerce and increase the foreign trade of the United States and to provide auxiliary cruisers, transports, and seamen for government use when necessary." Our hundred days' war with Spain demonstrated that we did not possess in our present marine a sufficient number of auxiliary ships for a contest with even a puny antagonist. We were compelled to purchase or to charter many foreign vessels after the Government had secured all available American steamers. This was a shock to the country and a salutary one. It meant that under conditions of modern war a merchant marine is more indispensable than ever, and that we lack this auxiliary of national defence.

Naturally, as the motive of the Frye bill is in part defensive, it sets a premium upon merchant steamers of high speed like the twenty-one-knot ships of the American trans-Atlantic line and the eighteen-knot ships now building at Newport News for the Pacific Mail service. The bill adopts as the basis of its protection a subsidy of 1.5 cents a gross ton for each 100 miles of the 1,500 miles, and 1 cent a gross ton for each 100 miles above 1,500 miles covered by American vessels, sail or steam, in the foreign trade. This subsidy is intended as an offset to the greater cost of construction and the higher rate of wages and maintenance of American ships—in other words, the cost of operation. Elaborate calculations by the Treasury Department show that it will almost exactly accomplish the purpose.

The Frye bill provides for "steam vessels which may be suitable for carrying the mails of the United States and as auxiliaries to the power of the United States in time of war or other need" an additional subsidy based on speed and tonnage. For ships of the class of the St. Louis or St. Paul, of more than 8,000 tons and twenty-one knots or over, this subsidy will be 2.3 cents a ton for every 100 miles sailed, and for twenty-knot ships 2 cents a ton. For vessels of 3,000 tons or over the subsidy will be 1.8 cents a ton for every 100 miles sailed by nineteen-knot ships, 1.6 cents for

eighteen-knot ships, 1.4 cents for seventeen-knot ships, and so on down to the slower steamers, which will have 1 cent a ton. But this speed and tonnage premium is to be given to no steamer below 2,000 tons gross tonnage, the modern limit for efficiency in oversea trade, and all steamers receiving subsidy must carry the United States mails free of charge.

The subsidies offered by the Frye bill are to be paid for twenty years, the period for which a well-constructed vessel usually retains a first-class rating.

The Man Who Composed "Soldiers of the Queen."

Mr. Leslie Stuart, the composer of this famous song, is the subject of a charming article in the "Royal Magazine" by Mr. T. Roberts. Says Mr. Roberts:—

Three years ago, except to the music loving public in Manchester, Leslie Stuart was almost unknown. But to-day, it may be said without the slightest exaggeration that his songs are more widely known than those of any other living composer. It was on the morning after the Jubilee day that Leslie Stuart woke and found himself famous. For all London was humming "The Soldiers of the Queen," and the reason for this ubiquitous humming was that they had heard the melody fife and drummed by every military band that took part in the great pageant on the previous day. According to the newspaper reports, "The Soldiers of the Queen" was played no fewer than thirty times during the procession. The song having once taken root, grew like mustard seed in a warm soil. It spread to every part of the Empire, and is now regarded as a national song of Great Britain, judging from the fact that it was played by the Guards' band when they marched into Omdurman.

However, Leslie Stuart does not depend for his fame on "The Soldiers of the Queen." Three at least of his other songs—"Little Dolly Daydream," "Louisiana Lou," and "The Lily of Laguna"—are almost as popular as that martial ditty. To achieve so many current successes is most exceptional.

There was nothing in Leslie Stuart's earlier career to suggest his subsequent success as a composer of ear-catching melodies. For seven years he was organist to Archibishop, now Cardinal, Vaughan, at Salford Cathedral. Then he turned his hand to organising concerts in Manchester.

In his character of impresario he was responsible for introducing no less a star than Paderewski to the British public. An agent of Paderewski came to Leslie Stuart and asked him if he would give an engagement to the great pianist, whose fame at that time was, of course, purely local in Germany. Engaging great unknowns is always risky work; but Leslie Stuart was venturesome and then and there offered Paderewski an engagement to play at two concerts in Manchester. For the first concert the pianist was to receive the sum of £40, and the same sum for the second, provided that his first appearance proved successful.

Paderewski, who was booked to appear in Manchester at Leslie Stuart's concert on a Saturday, arrived in England on the previous Tuesday. Then a strange thing happened. Paderewski was captured by an enterprising musician and gave a piano forte recital in London two days before his appearance in Manchester. The result of this concert was satisfactory to Leslie Stuart so far as it set his mind completely at rest on the question as to whether or not Paderewski would "draw."

The London musical public were taken by storm, and the day after his recital the papers all joined in a chorus of acclamation at the wonderful performance of the new star. Paderewski's appearance in Manchester on the Saturday was only a continuation of his London triumph. But by this time he had learned his true

value from a financial point of view. It is interesting to note that when next Paderewski played in Manchester his fee had risen to £100, and at a subsequent visit to £150.

A Famous Song.

The story of how "Little Dolly Daydream" was composed is interesting. "It is a round-about story," the composer remarked, "but I will tell it to you as briefly as I can. About two years ago I wrote a song called 'De Baby am a-cryin'," which I played to Eugene Stratton. I showed it to him and he liked it immensely, but I had no time to fix up definitely with him, as he was hurrying off to take part in the pantomime at Birmingham. About six weeks afterwards I got a wire from him: 'Come up to Birmingham tomorrow to rehearse song. Have been studying it.' Now, this was distinctly awkward, for about a fortnight before I had disposed of the performing rights of 'De Baby am a-cryin'" to someone else, while Eugene was evidently under the impression that I had promised the song to him. Something had to be done, and done quickly too, and I spent the next two hours casting about for a way out of the difficulty. After much botheration and brain-splitting this was finally discovered.

"My little daughter Dolly has only just begun to go to school, and, like most children going to school for the first time, she seemed greatly distressed at being parted from her mother for five or six hours every day. On this particular evening she was more in the clouds than over, and didn't speak a word during dinner. At last my wife said to her: 'Come, little Dolly Daydream, you must find your voice.' That gave me the cue I wanted. Here I had, ready-made, a taking title for a new coon-song, to take the place of 'Baby am a-cryin'.' Before dinner was over I had the song mapped out in my head, the words of it, that is; the music was a different matter; but I set to work about eight o'clock that evening, and by four o'clock next morning had finished the song, words, music and dance.

"Six hours afterwards I set off for Birmingham. Eugene met me at the station, full of the original song, but I told him I had something better in my pocket. Luckily for me he was so taken with 'Dolly Daydream,' when I played it over for him, that he forgot all about 'De Baby am a-cryin'.' He had been singing 'Dolly Daydream' for some months, before I told him the fate of the other song."

An Artist's Method.

Leslie Stuart's method of composing is almost as original as his music. His invariable plan is to think of a catching title, and then to write a song up to it. He has a large note book, full of suggested titles, which he jots down as they occur to him from time to time.

Leslie Stuart does not belong to that school of musicians who make a point of composing as far as possible from a musical instrument of any sort. Having hit on his title, and written the words (he always writes his own words, by the way), his next move is towards the organ, which, together with a small piano, forms the main portion of the furniture in his "composing" room.

There are psychological moments in popular songs as in other things. At least, this is the theory the composer of "Little Dolly Daydream" holds to account for the peculiar experiences he has had with some of his compositions. "The Soldiers of the Queen," for instance, was introduced some years ago in "The Artist's Model," and sung by Mr. Haydn Coffin, but for some reason or other it didn't catch on. It was only when it was played on Jubilee Day that it attained the tremendous popularity which brought fame and fortune to all concerned in it.

Leslie Stuart had a directly contrary experience with "Louisiana Lou," which struck oil, so to speak, the first time it was heard. In America, where they ought to know, it is regarded as the most characteristic coon song ever written. It aroused quite a controversy in New York as to whether a mere Britisher could have composed a song so thoroughly permeated with the spirit of coon life. Only the other day a writer in a Philadelphia paper made the truly American discovery that Leslie Stuart is not a man at all, but the daughter

of a well-known clergyman living in Philadelphia and a relation of President McKinley. This last part of the discovery is probably due to the fact that "Louisiana Lou" is the President's favourite song. He will go miles to hear it sung, and remarked lately that it ought to be America's National Anthem. For the benefit of the writer from Philadelphia and all others whom it may concern, it is as well to state here that Leslie Stuart has never been in America, and that his coon melodies are entirely evolved from his own imagination. "Leslie Stuart," as may be supposed, is a "nom de theatre." In private life the composer is J. A. Barrett. He is thirty-one years of age, and was born in Southport.

The Value of a Song.

I think it is Tennyson who says that "the song that moves a nation's heart is in itself a deed"—I quote the words from memory. The poet wrote thus, I believe, in defence of his magnificent battle-song, "The Charge of the Heavy Brigade," which some folk had attacked as being a glorification of war. In any case, he never spoke a truer word, and Leslie Stuart's "The Soldiers of the Queen" is, in its way, as much a deed as the late General Symons' victory at Glencoe. For it has moved a people's heart if ever a song has done so, and there is nothing like stirring music of this nature for the awakening of national enthusiasm, and the inspiring of our soldiers.

I never felt the effect of music more intensely than at one of those enthusiastic "send-offs" at the commencement of the present war. I was at Waterloo Station, and the crowd had assembled to see a detachment of, I think, the Coldstream Guards, "board the cars" as they say across the Atlantic. The cheering as the soldiers filed past was sincere enough, but the thrill was absent until someone began to sing "The Soldiers of the Queen." I am a tolerably self-contained person, and, like most Englishmen, seldom and not easily moved, and rather ashamed of myself whenever this happens. I was moved on the present occasion as I have never been moved before, nor am I one jot ashamed of my enthusiasm. I yelled to the top of my voice, and waved my hat like a madman—such was the effect of Leslie Stuart's "The Soldiers of the Queen."

What Machine Labour does for the World.

In "Gunton's Magazine" for March we have a very striking article by the Hon. C. D. Wright, showing how machines multiply the working power of man. Mr. Wright's facts are drawn from the United States census returns. He shows that, in various forms of manufacture, machines multiply human production in a rate varying from 2 to 2,200. Mr. Wright's figures as to horse-power are noteworthy. He says:—

Taking all the manufactures of the United States in 1890, it is found that the total horse power was, in round numbers, 6,000,000, equivalent to the labour of 36,000,000 men, while only 4,476,884 persons were employed, the supplemental labour having a ratio equivalent to 8 to 1. Horse power used in manufactures equivalent to 36,000,000 men represents a population of 180,000,000; in other words, if the products of the manufacturing establishments alone, of the United States in 1890, had been secured by the old hand methods, without the aid of power machinery, it would have required a population of 180,000,000; with none left for agriculture, trade, transportation, mining, forestry, the professions, or any other occupations.

The horse power of the 30,000 and more locomotives in use in the United States in 1890 was equivalent to the labour of 57,940,320 horses, or of 347,425,920 men; that is to say, if the traffic of the United States of 1890 had been carried on by horses, it would have re-

quired the number just given, and if by men alone, the 347,425,920 stated, the equivalent of the horse power. Probably, to do the business of the present time by horses and men, it would require the number of horses given and at least 20,000,000 men.

The Working Energy of a Nation.

Mr. Mulhall has undertaken to calculate the energy or working power of the people of the United States since 1840. He reduces these things to foot-tons, a foot-ton being a power sufficient to raise one ton one foot in a day, and in this calculation he finds that in 1840 the energy of the people of the United States was represented by 17,346,000 foot-tons daily, or 1,020 foot-tons per inhabitant; in 1860, 39,005,000 foot-tons, or 1,240 foot-tons per inhabitant, and in 1895, 128,700,000 foot-tons, 1,850 foot-tons per inhabitant. This shows that the collective power of our population has more than trebled since 1860, steam power having multiplied five-fold in the thirty-five years of his calculation; the strength being shown approximately in horse power of steam, in 1895, including fixed engines, locomotives, and engines used on steamboats, at 16,940,000, or 240 horse power per 1,000 of the population. Two hundred and forty horse power represents the energy of 1,452 men supplemental to each 1,000. According to Mr. Mulhall, this energy is more than double the European average, so that it may be said that 70,000,000 of Americans represent as much working power as 150,000,000 of Europeans.

The Romance of the Railway Book-stall.

The "Young Man" for March gives an interesting sketch of the great "book-stall" business built up in England by Mr. W. H. Smith.

Early Railway Bookstalls.

It was not Mr. Smith who invented the bookstall, as is generally supposed. He made it what we know it to be to-day, but the origin of the bookstall was the desire on the part of railway companies to find something useful for their disabled men to do, or some occupation for the widows of men who lost their lives in the service of the companies. Partly with this object the first railway bookstall was started. It was a curious sight. Papers, sweets, sandwiches, and ginger-beer were jumbled up in an extraordinary heap, and the stall was generally tended by a man with a wooden leg or without an arm, or by a poor woman who had nothing but the stall between her and the workhouse. They were not ideal things, but they served till "something better" came along. The "something better" was the advent of "W. H. Smith," whose business story is one of the most striking romances of English commercial enterprise.

Messrs. Smith did not make the bookstall, neither did the bookstall make Messrs. Smith. The brothers Smith were respectable tradesmen long before George Stephenson made the Rocket. They came up to London from Devonshire and started as newsmen in a little shop in Duke-street, off Grosvenor Square. Every paper in those days—every copy circulated—had to be stamped at Somerset House, and the business of circulating them was not a light one. But it succeeded well, thanks to the zeal which the brothers Smith imported into it; and in 1820, the year after the Queen was born, the house, 192, Strand, was purchased as a branch office, the head office remaining in Duke-street. William, the younger brother, was the soul of the business, and but for him it could never have grown into importance. Henry prepared addresses for parcels, and William saw to their despatch by mail. Frequently the younger brother was seen running about the place, exclaiming, "What is that lazy brother of mine about?" At length William took a desperate step. Henry's dilatoriness could not be tolerated: the senior partner had to go. William became sole proprietor, and by sheer hard work he made the business prosperous. It was

a rule that any lad in the firm who could pack up more papers than he in a single morning should receive a shilling, but the shilling was rarely spent.

The Man Who Made It.

Few names are more familiar to English folk than "W. H. Smith," the tradesman's son who became nearly twice a millionaire. It is not true, as has often been said, that Mr. Smith began life as a newsboy. By the time he was born the little business had developed, and made his father and mother comfortably off in life. But young William Henry was not rich, and he worked harder than most young men have to work to-day. For years, even after success had come to him, he was at the office in the Strand at five o'clock every morning, beginning work at that hour on a cup of coffee, and on his twenty-first birthday he was made a junior partner. From that time his influence was supreme, and from this time the firm of W. H. Smith and Son, as we know it to-day, dates its history.

In those days of short journeys there was little demand for railway literature, and there was not the stimulus to extend the business that there is to-day. The bookstalls had a bad reputation, too. Pernicious books and objectionable papers, such as no bookseller with a reputation to lose would sell, could be readily obtained at the stations; and the evil grew so great that letters appeared in the newspapers, and the railway way companies were at length prevailed upon to advertise for tenders for the rent of their stalls. It was Mr. Smith's great opportunity. The father objected, but the son saw a rich harvest in the bookstalls, and he was not long in concluding a lease with the London and North-Western Railway Company, giving him a monopoly on their premises. A big stall was established at Euston, and the change was very popular. The public were amazed to find that they could buy real literature at a railway station, and a long article in the "Times" of that time expresses the delight of a titled passenger from Euston with the new arrangement.

Sound Lines.

Mr. Smith started on the right lines. He made a clean sweep of the bad books and papers, and laid down the rule, which has been followed ever since, that no books distinctly pernicious in their influence should be sold at the stalls. This high standard was not set up without great loss at first. The "bad books" had paid well, as was seen by the fact that £600 a year had been paid for one stall at a London terminus. But this creditable determination of Mr. Smith has been good policy, even from the lowest point of view, although it has given some people the idea that they have a right to complain of the sale of certain sporting papers at the bookstalls. Another interesting fact which may be mentioned in this connection is Messrs. Smith's attitude towards Sunday papers. They have never called upon any of their workpeople to engage in Sunday labour except under real necessity save on one occasion, when the battle of Alma was fought, and the news reached England late on Saturday night. Then, to relieve the public anxiety, Messrs. Smith departed from their custom. But, save in such a case as this, wild horses would not drag a Sunday paper from Messrs. Smith, and a royal duke who ordered one to be delivered regularly some time ago had to place his order elsewhere. Messrs. Smith championed the cause of six-day papers in the agitation last year, and contributed largely to the success of the movement.

Racing the Mails.

Special trains and steamers were chartered in the early days to carry the papers to all parts, and many stories are told of the race with the mails. When the papers were sent by coach, the "Times," the latest London paper printed, would often miss the coach at the Adelphi, and the man whose duty it was to see to this matter had instructions never to let the country be without the "Times." When the coach was missed, he would follow it to Islington, and if, on reaching Islington, the coach was still ahead of him, he would follow it with swift horses until he came up to it. More

than once, in this way, the coach was followed from London to Birmingham. On the death of William IV., Messrs. Smith, by chartering a special steamer, carried the news to Ireland the same day, twenty-four hours before the arrival of the royal messenger; and such feats were not infrequent in the early days of railways.

How It Grew.

Time was when every clerk made a weekly return of the books he sold at upwards of a shilling, and the list was often written on half a sheet of notepaper, but the sheet of notepaper has been discarded long ago, and the bookstalls are the busiest "shops" in England. Since the business assumed its present name, in 1846, it has divided itself into four great branches—the bookstall trade, the newspaper agency, the advertising agency, and the library. All these departments were initiated by Mr. W. H. Smith. Old Mr. Smith, like the dilatory brother of earlier years, had little faith in the new ventures, and openly opposed his son more than once. But "W. H." had set his heart on establishing a business such as England had never seen, and he gained his way in the end. When he was made a junior partner, at twenty-one, the business was worth £80,000; to-day it is worth that many times over. In a very short time all the leading railway companies had granted Messrs. Smith the sole right to use their platforms for business purposes, and to-day there are, throughout the kingdom, over a thousand railway bookstalls, great and small. Then, when the railway companies advertised for tenders for the right of advertising on their walls, Messrs. Smith were again successful in securing this monopoly, and to-day they have the biggest advertising agency in the world. In the first year of this departure they paid the railway companies over £7,000 as rent for their walls.

Last year nearly ten million yards of twine were used to tie up parcels at Messrs. Smith's head offices, and this twine, in one huge ball, would weigh over fifty tons. The string bill runs up to £3,000 a year.

How tremendous the business of circulating newspapers has become a single example of a morning's work will suffice to show. On the day after Mr. Gladstone introduced the Home Rule Bill into the House of Commons, Messrs. Smith sent off 374,218 daily newspapers, weighing over forty-four tons! The average weight of papers for that morning—Tuesday—is thirty-five tons, so that Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill sent up the circulation of newspapers at the railway bookstalls by nearly nine and a half tons, and over 75,000 copies!

Fifty-six books of addresses are in constant use. It is not surprising that now and again some little slip should happen in a business so extensive, and the story is told, and has the merit of being quite true, that a gentleman once received a copy of a sixpenny paper every week for twenty years at the firm's expense, through the oversight of a clerk who had omitted to tick off the address in one of these fifty-six books.

Mr. Smith owed his fame and wealth to the sweat of his own brow, and the brain that God gave him. "God blesses everything I touch," he once said; and he was fond, when recalling the humble beginnings of the business, of quoting the motto on his father's seal, "Relying not on fortune, but on God." It was a great motto for a great business.

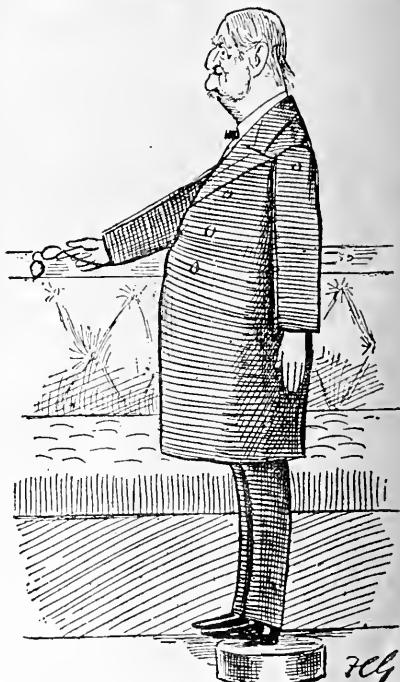
Tricks of Orators.

Mr. Lucy, in the "Strand" for March, gives some amusing examples of the tricks of orators. He says:—

The familiar story of the barrister who acquired a habit of fingering a particular button when he was pleading, and who lost the thread of his discourse when the button was secretly and maliciously cut off, finds no parallel in the House of Commons. But whilst in no case is a mannerism of the kind marked

to exaggerated extent, several frequent participants in debate have certain tricks of action more or less indispensable to successful speech. Mr. Gladstone's gestures, like his other resources, were infinite. At one time—it was during the fever-heat of the turbulent Parliament of 1880-5—he fell into a habit of emphasising his points either by beating his clenched fist into the open palm of his left hand, or violently thumping the harmless box with open right hand. This last trick was recurrence to an earlier manner, observation of which drew from Disraeli an expression of heartfelt thanksgiving that so substantial a piece of furniture as the table of the House of Commons separated him from the right hon. gentleman.

In its fuller development the exercise became so violent it occasionally happened that the very point he desired especially to force on the attention of his audience was lost in the clamour of collision. Mr. Gladstone



AUTOMATIC GESTURES.—I. SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT.

was, of course, unconscious of this habit, as he was of another trick, manœuvred by stretching his right arm to its full length, rigidly extending his fingers, and lightly scratching the top of his head with his thumbnail.

The Premier's colleagues on the Treasury Bench were so perturbed by the fisticuffing, which frequently gave cause to the enemy to guffaw, that they proposed among themselves that one of them should delicately call his attention to the matter. The proposal was pleasing, but who was to bell the cat? After fruitless discussion of this question in the inner camp, the Dean of Windsor, an old personal friend of Mr. Gladstone's, was meanly approached and induced to undertake the task. I don't know how the mission fared. Its curative effects were certainly not permanent.

Wooden Gestures.

Sir William Harcourt, while addressing the House of Commons, has a persuasive habit of lightly swinging his eyeglasses suspended from his outstretched forefinger. He also, when occasion arises, thumps the box with mailed fist. When he fires a heavy shot into the opposite camp he revolves swiftly on his heel, looking to right and left of the benches behind him in jubilant response to the cheers that applaud his success. Mr. Arthur Balfour, whose always growing perfection of Parliamentary debate sloughs off tricks of manner, is still sometimes seen holding on to himself with both hands by the lapels of his coat, apparently afraid that otherwise he might run away before his speech was ended. A similar fancy is suggested by Mr. Goschen's trick of feeling himself over, especially in the neighbourhood of the ribs. Finding he is all right (on the spot, so to speak), he proceeds to wash his hands with invisible soap in imperceptible water.

Even more apologetic in manner when delivering an excellent speech is Mr. Lecky. If he had chanced to be born, like another Irish member, long since departed, without arms or legs, he would be a much more effective debater. As it is there are arms and legs, even of exceptional length, and Mr. Lecky, whilst discoursing on high themes of politics, painfully conscious of their presence, mutely apologises for their intrusion.



AUTOMATIC GESTURES--II. SIR JOHN GORST.

Lord George Hamilton, explaining away Chitral campaigns, or other awkward things, with swift action and painful precision, rearranges the pages of his MS. notes. Using both hands to move a sheet off the box on to the table, he straightway, with equally anxious care, returns it. Sheets of paper have an irresistible fascination for the Secretary of State for India. Seated on Treasury Bench following the debate, he occupies himself hour after hour in folding sheets of paper into strips, re-folding them lengthwise, and tearing them up in square inches. If his life, or even his office, depended on the mathematical accuracy of the square, he could not devote more time to its achievement.

Sir John Gorst, leaning an elbow on the box, turns his head slowly to the left, then to the right, as if he were expecting the entrance upon the scene of the corporate body of that mystic entity the Committee of Council. Lord Rosebery is a more marked offender than Sir John in the matter of the almost fatally ineffective habit of leaning an elbow on the table whilst addressing the House. In the Lords the effect is more disastrous, since neither Ministers nor ex-Ministers have anything corresponding to the historic boxes on the table

of the House of Commons. Sir John Gorst, falling into this attitude, has not to stoop lower than the height of the box. Lord Rosebery, lounging at the table of the House of Lords, is fain considerably to stoop, an attitude not attractive in itself or conducive to effective speaking. But then Lord Rosebery's speech, whether in the House of Lords or elsewhere, is so precious and so welcome, it does not matter how he chooses to stand in the act of delivery.

Lord Salisbury has no gestures when he gets up to speak, but he makes up for the deficiency before he rises. It is easy to know when he intends to take part in a current debate. If he does, his right leg, crossed over his left knee, will be observed jogging at a pace equivalent to ten miles an hour on a level track. The working of this curious piece of machinery seems indispensable to the framing of the exquisitely pungent, perfectly-phrased sentences presently to be spoken without the assistance of written notes.

Of all the tricks attendant upon speech in Parliament, the late Mr. Whalley, long time member for Peterborough, practised the strangest and the most inexplicable. Whenever he rose to speak, and he was frequently on his legs when the Jesuits or the non-believers in the Ticeborne Claimant were to the fore, he thrice tapped with the knuckles of his right hand the bench before him. What this might portend, whether it was in the nature of an incantation or invocation, I cannot say. I can only testify that, during the Parliament that met in 1874 and was dissolved in 1880, Mr. Whalley sat on the second bench behind the Opposition Leader, immediately under my box in the Press Gallery. I closely watched for the uncanny movement, and never once saw him rise without the preliminary of this weird signal.

An Undelivered Speech.

During the storm and stress of obstruction in Parnell's palmy days, a strange accident befell one of his faithful followers. He had devoted much time and the appliance of native genius to the preparation of a speech in a current debate. In order that the area of humanity benefiting might be as large as possible, he arranged with the editor of the newspaper circulating among his constituency in the West of Ireland for a verbatim report. This was made possible by the simple and inexpensive means of furnishing the paper in advance with a copy of his speech. By way of precaution against misadventure, it was arranged that unless a telegram reached the office by midnight announcing postponement, the report should be inserted in the morning's issue.

It happened that out of embarrassment of riches in the way of obstruction, the Irish members on this night broke out in a fresh place. Moving the adjournment, they upset the ordered arrangement of business, occupying the evening with the newly-launched wrangle. Meanwhile, their colleague, with the MS. of his oration in his breast-pocket, and painfully conscious of another copy in type in the newspaper office, sat upon thorns. At any moment the irregular debate on the adjournment might close, the Order of the Day might be called on, and with it would come opportunity of delivering his speech.

Just after eleven o'clock this turn of events seemed close at hand. But the conversation dragged on, and at half-past eleven the worn-out watcher, giving up in despair, telegraphed to hold back the report. Unfortunately it was a stormy night outside as well as inside the House of Commons. The message was not delivered till the paper had gone to press with a full report of "our hon. member's speech in the House of Commons last night," supplemented by some editorial reflections on the influence it was likely to have on the course of public affairs, and the conscience of the Chief Secretary.

That was bad enough. Worse still was the circumstance that the sub-editor, reading the proof, had plentifully interpolated "cheers," "laughter," "loud laughter," cries of "Oh! oh!" these last from the Minis-

terialists writhing under the lash of our hon. member's oratory.

There is nothing new under the sun. A similar accident befell another and a greater Irishman. It was otherwise notable for the fact that it led to Thackeray's first appearance in print. It befel when he was a lad, some fifteen years old, staying with his stepfather, Major Synthe, who, turning his sword into a plough-share, settled down as a gentleman farmer in Devonshire.

It happened that Lalor Sheil, the Irish orator, proposed to advocate the policy of emancipation at a mass meeting on Peneden Heath, in Kent. When he presented himself to deliver his discourse, there burst forth an outcry that prevented a sentence being heard beyond the limits of the cart on which he stood. Happily, he had observed the precaution before leaving town of sending to the morning papers a copy of his projected speech. Accordingly, though unspoken at Peneden, it appeared in the morning newspapers in verbatim form.

Boy Thackeray thus described the incident:—

"He strove to speak, but the men of Kent

Began a grievous shouting;

When out of the waggon the little man went

And put stop to his spouting.

"What though these heretics heard me not,

Quoth he to his friend Canonical,

'My speech is safe in the "Times," I wot;

And eke in the "Morning Chronicle."'

An Inaudible Speech.

At best, Lalor Sheil was not equipped by Nature for the difficult task of addressing a mass meeting out of doors. Mr. Gladstone, who heard many of his speeches, and had a profound admiration for his eloquence, described his voice as "resembling the sound of a tin kettle beaten about from place to place."

There is a curious note of heredity in the fact that his kinsman and successor in the House of Commons, Mr. Edward Sheil, was equally weak in the matter of voice. Once he managed to deliver a long speech without sound of voice.

He acted as Whip to the party, a post for which he had the prime qualification of being popular on both



AUTOMATIC GESTURES.—III. LORD SALISBURY.

sides of the House. As Whip, he was not expected to contribute to the campaign of speech-making carried on by his colleagues with a view to obstructing public business. As a rule he availed himself of his privilege, remaining a silent spectator of the fun.

One night, after prolonged sitting, when the ordinary contributors to speech-making from the Irish side were worn out, Mr. Sheil gallantly undertook to hold the field while his comrades had a brief rest. He rose from the third bench below the gangway on the Opposition side. The Speaker had called him; he was in possession of the House, and members turned with languid interest to hear what he might have to say.

A dead silence fell over the Chamber. Members, looking more closely to see why Mr. Sheil had not commenced his speech, observed that his lips were moving. Also, from time to time, he with outstretched arm enforced by gesture a point he thought he had made. But not a whisper escaped his lips. After a while members beginning to enter into the fun of the thing cried, "Hear, Hear!" Thus encouraged, Mr. Sheil's oratorical action became more forcible and frequent, but never a sound from his lips was heard. The scene went on for fully a quarter of an hour, amid rapturous cheering from the delighted House, Mr. Sheil resuming his seat with the air of a man who felt he had spoken to the point.

What is to be Done with the Boer Republics?

The "Australasian Pastoralists' Review" publishes a long and able article, entitled "Pax Britannica," which is really a discussion—from the Australian point of view—of the present war in South Africa, and of the future of the Boer Republics. The war, it is argued, was inevitable. The criticisms on its conduct by amateurs and foreigners have been hasty and crude, where they have not been unfriendly. "The English, unlike the Carthaginians, do not crucify their unsuccessful generals." As to the future, the "Australasian Pastoralists' Review" says:—

The Australasian colonies, Canada, and other parts of the Empire which have shared in the sacrifices of the war have most naturally claimed a voice, and inasmuch as there exists no grand council of the Empire in which they have a voice, they have properly addressed themselves directly to the British Government. The British Government may, however, be trusted to make no mistake this time. Should any doubt arise, the clear course of those who desire the question of supremacy to be settled now is to lay down this axiom: "There can be no treaty of peace; the Pax Britannica will be accorded to the Republics; no other solution is possible."

The Orange Free State.

The Orange Free State was at absolute peace with England. There were no questions between them—no strained relations. There were likes and dislikes between the peoples, but numerous British lived in the towns at amity with the Dutch. The inhabitants had no desire for war, though as in the case of the Cape, numerous young men were willing to take part in it. In these circumstances, the State Government, with the utmost deliberation and without a quarrel or a cause of quarrel, joined a State with which we happened to fall out, and proceeded to invade Natal and Cape Colony. It went a great deal further than this; an invasion might still imply a defensive war, and the excuse might be made that the Government was overcome by a sense of race-loyalty: it might even try and explain away the systematic and profitable pillage of British towns and

offer to pay compensation, but it can never explain away the vain but elaborately-conceived annexation of British districts. The greed of individuals may explain the thieving, but greed of conquest rather than blood brotherhood is now seen to have been the leading motive actuating the Free State Government. For this the Free State people must be held fully responsible. The law of self-preservation, which justified Germany in tearing away two loyal provinces from France, applies, unfettered by any other considerations, to this State.

The Transvaal.

The law of the conqueror is the only law for such a case. The people are far less civilised than those of the Orange Free State, and will require a more stringent government, but it must be the government of a conqueror—rigid, uncompromising, and just. In this State the British element located in towns is large, and will become rapidly larger. It is quite possible that the numerical superiority of this factor may dominate the situation at a very early date, and facilitate dealing with this problem. At the worst, as a British Crown colony “of a severe type,” the people of these States will possess more actual liberty than three-fourths of the population of Continental Europe.

The true cause of this trouble, viz., the gross ignorance of the Dutch, must be removed by means of a public education scheme on a bilingual basis; all must learn English; the predominance of our language is essential (that, of course, will not touch this generation); the strength of the conquering arm of Great Britain must be felt, so that it shall never again be questioned. The process of regeneration may then begin. For the Dutch population there must be but one outlook. One hundred and fifty years ago the French population of Canada had to be subjected to a similar conquest. They are now in absolutely as good a position as that of an independent nation. That position they have earned solely by their own good conduct. Such position is equally open to the Dutch of the Cape and of the reconquered provinces, but they must similarly earn it.

Mr. Augustine Birrell on Taste in Books.

The March “Cornhill” contains Mr. Augustine Birrell’s Edinburgh lecture on Taste, under the title, “Is it Possible to Tell a Good Book from a Bad One?” It is a thoroughly characteristic essay. Mr. Birrell begins by quoting Voltaire: “The necessity of saying something, the perplexity of having nothing to say, and a desire of being witty, are three circumstances which alone are capable of making even the greatest writer ridiculous.” Mr. Birrell disclaims any desire to be witty, but his paper proves how successfully a brilliant writer can transform the three circumstances referred to into an occasion of victory.

The Gist of It All.

All that Mr. Birrell has to say is by him obligingly summed up in his concluding paragraph:—

To tell a good book from a bad one is, then, a trouble-some job, demanding, first, a strong understanding; second, knowledge, the result of study and comparison; third, a delicate sentiment. If you have some measure of these gifts, which, though in part the gift of the gods, may also be acquired, and can always be improved, and can avoid prejudice—political prejudice, social prejudice, religious prejudice, irreligious prejudice, the prejudice of the place where you could not help being born,

the prejudices of the university whither chance sent you, all the prejudices that came to you by way of inheritance, and all the prejudices you have picked up on your own account as you went along—if you can give all these the slip and manage to live just a little above the clouds and mists of your own generation, why then, with luck, you may be right nine times out of ten in your judgment of a dead author, and ought not to be wrong more frequently than perhaps three times out of seven in the case of a living author; for it is, I repeat, a very difficult thing to tell a good book from a bad one.

What is Good Taste?

Mr. Birrell pronounces Burke’s the best definition of good taste, but first gives his own conception of it. He says:—

Speaking for myself, I could wish for nothing better, apart from moral worth, than to be the owner of a taste at once manly, refined and unaffected, which should enable me to appreciate real excellence in literature and art, and to deprecate bad intentions and feeble execution wherever I saw them. To be for ever alive to merit in poem or in picture, in statue or in bust; to be able to distinguish between the grand, the grandiose, and the merely bumptious; to perceive the boundary between the simplicity which is divine and that which is ridiculous, between gorgeous rhetoric and vulgar ornamentation, between pure and manly English, meant to be spoken or read, and sugared phrases, which seem intended, like lollipops, for suction; to feel yourself going out in joyful admiration for whatever is noble and permanent, and freezing inwardly against whatever is pretentious, wire-drawn, and temporary—this indeed is to taste of the fruit of the tree, once forbidden, of the knowledge of good and evil.

“The Desire to be Witty.”

There is thus nothing novel in what Mr. Birrell has to say; but how he says it—that makes all the difference:—

This desire of being witty, sneered at as it always is, has in most cases an honourable, because a humane, origin. It springs from pity for the audience. . . . This desire to amuse just a little ought not, therefore, to be so very contemptible, springing as it does from the pity that is akin to love. But now, to me at all events, it matters not to whom this desire is related or by whom it was begot. I have done with it. Ten years in the House of Commons and on the political platform have cured me of a weakness I now feel to be unmanly; I no longer pity my audiences; I punish them.

The Swarm of Books.

Speaking of the literary output, Mr. Birrell remarks:—

A great crowd of books is as destructive of the literary instinct, which is a highly delicate thing, as is a London evening party of the social instinct. To limit this output is of course impossible. Nothing can stop it. Agricultural depression did not hit it. Declining trade never affected it. It is confidently anticipated that the millionaires of the future will be the writers of really successful shilling shockers, and farces that take the town. “Charley’s Aunt” has made more money than would be represented by the entire fortunes of Sir Walter Scott, Thackeray, and Dickens all added together.

Of positive counsel, perhaps the epitome is the writer’s sentence:—

Tradition is the most trustworthy advertisement and the wisest advice.

The proportion of Christians to non-Christians in mankind is the subject of a paper by Mr. Harold Macfarlane in the “Sunday Magazine.”

Tributes to John Ruskin.

Julia Wedgwood, whose acquaintance with Ruskin dates back many a year, contributes to the "Contemporary Review" a very well-written appreciation of the dead prophet. It is the earliest period of his genius, she says, which was most fruitful. When he speaks of Nature and Art he seems inspired. When he turns to finance, politics, and to social and legislative arrangements, he has neither sober judgment nor sound conviction.

A Protestant Catholic.

Ruskin was a Catholic and a Protestant at once: He has told us in his deeply interesting fragments of autobiography that his mother made him learn the Bible by heart, and has actually expressed his gratitude to her for the discipline. His Scotch blood somehow benefited by a process which might, one would think, have resulted in making him loathe the deepest poetry in the world's literature. The Bible has passed into his heart, his imagination, not less effectively than into his memory; so far he is a Scotchman and a Protestant. But he could not be a Protestant in an exclusive sense. We cannot indeed say that his writings are untouched by this narrow Protestantism: his criticism of Raphael's well-known cartoon of the giving the keys to Peter seems to me even a grotesque instance of it. To blame a great Church painter for translating into pictorial record the symbolism of the command "Feed my sheep," instead of reproducing with careful accuracy the details of a chapter of St. John he may never have read—this we must confess to be a strange aberration of genius into something like stupidity. It is so far characteristic that it expresses Ruskin's hatred of the Renaissance; but it leads the reader who seeks to understand his real bent of sympathy astray. The spirit of the Renaissance was equally hostile to Catholicism and Protestantism. Ruskin, by birth and breeding a child of stern Scotch Protestantism, was by the necessities of his art-life an exponent of that which is enduring in the influence of the Catholic Church.

Ruskin as Poet.

Ruskin brought Wordsworth's ideas fresh to the mind of men, dyed with fresh splendour and purified of their clogging accretions. Both writers bring home to the reader's mind that he who sees only outward things sees these incompletely:—

If Ruskin were remembered only as one who had taught us to look at the outward face of Nature, we should have incurred a deep debt of gratitude to him, but he could not have done that if he had done nothing else. He could not have unveiled the beauty of earth and sky unless to him beauty had been also language. If to many of those who were most moved by his glowing words it remained mere beauty, it was much to them because it was more to him. The message of a teacher, as it lives in the mind of a learner, is necessarily incomplete. If it is to be a vital growth it must be also a fragment.

A Spiritual Democrat.

I should sum up the impressions I have tried to revive in saying that Ruskin seemed to me to gather up all that was best in spiritual democracy. Of what may be called his democracy in a more exact sense I have confessed that I have nothing to say. In spite of some weighty testimony, I cannot regard it as even a very strong influence from him on his time; it seems to me rather the vivid expression of a strong influence upon him from others. But it sprang from the central core of his teaching, his belief in beauty as a Divine Sacrament. For this belief involves the conviction

that this table of the Lord must be open to all. From that feast none must be shut out. And the discovery that whole classes are shut out, that the bulk of the world's workers cannot see the beauty of a tree or a flower, because sordid cares and physical wretchedness weave an opaque veil before their eyes—this discovery made Ruskin a Socialist. Why, he seemed always saying, should a message, in its nature universal, be silenced by luxury on the one hand as much as by penury on the other? The feverish hunt for wealth curtains off the influence of Nature almost as much as does the desperate struggle with poverty, while the commercial development which creates a few millionaires and a mass of overdriven workers (so he reasoned) creates also a hideous world. He longed to spread the truly human life. He hated the phase of civilisation which cut off, as he thought, from whole classes of men the power to drink in the message of Nature and of Art.

JOHN RUSKIN AND HIS VICAR.

Ruskin as he seemed to his vicar is an aspect of "the Master" not without its place in the host of obituary notices. There is something almost humorous as well as pathetic in seeing the prophet mirrored in the retina of the parish priest. These are elements of value attaching to "Reminiscences of the late Professor Ruskin, by the Rev. C. Chapman, vicar of Coniston," in the "Sunday Magazine" for March. The writer proceeds to show that Mr. Ruskin was firstly a God-fearing man, secondly a man-loving man (why does the phrase suggest a man-eating tiger?), thirdly a self-humiliating man. He sets to work to prove the truth of each of these "heads" in succession. He recounts how he admonished Mr. Ruskin as to his duty of attending regularly at the "house of prayer," and how Mr. Ruskin dutifully accepted the word of exhortation. He preached a sermon glorifying Jael for slaying Sisera, to which Sir James Picton took exception, but which Mr. Ruskin defended. "This," adds the vicar, "shows Mr. Ruskin to have been an intelligent student of Holy Writ."

The writer narrates how, again and again, Mr. Ruskin sent him sums of money from £5 to £25 at a time for distribution among the poor, or to provide entertainments for the children—an example which the vicar commends to the notice of other rich men. At a dinner given by Mr. Ruskin to the children of Coniston, the vicar describes the difficulty he had in getting the donor to address the little guests: "and when he had addressed them, in language simple, eloquent, and replete with sage instruction, he seemed to shrink into himself as if he had done something not worth commendation." There is a strange mingling of the tragic with something almost approaching to the ludicrous in the feelings roused by this paragraph:—

The crowning illustration of his humility was sometime in 1887, when he and I alone were standing by his study fire in mutual converse. He said, "I wish that I could feel that I have been of use, or done much good in the world." I said, "Sir, you appear not to understand the nature of the work in which you have

been engaged. You have improved the tone in morals, you have elevated and purified the taste in art, you have set the example of practical utility, you have ennobled labour to the working man, and all the world is redolent with your praise. No, sir. You have done much good, believe me! if only to set the world a-thinking. What we want is this, that the work we do may be consecrated to God, and that He might accept and bless it." To this he readily assented, and seemed refreshed when I parted from him.

I was struck with the humble way in which he expressed himself and the meekness with which he listened to me.

Everyone will agree that the vicar has proved his three points, especially the last.

"Blackwood's Magazine" plays Devil's Advocate to Ruskin with a vengeance in its March number. The writer of the anonymous article will allow Mr. Ruskin no single good quality except his style, and even that was only sometimes good, and when good style was good style of a bad kind. According to "Maga," Mr. Ruskin was a pedant, arrogant, dogmatic, rude, lacking in sense of proportion, paradoxical, vain, violent in language, and extravagant in sentiment—in short, he had just such defects as we are accustomed to expect in "Blackwood," and which we get in plenty in this very article.

Russia's Cesspool and Reservoir.

"Siberia," says J. Y. Simpson in the "Scottish Geographical Magazine" for January, "is at once the reservoir of Russia and its cesspool." Mr. Simpson's paper on "The New Siberia" suggests that even the cesspool is being transformed into a fertilising agent. After describing the great railway, he goes on to speak of the fascination of Siberia for the emigrant.

The Siberian Character.

He has a pleasant account to give of the Siberian. He says:—

The original Russian population of Siberia is mainly drawn from three sources—the Cossacks who first conquered the country, the exiles, political and criminal, and the great band of religious dissenters. Now, if we consider these three classes, bearing in mind with regard to the second that the unfit criminal exiles are weeded out by natural selection and do not survive, we see that, as a whole, they consist of men and women who were in some way, intellectually or physically, more active or more earnest than their fellow-countrymen who remained in European Russia. The result is that to-day the average Siberian is a more vigorous and intelligent man than the average Russian. He picks up a thing more quickly; his life is richer, brighter. There is, on the whole, a greater approximation to a normal state of existence in Siberia than in Russia; and the political exiles are not slow to see this, and take advantage of it by remaining on when their term is finished.

These facts show for the hundredth time the falsity of the Russophobe's traditional conception of Siberia.

A More Progressive Canada.

The development which has taken place since the accession of the Peacemaker is most striking:—

The new voluntary emigration movement really runs parallel with the progress of the Trans-Siberian railway scheme, for prior to its commencement certain restrictions had been laid upon intending colonists. But with the new era the Government encouraged intending settlers in many ways. They were taken out by railway at rates corresponding to less than one shilling to the hundred miles. On their arrival in Siberia, they received in the western Governments grants of forty acres of land each, and were exempted from taxes for three years, while in many of the hardest cases temporary financial relief was granted to an extent not exceeding £10.

In spite of the numbers that have returned home to European Russia, having spent their all upon a fruitless errand, the fascination of the new country grows yearly stronger, and it is probably little exaggeration to say that, since Nicholas II. formally ascended the throne, an annual average of 200,000 people has gone out to claim a lot and portion in this new Land of Promise. An interesting comparison could be worked out between Siberia and Canada, which would show, amongst other things, that in the matter of actual colonisation, under conditions much less favourable, the Eastern Dominion has made relatively the greater progress, the difference in density of population between these two northern territories being merely fractional.

"No Struggle for Existence."

It is quite an idyllic picture which Mr. Simpson offers:—

The official hand lies lighter; class distinctions have reached the vanishing point where there is practically only one large class, and where there never was serfdom; orthodox ecclesiastical injunction has not the same binding force where heterodoxy peacefully thrives. Now, as in Russia, the people are essentially agricultural, only more so. As in Russia, the peasants live almost entirely in villages or hamlets, which are more simple, if possible, than those on the western side of the Urals. The soil in the southern zone of Siberia is often very rich; much of the provinces of Tobolsk and Tomsk is overlaid with the famous tchernoziom (black earth). The virgin tracts are remarkably prolific, and thirty to forty crops are often gathered in without any prolonged interval of repose. Further, there is a great abundance of live stock in peasant hands, especially of horses; cattle are not often used as beasts of burden or for purposes of draught, while breeding rarely ranks as an occupation. The transport of the interminable caravans of tea and other merchandise, travellers and convicts, always to be seen upon the great post trakt, has hitherto proved an assured source of revenue to the villagers along that route. And so there has never been a struggle for existence in the Siberian peasant's life; means of subsistence lie at his hand; beggary is unknown. In spite of this he is characterised by idleness, a certain obstinacy, and a lack of perseverance and energy, and he possesses these qualities, these failings, in a more marked degree than his western compatriots.

How Women Workers Live.

One of the most interesting articles in the "Nineteenth Century" for March is that in which Miss Emily Hobhouse gives a summary of the census made by the Women's Industrial Council as to the ways of living and wishes of working women in London. The report is based on five hundred

forms filled up by women of fifteen different callings, residing in different parts of London and the suburbs, and deals mainly with the rent and accommodation which women of limited incomes are able to afford in London.

Income and Rent.

The average income of the five hundred women from whom particulars were obtained was £128 19s., out of which the average amount paid for rent was £28 4s. Of these women all but sixty-seven, who reside in boarding-houses, lived in lodgings, flats, or rooms. Professional incomes varied from £20 to a little over £100, and occasionally higher; but it is the addition of private means which raises the average to £128 19s. 21.7 per cent. of the average income is paid for rent. The total number of rooms occupied by 367 occupants was 639, or a hundred short of two rooms apiece.

How Women Live.

The opinions evoked from the occupants of these rooms are by no means flattering. Nearly all complain of dreariness, bad food, loneliness, expense, and discomfort. The following are some of their remarks:—

Have tried several sets; indifferent or bad food is the chief drawback.

Too expensive, badly managed, food inferior, and too many restrictions.

Chronic indigestion owing to regime.

Petty restrictions and petticoat government.

I have been in flat without a servant and too ill for several days to dress and go and summon anyone to fetch a doctor or a friend.

I want (writes another) the ordinary creature comforts necessary to a woman who returns fagged and worked out.

I have worked with many hundreds of women during the last fourteen years, and generally they have spoken of the extreme loneliness of living in lodgings.

Those who lived in women's flats are almost unanimous in complaining of tyrannical restrictions:—

I left on account of high rent for very limited accommodation; rules in ladies' chambers are often oppressive; little or no competition; and the shareholders receive a high rate of interest—5 per cent. in many cases.

I am leaving because of the irritating rules. They should avoid treating tenants as a cross between a pauper lunatic and a rebellious schoolgirl.

Because of high rent, poor accommodation, discomfort of public dining-room, and interference on the part of the officials.

To Admit Men.

A large number of the women were against chambers for women only, and declared that the ideal community would be a place where both men and women would be allowed to live. The following are some of their opinions:—

It is unwholesome to exclude men and make a sort of worldly nunnery of such a dwelling.

The presence of men keeps up the standard of food. Certainly admit them; the cooking is better where men are allowed.

A very necessary thing, and the only hope of keeping things up to the mark.

This would ensure the food being of a better quality. I go now to a "mixed" boarding-house, because men insist on good and sufficient food, and that makes things better; women by themselves appear to dread strikes.

The Ideal Women's Home.

Miss Hobhouse sets forth her ideas as to the ideal woman's residence in the following passage:—

A quiet spot in Bloomsbury—for Bloomsbury is the beloved, the chosen of working women—finding that, perhaps Westminster; but in any case not far removed from the indefatigable and indispensable bus. Upon this spot a large building to contain accommodation for perhaps two hundred educated working people. It might contain about fifty single or combination rooms, a hundred sets of double rooms, and twenty-five sets of three and four rooms each. In the more commodious sets two friends might live together, or a brother and sister share a home. Aloft in the gables artists would pitch their easels, and musicians plead for sound-proof rooms in a far-off corner of the house. Below are the common rooms: a committee room, a library and newspaper room, a smoking-room for men and women, and—last, but not least—a large dining-hall, where no one should be bound to feed, but which, under the management of a representative committee, should be catered for to the satisfaction of the tenants. Attached would be a work-room or "mendery," where stockings with the large holes that are the despair of Saturday night, shirt-buttons hanging by a thread, ragged braids of skirts, and all the sundry evils that garments are heirs to, should find speedy attention at the hands of an experienced needlewoman. This practical suggestion is due to Miss Hitchcock's long experience of London life, and is perhaps only excelled by Mrs. Percy Bunting's scheme for the service of such a household. Her idea is a contiguous building for the servants, a hostel, possibly connected with the main block, where those who serve the house should dwell. They should be engaged on a twofold principle—a certain number working for the management under the Warden, the rest engaged by and responsible to individual tenants. The advantages of such a plan will be at once obvious to those who are familiar with the working of the charwoman system. Living in proximity to their work, servants in the hostel could arrange for morning and evening service, and have free hours in the middle of the day.

Value of the Colonial Forces.

Lieutenant-General J. F. Owen, writing in the "Fortnightly Review" on "The Colonial Forces," gives some particulars as to their organisation and efficiency. The article is too detailed and covers too many subjects to be quoted at length here. It is interesting, however, to have General Owen's judgment—which is that while the men and spirit of the colonial forces are excellent, their armament often leaves much to be desired. The standard of shooting is not, on the whole, high. As to the composition of the forces, General Owen says:

Mounted Infantry is the nature of force best suited to the conditions of life and climate of the colonies, excepting in the capital cities, a few large towns, and some portions, perhaps, of Canada, and it certainly is the most popular. The farther back one goes, into the agricultural districts, and then the pastoral, the bush, or backwoods, the material becomes in many ways better, but the difficulties of getting men together for organisation, drill, and rifle practice become much greater. The force should, however, be largely developed; so far

it has not been brought up to the strength it should be, because it is more expensive than infantry, and partly because an academic necessity was supposed to exist for having a certain proportion of infantry (dismounted) in the total military forces of the colony. The value of mounted infantry was not, indeed, understood in the colonies better than elsewhere. In 1885 I found not a single corps existing in South Australia; the Government agreed, however, to necessary alterations in their Act, and in a very short time 600 were raised, and, had funds been available, the number could have been increased without difficulty. The zeal of the officers and men is sometimes wonderful; many think nothing of riding forty to fifty miles (and back again) to the drill or shooting ground. The officers work hard, under great difficulties, to acquire the necessary rudiments of drill and tactics, and a newly-raised company very soon works into shape, though niceties cannot be much attended to; bad seasons, and the rather nomadic life many men lead, often affect, and sometimes break up, a corps, but with the available money it is easy to start another elsewhere. In view of South African experience, the mounted infantry of the Colonies (especially in Australia and South Africa) will certainly be increased.

Make Rifle Practice a National Sport.

"A Chance for the Public Schools" is the title which Mr. C. J. Cornish gives to his suggestion in the "National Review." He laments that the 30,000 boys now in our public schools are expected to devote their spare time to every kind of physical exercise except the one most directly serviceable to their country. They must be expert in cricket, or football, or rowing, or racquet: but no parent minds if his boy is unable to hit a target at 500 yards, or even to load a rifle. He urges that the practice of rifle-shooting should be taken up as vigorously as these other sports. A rifle range should be as indispensable as a cricket field. Every boy should be taught to shoot. Cadets in the school corps should be encouraged to spend much time at the butts.

This would be a direct addition to the fighting forces of the country. "One-fourth of the thirty thousand sons of well-to-do parents leaving school at a military age, all equipped with the knowledge of how to use arms, and fair shots, will be seven thousand per annum—or about one half of the number annually passed into the Reserve from our regular army." Its indirect effect would be even greater. "The greater part of the universal 'devotion' of the taste for athletic games, especially for football, among the working-classes has been passed on from the public school boys." And the rage for rifle practice would pass on in the same way. "The public school boys would teach the local boys the use of the rifle as they did that of the football. They would be the leaders in village rifle clubs, and the taste would go deeper and wider yearly."

"The Civil and Moral Benefits of Drill" are set out in a short article by the Rev. G. Sale Reaney in the "Nineteenth Century" for March. Mr.

Reaney recommends that after leaving school all boys should be put through a course of compulsory drill. Compulsion, he points out, is a principle of all education, and there is no more reason why it should cease at fourteen than at any other age; and compulsory drill would serve as a useful antidote to many forms of sport which have become corrupted through professionalism and gambling.

South African Climate and Contour.

The Rev. W. Gresswell, writing on "Some Aspects of the Boer War," gives some interesting particulars as to the physical characteristics of the South African climate and terrain. He says:—

The rainy season on the west of the Drakensberg, and along the central and western provinces of the Cape Colony, takes place in winter, exactly the reverse of Natal and the eastern coasts. It is said that the Boers waited for the rains before they made their descent upon Natal, and that their strategy was based upon a climatic consideration. This is probable enough, for the Boers do not carry about hay and forage, as their hardy Cape horses depend upon the grasses of the veldt. But the argument for the invasion of the eastern side does not apply with equal force to the central and western portions of South Africa. There has been the usual short spring round the Modder River, and the veldt gets easily burned up by the sun shining so long from unclouded skies. It is more than probable that the Boer horses in the vicinity of Kimberley have a great and growing difficulty in keeping themselves alive on the veldt.

The impetuous character of the rivers of South Africa is as much artificial as natural:—

In the first place, the forests of yellow wood and sneeze wood, and other useful trees, have been cut down recklessly, and the sides of the kloots exposed to the action of the storms, and all the reservoirs of moisture that deep foliated woods harbour taken away at a blow. Nor has anything been planted for the use of future generations. Again, where large flocks of sheep and Angora goats have been driven backwards and forwards to their kraals morning and evening, they have made little paths on the sloping terraces of the hillside, and literally trampled out the veldt. Every small path becomes a runnel of water, constantly widening and deepening, until it makes a deep "sluit," or water-hole, under the action of the sudden rains. At the same time this hastens the process of surface draining. Add to this the practice of constantly burning off huge areas of the veldt in order to get the young growth, and it will be seen how the hand of man has helped in the task of denudation. Before civilised man came to South Africa, this denudation took place speedily enough. The very look of the South African mountains, with their keen and serrated outlines, which the transparent atmosphere of the veldt does not soften, is a proof of this. The numberless "kopjes," or little heads, are a proof also. Centuries of storms have washed down the tall berg into a "kop" or "kopje;" on all sides lie littered about in grand confusion great slabs, huge boulders, fragments worthy of Stonehenge, making avenues of rocky paths, very often leading into subterraneous caves and passages. These kopjes are interspersed with rough and tangled growth, and thus provide an ideal place for ambush and defence. Not even modern artillery seems to have the devastating effect we should imagine against these fortresses.

Mr. Gresswell ends his article by the familiar anti-Boer tirade. On the whole, I prefer his geography to his anthropology.

A New Danger for Northern Africa.

In a most interesting and most alarming article in the "Nineteenth Century" for March, Mr. T. R. Threlfall forecasts the coming of "Senussi and his Threatened Holy War" in a manner which might make the least alarmist take alarm. It is indeed the coming of a new Mahdi, no longer merely predatory and conquering, but one endowed with all the moral and intellectual forces which form the basis of a triumphing spiritual movement, a movement which may shake the Mohammedan States, not only of Africa, but even of Asia, to their uttermost foundations.

Senussi and His Gospel.

Senussi, indeed, has already come. It is only the annunciation of the prophet which we now await. Mohammed-es-Senussi is the son of an Algerian lawyer, himself a holy man, who before he died in 1859 declared his son to be the true Mahdi, and announced a gospel which was to reform the old Mohammedanism and set up another in its place. Where Senussism has taken root it has invariably been followed by better government, and reform in private life. The emissaries of the new faith reside in every port of the Mediterranean and even possibly in the chief European capitals. They uphold morality, cultivate hospitality, demand obedience, and employ women as their agents, though refusing them admission to their order. The present Prophet and Mahdi, Sidi Senussi, is now fifty-five years of age, and has only once been seen by a European, the late Herr Nachtigal, who regarded him as immensely superior to the Dongalee Mahdi. During his long residence at Jerabub he taught 2,000 students in the great convent, with the object of becoming missionaries of his faith. He had an armoury and arsenal, and immense numbers of camels.

The Brewing of a Jihad.

A few years ago he removed to the town of Joffo, in Kufra Oasis, 500 miles from the Nile, and still farther from the Mediterranean, where he teaches his disciples and perfects his armaments undisturbed:—

Satisfying in every respect the Mohammedan conception of the true Mahdi (for not only is he stated to be directly descended from the great Mohammed's favourite wife, but he has one arm longer than another, as well as blue eyes, and the infallible mark between his shoulders), it is not surprising that he possesses a remarkable fascination for the imaginative and credulous races of North Africa. His colonies are found in Tripoli, Tunis, Algeria, and Morocco. His great secret brotherhood extends over the mysterious oases which dot the Great Sahara, embraces the strange tribes of the Tibesti highlands, controls the robber Tuaracks, and takes in the great States of Wadai, Borku, and Baghirmi, as well as the numberless tribes occupying the rich lands to the north of Lake Chad, and can even be found in Somaliland on the east, and Senegambia on the west. Nor is this all. Mohammedanism is making

marvellous progress in the interior of Africa. It is crushing Paganism out. Against it the Christian propaganda is a myth. And wherever Mohammedanism goes there goes the Senussi brotherhood. It is a beacon on the top of a hill waiting for the master hand to apply the spark. It is obviously difficult to give an approximate idea of the number of Senussi's affiliated members, inasmuch as that is alone known to the Mahdi and his lieutenants. In 1883, however, M. Duveyrier estimated them at three millions; since then the movement has grown enormously, so that there are now probably nine millions. This, however, only represents a fraction of the force which will be available when Senussi proclaims the Jihad. As those connected with powerful organisations well know, the moral force of the associated members often represents more than treble the total membership.

Statesman Now—Future Conqueror.

Sidi Senussi has given more than one indication of statesmanship. He has freed large numbers of slaves and educated them, with the result that every slave becomes an active propagandist, and the whole of Wadai has come under his influence. He possesses many of the qualifications of a great leader; and nothing is so certain as that when he gives the word, he will set Africa—and it may be Arabia, if not India—in a flame. The time, Mr. Threlfall thinks, has now come; and he regards the revolt of the Soudanese troops at Omdurman as the first signal of the coming storm:—

Failing a war between France and England, it is obvious that the most favourable time for Senussi to act would be when one of the two Powers named is embarrassed by a great war, and when it would consequently be unable to put an effective force in the field against him. That favourable moment has at last come. Never since the Crimean War has England been in such a parlous plight. With a war in South Africa on our hands, the extent and duration of which no man can foresee; devoid of an available army, if complications arise elsewhere; with weakened garrisons in India to control millions of Mohammedans, with a hostile Europe encouraging our enemies, with African barbarism sitting on the fence and ready to hurl itself upon us at the signs of assured defeat; and, most serious danger of all, with a Government in power which appears to be incapable of appreciating the gravity of the situation and shrinks from adopting those means by which alone the Empire can be safeguarded—surely Senussi could not wish for a more opportune moment to launch his thunderbolt.

The Dervishes of the Future.

Senussi is well aware of all this. In Algeria, Morocco, Egypt, in Tunis and in Europe, his secret agents act as so many eyes and ears with which he sees and hears what is passing amongst civilised people. There is even reason to believe that his followers have acquired from the black races of Africa the secret of brain telegraphy, by which they send messages over vast distances, and have information concerning recent battles in South Africa immediately after they took place:—

As a fighting element Senussi's followers will be infinitely superior to the wild and ill-armed tribesmen our troops encountered at Abu Klea, Metamnah, and Omdurman. Many of them will possess the improved weapons which have been accumulating for years at Jerabub and Joffo. As to their possession of artillery nothing is known, but their remarkable mobility, their wonderful powers of endurance, their marvellous

knowledge of this great inhospitable region, coupled with the fact that they can always retreat into the desert whither civilised troops cannot follow, are advantages of which they are thoroughly cognizant. If we multiply by a hundred-fold the long, exhausting, and costly conquest of Algeria by the French, we may obtain some idea of what a holy war proclaimed by Senussi will mean.

The United States as Coloniser.

Under this title the "North American Review" for February publishes three articles dealing with various aspects of the problem raised by the issue of the war with Spain.

In the Philippines.

Brigadier-General Anderson, who took part in the early expedition against Manila, gives a detailed account of the operations which led to the annexation of the island, and the revolt of the Filipinos. From his article, Aguinaldo was willing to make any terms with the Americans short of agreeing to their annexation. The immediate cause of the dispute was the refusal of the American commander to leave the Filipino army in a good strategical position on the contingency of peace being made with Spain without a guarantee of their independence. The American soldiers, says General Anderson, looted the natives, and called them "niggers," and thus both commanders and men did their best to exasperate the islanders. General Anderson concludes his article as follows:

As to our ability to establish a stable government in the Philippines, we have certain things in our favour. The people of those islands have no other traditional allegiance and no other governmental traditions. They wish to break all connection between Church and State, and to try a representative form of government. As Mabini says in his so-called "appeal" to the people of the United States, they look upon our government as the best example of republican government. The dangerous element is a spirit of faction begotten of generations of oppression and misrule, yet education and good government may in time regenerate a race not without good qualities and not without ambition.

In Cuba.

Major J. E. Runcie, writing on "American Mis-government of Cuba," complains that the result of leaving the administration of the island so much in the hands of the Cubans, and of restoring the Spanish law, has been to perpetuate the abuses of Spanish rule. He says:—

Another of the grievous complaints which the Cubans made against Spain was that the whole government of the island, even in its smallest details, was centralised at Havanna. It has remained for the Cuban ministers of an American Governor to prove that the Spaniards were mere amateurs in the art of centralising power. As soon as the secretaries at Havanna became the real masters of the island, they began a system of appointments and removals in all the offices, from the highest judicial and administrative posts down to the third and fourth assistant mayors of little hamlets in the remote wilderness. Every one of these appointments was made with due consideration of its effect on the political future of the small juntas in control. Many of these appointments were made in spite of the earnest and

repeated protests of the American generals in command of subordinate departments, but the generals soon learned that they too were practically subject to the secretaries, and that a demonstration of the fact that a candidate for any important position was unfitted for it by personal character, attainments, antecedents or for any other reason, had no weight with the American Governor as against the recommendation of a Cuban secretary. Appointments were confined almost exclusively to those who had served in the Cuban army. That force never represented ten per cent. of the Cuban people, and its general character was such that high rank or long service in it might better be regarded as disqualifications for office rather than as claims to consideration. As a body, it is avowedly hostile to the continuance of the American occupation, even for a day, and equally hostile to the exertion of any American influence in determining the final settlement and reconstruction of the country. Yet from this body have been appointed judges of all grades, civil governors in every province, the mayors and other municipal officers in all cities and towns—almost every Cuban office-holder, in short, every one of whom is dependent for his continuance in office on the secretaries who gave it to him. The result is a political machine which covers the entire island, which has been constructed under cover of American authority, but is bitterly hostile to every American influence, and the aim of which is to obstruct and to defeat, if possible, the very purposes for which the Americans intervened and expelled Spain from Cuba.

Is the Game Worth the Candle?

Mr. Edward Atkinson contributes the third paper, which is entitled "Eastern Commerce; What is It Worth?" He does not believe for a moment that trade follows the flag. But even if it did, the profit would by no means balance the loss. Apart from the necessary war expenses, America has spent 500,000,000 dollars in military aggression, of which there is no prospect of getting a penny back. Mr. Atkinson says:—

I would by no means undervalue the development of Eastern commerce. It is of importance even at its present measure. We are but witnessing the beginning of the process of development of Asia, Africa, and South America by the railway and steamship. With that development, commerce will increase by leaps and bounds, provided it is not interrupted by war and by criminal aggression. If we only stand and wait, that commerce is at our feet. It must come to us in very large measure, because we hold the paramount control of the iron and steel products and manufactures of the world, and these give us the control of shipping and commerce whenever we choose to free the natural course of trade from obstructive taxes and repeal our obsolete navigation laws, which only keep our flag from the sea. Every step that we take in criminal aggression, or in warfare of any kind, for the control of commerce only adds to our burden, destroys the power of those with whom we would trade to buy our goods, while working a possible profit to the few promoters and contractors who desire to get the first plunder out of ignorant people in the construction of their railways; but at the cost of the mass of the taxpayers of this country.

"A fool and his money are soon parted." The typical Uncle Sam is held in international repute to be rather shrewd and to comprehend his own interest, and yet he is now a most conspicuous example of that aphorism. How other nations must laugh in their sleeves while witnessing what a fool Uncle Sam is making of himself at the present time, in the matter of military aggression under the pretext of expansion of commerce. Uncle Sam may be fooled for a short time by specious and conclusive arguments based on pretexts of piety, profits and patriotism. He cannot be long misled by false pretences, and he will presently take measures to expose them and to stop the course of criminal aggression.

"The Bicycle and Crime."

Professor Lombroso, whose expert study of crime is always up to date, brings the bicycle within his range in the "Pall Mall Magazine." He declares:—

No modern mechanism has assumed the extraordinary importance of the bicycle, either as a cause or as an instrument of crime. So marked is this that, whereas it used to be the somewhat intemperate fashion to seek in woman the mainspring of every masculine offence,—"cherchez la femme,"—we might now say with perhaps less exaggeration "cherchez la bicyclette" in the majority of offences committed by young men, and, in Italy at all events, by young men of good social standing. This may be explained in many ways. First there is the enormously popular use of the bicycle, not only as a vehicle of conveyance and pleasure, but as a means of gain both by "record" riding and by sale. Then there is the increased intercourse among men, which, as I have pointed out in my "Delinquent Man," always augments vice.

Cyclists as Highwaymen.

Then follows a catalogue of criminal propensities roused by the wheel:—

It is certain that many muscular young men, consumed with vanity, desire to make their way in the world rapidly. The longing to surpass others without possessing any special mental qualification for so doing is one of the strongest tendencies of our times; and it is most marked amongst youths who, not being rich enough to buy a costly bicycle which shall enable them to "break the record," are moved to commit theft, perhaps even highway robbery involving homicide, to gain their end. . . . For the most part these highwaymen are very young, very alert, enthusiastic cyclists, and of good social standing.

The British Philistine will assume the Pharisee as he reads "of good social standing," and be grateful that England is not as Italy.

"The Finest of all Remedies" for Alcoholism.

The learned Professor, however, does not dismiss it as solely an instrument or occasion of crime. He says:—

It must be admitted that if the bicycle has augmented the causes and means of crime, it has increased the well-being and civilising tendencies of life; lessening the isolation of the small centres and bringing the country within a few minutes' distance of the large centres. In the elections it was a powerful ally of those political parties which were most advanced and best able to avail themselves of modern means of contest. The healthier men are, the better they are; and in so far as the bicycle makes for health it directly diminishes the cause of crime. A remedy is everywhere being vainly sought for alcoholism, a disease which is based in an ever-increasing craving for cerebral excitement. Now, it seems to me that a passion for cycling, which is incompatible with the degrading use of alcohol so common amongst the lower classes, offers the finest of all remedies for this terrible evil. In our rides along the country roads most frequented by cyclists, my son and I have observed that the public-houses have quite changed their character, and now sell all sorts of mineral waters, syrups and coffee. As a mental specialist I have seen the gravest forms of neurasthenia and melancholia yield before this marvellous machine, and I am sure that your great English specialists will bear me out. A satirical forecast describes the cyclo-anthropos of the twentieth century as a doubled-up hunchback with atrophic arms. For my part, I venture to predict that the real cyclo-anthropos of the twentieth century

will suffer less from his nerves, and will be more muscular than the man of the nineteenth century. And certainly for one evil which the bicycle now provokes, it will yield us a hundred benefits in time to come.

The Puzzles of Astronomy.

Professor Simon Newcomb, in the March "Windsor," shows very impressively how great even to keen-eyed modern astronomical science are the unsolved problems of the stars. Here are some examples:—

Whither Are the Stars Travelling?

The greatest fact which modern science has brought to light is that our whole solar system, including the sun, with all its planets, is on a journey toward the constellation Lyra. During our whole lives, in all probability during the whole of human history, we have been flying unceasingly toward this beautiful constellation with a speed to which no motion on earth can compare. The speed has recently been determined with a fair degree of certainty, though not with entire exactness: it is about ten miles a second, and therefore not far from three hundred millions of miles a year. But whatever it may be, it is unceasing and unchanging, for us mortals eternal. We are nearer the constellation now than we were ten years ago by thousands of millions of miles, and every future generation of our race will be nearer than its predecessor by thousands of millions of miles.

When, where, and how, if ever, did this journey begin? when, where, and how, if ever, will it end? This is the greatest of the unsolved problems of astronomy. An astronomer who should watch the heavens for ten thousand years might gather some faint suggestion of an answer, or he might not.

The unsolved problem of the motion of our sun is only one branch of a yet more stupendous one: What mean the motions of the stars? how did they begin, and how, if ever, will they end? So far as we can yet see, each star is going straight ahead on its own journey, without regard to its neighbours, if other stars can be so called. Is each describing some vast orbit which, though looking like a straight line during the short period of our observation, will really be seen to curve after ten thousand or a hundred thousand years, or will it go on for ever? If the laws of motion are true for all space and all time, as we are forced to believe, then each moving star will go on in an unbinding line for ever unless hindered by the attraction of other stars. If they go on thus, they must, after countless years, scatter in all directions, so that the inhabitants of each shall see only a black, starless sky.

How Big is the Universe?

Another unsolved problem among the greatest which present themselves to the astronomer is that of the size of the universe of stars. We know that several thousand of these bodies are visible to the naked eye; moderate telescopes show us millions; our giant telescopes of the present time, when used as cameras to photograph the heavens, show a number past count, perhaps a hundred millions. Are all these stars only those few which happen to be near us in a universe extending out without end, or do they form a collection of stars outside of which is empty, infinite space? In other words, has the universe a boundary? Taken in its widest scope this question must always remain unanswered by us mortals, because, even if we should discover a boundary within which all the stars and clusters we ever can know are contained, and outside of which is empty space, still we could never prove that this space is empty out to an infinite distance. Far outside of what we call the universe might still exist other universes which we can never see.

It is a great encouragement to the astronomer that, although he cannot yet set any exact boundary to this universe of ours, he is gathering faint indications that it has a boundary, which his successors not many generations hence may locate so that the astronomer shall include creation itself within his mental grasp. It can be shown mathematically that an infinitely extended system of stars would fill the heavens with a blaze of light like that of the noonday sun. As no such effect is produced, it may be concluded that the universe has a boundary. But this does not enable us to locate the boundary, nor to say how many stars may lie outside the farthest stretches of telescopic vision. Yet by patient research we are slowly throwing light on these points and reaching inferences which, not many years ago, would have seemed for ever beyond our powers.

The Puzzle of the Milky Way.

Everyone now knows that the Milky Way, that girdle of light which spans the evening sky, is formed of clouds of stars too minute to be seen by the unaided vision. It seems to form the base on which the universe is built and to bind all the stars into a system. It comprises by far the larger number of stars that the telescope has shown to exist. Those we see with the naked eye are almost equally scattered over the sky. But the number which the telescope shows us becomes more and more condensed in the Milky Way as telescope power is increased. The number of new stars brought out with our greatest power is vastly greater in the Milky Way than the rest of the sky, so that the former contains a great majority of the stars. What is yet more curious, spectroscopic research has shown that a particular kind of stars, those formed of heated gas, are yet more condensed in the central circle of this band; if they were visible to the naked eyes, we should see them encircling the heavens as a narrow girdle forming perhaps the base of our whole system of stars. This arrangement of the gaseous or vaporous stars is one of the most singular facts that modern research has brought to light. It seems to show that these particular stars form a system of their own, but how such a thing can be we are still unable to see.

The question of the form and extent of the Milky Way thus becomes the central one of stellar astronomy. Sir William Herschel began by trying to sound its depths. At one time he thought he had succeeded; but before he died he saw that they were unlathomable with his most powerful telescopes. Even to-day he would be a bold astronomer who would profess to say with certainty whether the smallest stars we can photograph are at the boundary of the system. Before we decide this point we must have some idea of the form and distance of the cloud-like masses of stars which form our great celestial girdle. A most curious fact is that our solar system seems to be in the centre of this galactic universe, because the Milky Way divides the heavens into two equal parts, and seems equally broad at all points. Were we looking at such a girdle as this from one side or the other, this appearance would not be presented.

Where Does Light Go?

What becomes of the great flood of heat and light which the sun and stars radiate into empty space with a velocity of 180,000 miles a second? Only a very small fraction of it can be received by the planets or by other stars, because these are mere points compared with their distance from us. Taking the teaching of our science just as it stands, we should say that all this heat continues to move on through infinite space for ever. In a few thousand years it reaches the probable confines of our great universe. But we know no reason why it should stop there. During the hundreds of millions of years since all our stars began to shine, has the first ray of light and heat kept on through space at the rate of 180,000 miles a second, and will it continue to go on for ages to come? If so, think of its distance now, and think of its still going on, to be for ever wasted! Rather say that the problem, What becomes of it? is as yet unsolved.

The Puzzle of the Sun.

What is the sun? When we say that it is a very hot globe, more than a million times as large as the earth, and hotter than any furnace that man can make, so that literally "the elements melt with fervent heat" even at its surface, while inside they are all vaporised, we have told the most that we know as to what the sun really is. Of course we know a great deal about the spots, the rotation of the sun on its axis, the materials of which it is composed, and how its surroundings look during a total eclipse. But all this does not answer our question. There are several mysteries which ingenious men have tried to explain, but they cannot prove their explanations to be correct. One is the cause and nature of the spots. Another is that the shining surface of the sun, the "photosphere," as it is technically called, seems so calm and quiet while forces are acting within it of a magnitude quite beyond our conception. Flames in which our earth and everything on it would be engulfed like a boy's marble in a blacksmith's forge are continually shooting up to a height of tens of thousands of miles. One would suppose that internal forces capable of doing this would break the surface up into billows of fire a thousand miles high; but we see nothing of the kind. The surface of the sun seems almost as placid as a lake.

Yet another mystery is the corona of the sun. This is something we should never have known to exist if the sun were not sometimes totally eclipsed by the dark body of the moon. On these rare occasions the sun is seen to be surrounded by a halo of soft white light, sending out rays in various directions to great distances. This halo is called the corona, and has been most industriously studied and photographed during nearly every total eclipse for thirty years. Thus we have learned much about how it looks and what its shape is. It has a fibrous, woolly structure, a little like the loose end of a much worn hempen rope. A certain resemblance has been seen between the form of these seeming fibres and that of the lines in which iron filings arrange themselves when sprinkled on a paper over a magnet. It has hence been inferred that the sun has magnetic properties, a conclusion which, in a general way, is supported by many other facts. Yet the corona itself remains no less an unexplained phenomenon.

Stories from the Magazines.

The Connaught Rangers form the theme of Mr. Fletcher Robinson's paper in "Cassell's" for March. He quotes from an old army surgeon several good stories about members of this "famous regiment."

Soldier v. Politician.

Here is one about a Unionist friend of his standing for an Ulster constituency:

One day he was addressing a crowd—from a cart. They seemed against him to a man, and the worst of 'em all was a great red-headed spaldeen with a black-thorn like a club. A sort of ringleader he seemed, and each time he waved his stick, faith they yelled till me friend couldn't hear himself speak—nor could anyone else, for that matter. Presently me friend, in the course of his oration, points to a mighty fine poster his agent had stuck up, wherein three soldiers were drawn standing, hand in hand, round the Union Jack, and he says, "What have we here, me boys?" A Guardsman and a Highlander and a Connaught Ranger, best of all, rallying round the old flag."

"An' who the blazes are the Connaught Rangers?" hollers a fellow in the crowd with a jeering laugh. With that the red-head man pushes his way to where the inquiring fellow stood, and downed him with his stick in a twinkling. Then there was a row, and sailed the constabulary, and there was an end to the

meeting. As my friend was driving off he saw the red-headed man by the road, and pulled up.

"You don't like me politics," he says; "why did you down the man that interrupted me?"

"Faith, sor," he answers, "I'm a resarve man of the Connaught Rangers myself. An' do ye think I'd let a blagard like him say aught agin' the honour of the ould regiment?"

A Clever Piece of Impudence.

An officer in the regiment, when quartered in Edinburgh, found certain disciplinary measures the reverse of effective:

There had been a deal of drunkenness and disorder amongst his men, and he was determined to stop it. So one early morning parade he ordered an old offender, who had been out all night, to be marched across the regiment's front in his muddy tunic and torn trousers, as an awful warning. When the prisoner arrived at the left flank, he turned to the colonel, saluted him and said, just as if he had been some swell inspecting them, "Thank ye, Colonel; faith, it's one av the foisten regiments I've ever seen. Ye may dismiss them!"

Soapy Smith and the Parson.

Under the heading of "Truth Strange as Fiction," Mr. C. Lang Neil tells in the "Windsor" for March some stories about desperadoes on the American side of the Klondyke frontier, the chief of whom was a saloon-keeper known as "Soapy Smith," guilty of most crimes of violence and fraud. Here is one incident in his career:

A clergyman came one day to Soapy and solicited a subscription for the local hospital. At first the scamp was dumbstruck at the mere idea of being asked to help in anything good or respectable. The parson proceeded a trifle nervously to point out what a great help his name at the head of the list would be, seeing that no one for very shame could refuse to give if even Soapy Smith had contributed.

"Well," after an instant's thought, said Soapy, "I guess I'll do you the turn for once. Put me down for fifty dollars, and when you've been round, come back and tell me how much good it's done you."

Delighted beyond measure at his unexpected success, the minister departed, and did a hard but successful day's work amongst the returned miners and others. Faithful to his word he came back to tell Soapy of his good fortune.

"Well, what luck, parson?" queried Soapy.

"Six thousand dollars. Not a bad day's work, thanks to you, eh?"

"No, not so bad; just hand it over." And quick as lightning Soapy's revolver covered the head of the man of peace.

This time it was the parson's turn to be dumbstruck. There was no alternative; and all his pleadings and expostulation proving useless, the six thousand dollars were transferred to Soapy's pockets.

"Good day. You're the best collector I ever had, parson," said the cool villain, as very shamefacedly the preacher passed out of the doorway, a sadder, and possibly a wiser, man.

Soapy was shot dead at a meeting of citizens who could stand his enormities no longer, and his comrades sent to penal servitude.

A Few of a Bishop's Stories.

The last of the selections from the notebooks of Bishop Walsham How appear in the March number of the "Sunday Magazine." Two or three may be cited here:

A Wellington paper, commenting severely on the supposed ritualistic practices at Welsh Hampton, spoke of the vicar as "practising the most unblushing celibacy."

A verger was showing a lady over a church when she asked him if the vicar was a married man. "No, ma'am," he answered, "he's a chalybeate."

Canon B— was on a voyage to Egypt in a Cunard steamer, and on Sunday, in the Bay of Biscay, he undertook to hold a service. He read one of the sentences, and said, "Dearly beloved, brethren, the Scripture moveth us in sundry places," when he had to bolt and collapse. He told me he thought this a record service for brevity.

At Kensington parish church one of the curates asked for the prayers of the congregation for "a family crossing the Atlantic, and other sick persons."

The rector of Thornhill, near Dewsbury, on one occasion could not get the woman to say "obey" in the marriage service, and he repeated the word with a strong stress on each syllable, saying, "You must say O-be-y." Whereupon the man interfered and said, "Never mind; go on, parson. I'll mak' her say 'O' by and by."

An Enfant Terrible of an Interviewer.

Harry Furniss, in the March "Windsor," tells this story in his Canadian sketches:

Hamilton is enterpriseing in more things than in trade. What do you think of this for ambitious journalism? This very amusing incident is related by Lady Aberdeen: "The day after we arrived a boy of about 13 came up to Lord Aberdeen as he was walking in the grounds, and said—

"Is Lord Haddo at home?"

"Well, no, he is not; but I am his father. What do you want with him?"

"Well, I want to interview him, and ask him what his Lordship thought of our city; and I wanted to put the interview in my father's paper."

Lord Aberdeen was rather startled, in spite of having become somewhat familiarised to the custom of interviewing, which prevails universally on the other side of the water, by means of which public men make known their views. He had scarcely, however, expected his eleven-year-old son to be called upon to give his opinions as yet, and he tried to explain to the youthful journalist that in the Old Country boys were not expected to air their views so soon. But our young friend was not so easily baffled. He still persisted in asking 'If Lord Haddo had made arrangements to inspect the public buildings of the city, and especially if he had visited the 'Mountain,' and what he thought of that?'

The Secret of Mr. Moody's Success.

BY DR. LYMAN ABBOTT.

In a very thoughtful and suggestive paper in the "North American Review" for February, Dr. Lyman Abbott discusses the secret of Mr. Moody's success. It will interest many High Churchmen to hear that Dr. Abbott, who is a Congregationalist, and who at one time occupied Henry Ward Beecher's pulpit, thinks that Mr. Moody's Revivalism succeeded because of elements which it possessed in common with the Sacerdotal movement in Great Britain. As most of the followers of Mr. Moody regard Ritualists as only one degree less worthy of condemnation than the Papists, it may do them good to read Dr. Abbott's tribute to men with whom he is in no ecclesiastical or theological agreement.

A Tribute to the High Church Movement.

Dr. Abbott says:—

It is impossible for any student of current events to doubt that the High Church party in the Anglican Church is really exerting a notable spiritual influence in England; that it is attracting in many cases large congregations to before sparsely attended churches; that it is felt as a power in many hearts and homes. The essential spirit which characterises the High Church party is its sacerdotal spirit, its exaltation of the priesthood and the altar, its conversion of the memorial supper into a bloodless sacrifice of the mass, and its use of priesthood, altar, and mass to emphasise the right of the priest to declare authoritatively the absolution and remission of sins. It is because the High Church priesthood assume power on earth to forgive sins, and so to relieve men and women of the first of the two burdens of which I have spoken, that it has its power over the hearts of its adherents. So long as men and women feel the burden of the irreparable past, so long they will come to that Church, and that alone, which declares with authority that the past is forgiven; and they will not always be critical in inquiring whether all the grounds on which that authority is claimed can stand historical investigation.

Mr. Moody and the Forgiveness of Sins.

Dr. Abbott then points out that although Mr. Moody utterly repudiated all sacerdotalism, and was an out-and-out Evangelical, in one respect he ministered just as the priest to the same great need of the human heart:—

Never did a High Church priest of the Anglican Church believe more profoundly that to him had been given authority to promise the absolution and remission of sins, than did Mr. Moody believe that he possessed such authority. Rarely, if ever, did priest, Anglican or Catholic, hear more vital confessions or pronounce absolution with greater assurance. The High Churchman thinks that he derives such power through a long ecclesiastical line; Mr. Moody believed that he derived it through the declarations of the Bible; but both in the last analysis obtained it by their faith in "one Lord Jesus Christ, . . . Who for us men and for our salvation came down from Heaven." The one no less than the other spoke, or claimed to speak, by authority; both derived their authority from the same great historic fact; and the attractive power which drew unnumbered thousands to the preaching of Mr. Moody was in its essence the same as that which draws unnumbered thousands to the altar and the Eucharist.

A Warning to Liberal Christians.

Dr. Lyman Abbott concludes his remarkable paper with the following warning:—

I am sure that if we of the so-called liberal faith hope to retain in these more liberal days the attractive power of the Church, we can do it only by holding fast to the great historic facts of the birth, life, passion and death of Jesus Christ essentially as they are narrated in the Four Gospels, and to the great spiritual fact that in the God Whom He has declared to us there is abundant forgiveness for all the past, and abundant life for all the future; and we must declare this, not as a theological opinion, to be defended by philosophical arguments as a rational hypothesis, but as an assured fact, historically certified by the life and death of Jesus Christ and confirmed out of the mouth of many witnesses by the experience of Christ's disciples and followers in all Churches and in every age. If we fail to do this, men will desert our ministry for Romanism, Anglicanism and Evangelism, or, in despair of spiritual life in any quarter, will desert all that ministers to the higher life, and live a wholly material life, alternating between restless, unsatisfied desire and stolid self-content. And the fault and the folly will be ours more even than theirs.

Mr. Carnegie's Profits.

The "N.Y. Independent" gives an account of the profits which Mr. Carnegie draws from his great iron-works that reads like a fairy tale:—

Mr. Carnegie controls the Carnegie Steel Company by owning 58½ per cent. of its capital stock. He has been very successful not only by reason of his own knowledge of the iron and steel industry, and his rare business ability, but also because he has selected his partners and assistants with excellent judgment. He has provided for the dismissal of these partners or assistants whenever they cease to be in harmony with him and his business projects. Thus, he caused the resignation of Mr. Frick for reasons which appear to be associated with the failure of Mr. Frick and other capitalists to carry out a project for the purchase of his interests. Mr. Carnegie was to receive £20,000,000 in 5 per cent. gold bonds and about £12,000,000 in cash; and the company was to be reorganised on the basis of a very large capitalisation. The condition of the promoters' money market was not sufficiently favourable, and the £200,000 paid to Mr. Carnegie for a ninety days' option was forfeited to him. Since that time the relations between Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Frick appear to have been strained. Mr. Frick was required to resign in December. He owned 6 per cent. of the stock, and he complains that Mr. Carnegie has undertaken to compel him, under the terms of an old agreement, to sell his share for £1,200,000, which, he asserts, is about one-third of its value.

To show what its value really is he discloses the fact that the company's net profits last year were £4,200,000, although much of its work was done under contracts based upon the low prices of the end of 1898 and the beginning of 1899, and that Mr. Carnegie's estimate of this year's profits is £8,000,000, his own being £8,500,000. Mr. Carnegie, he says, values the company and its property at not less than £50,000,000, and believes that in prosperous times it can be sold in the London market for £100,000,000. Undoubtedly Mr. Frick will obtain justice in the courts. By Mr. Carnegie's action he has not been thrown upon a cold world without employment, and deprived of the comforts of life. With a fortune of not less than £2,000,000 he can keep the wolf from the door.

This is the largest company of its kind in the world. Its capital stock of only £5,000,000 does not adequately represent the value of its plant. Its sales of finished material are enormous. Who knows whether the profit of £4,200,000 was 10, or 15, or 20 per cent. of the value of goods sold? The remarks of one journal warrant the inference that, in its opinion, the company should have been content with a profit of 10 per cent. on £5,000,000, or £500,000 instead of £4,200,000. That journal says that the way to make such companies content with 10 per cent. profits or dividends is "to take off the protective tariff duties that enable them to keep up prices," because "competition from abroad is effectually shut out by the tariff."

How the Queen Feels about the War.

"The Queen and Her Soldiers" is the subject of a paper in the "Lady's Realm." The writer states that "the tension at which Her Majesty has lived during the past months has been very great":—

Princess Beatrice has found it necessary to caution family visitors against introducing war topics in the Queen's presence, especially engagements where there has been great loss of life, for although Her Majesty regards this war as a just one, and long usage to affairs of public import has strengthened the Queen's natural courage and resolve, the woman in her is very strong, and feels keenly the suffering entailed by war upon her brave soldiers.

THE REVIEWS REVIEWED.

The Century Magazine.

In the March "Century" there is a very readable article by Dr. Frederick A. Cook, of the Belgian antarctic expedition, on "The Giant Indians of Tierra del Fuego." There are many tribes of the Indians about the Straits of Magellan. Dr. Cook describes the Onas, who have thus far evaded all efforts at civilisation, and have to the present time, and with good reason, mistrusted white men. The most of these utter savages are on the main island of Tierra del Fuego. The Onas have never been united in a common interest, nor have they ever been led by one great chief. They are divided into small clans, under leaders with limited powers, and these chiefs have waged constant warfare among themselves. Now they have a new enemy in the white sheep farmers and gold diggers that have invaded their island. The giant Indians make periodical raids on sheep herds, and not even the presence of Winchester rifles, as against their primitive bows and arrows, can hold them in check. The Onas are giants. Their average height is about six feet, while some are six feet six inches in height. There are only about 1,600 of them altogether, divided into sixteen tribes. The women are not so tall, but are more corpulent. Dr. Cook says there is no race in the world with a more perfect physical development than the Ona men. They live entirely by hunting and have no houses nor even tents, a mere shelter of skins and brush serving to give them what little immunity they need from rains and storms.

Russia's Asiatic Railroad Ambitions.

Alexander Hume Ford writes on "The Warfare of Railways in Asia," and tells of the Russian foresight which has seized Siberia and Trans-Caspia and planted a great railroad system there, from which branch lines are about to radiate. One of these branch lines is aiming for Constantinople, the next almost touches Téheran, the middle one is in central Asia, has touched Herat, and will soon reach Kandahar. The fourth, starting from Samarkand, has already reached the border of China, and aims at Pekin, and a fifth has already advanced to the capital of China. Mr. Ford gives an account of the railroad interests of the other nine nations in Asia. The very greatest thorn in Russia's side is Japan's only railroad concession on the whole continent, that in Korea, from Fusen to Seoul. This promises to be the cause of what Mr. Ford calls the evidently inevitable con-

flict over Asiatic railroad concessions, and may compel Russia to winter her Pacific squadron in Nagasaki harbour. Japan, feeling sure of the backing of England and China, wishes to bring matters to a trial of conclusions before the completion of the Trans-Siberian Railway, which will forever settle the doom of Korea as an independent nation; but Russia has given England assurances which, for the sake of peace, Great Britain accepts as if she really believed them to be in earnest.

Animals About to Become Extinct.

In an excellent first article of a series, entitled "The National Zoo at Washington," in which Ernest Seton-Thompson makes a study of its animals in relation to their national environment, he makes a plea for the preservation of some specimens of the great Alaskan bear, the largest and most wonderful of its race. He says that in one year, or at most in two years, unless Congress is willing to vote the price, or half the price of a single big gun to it, the world will lose this animal, in the same way that it has lost the great auk, the Labrador duck, and the West India seal.

Harper's Magazine.

In the March "Harper's" Captain A. T. Mahan discusses "The Problem of Asia." Russia he calls the largest single element in forming the future of Asia. This happens because "only parts of the Russian territory, and those, even in the aggregate, small and unimportant comparatively to the whole, enjoy the benefits of maritime commerce. It is, therefore, the interest of Russia not merely to reach the sea at more points and more independently, but to acquire, by possession or by control, the usufruct of other and extensive maritime regions, the returns from which shall redound to the general prosperity of the entire empire." Captain Mahan thinks that it is a wrong attitude for outside States to take, when they offer only opposition and hostility toward Russia in the face of these conditions. He thinks that States that have a requisite seaboard, and well-rounded physical conditions, owe at the least candour, if not sympathy, to Russia in her situation. Nevertheless, in the readjustment of the Asiatic organisms other nations have the duty to see that the proper equilibrium is attained. He hopes that we may avoid a struggle in the dismembering of Asia, and rely on "the artificial methods of counsel and

agreement," which seem somewhat more suitable to the present day.

M'Clure's Magazine.

In the March "M'Clure's" are a sketch of Edmond Rostand, the author of "Cyrano de Bergerac," written by Mr. Cleveland Moffett, and Mr. Walter Wellman's account of the disaster to the arctic expedition of 1898-99, which we have reviewed in another department.

A Railroad to the Klondyke.

Mr. Cy. Warman tells about "Building a Railroad Into the Klondyke," and gives the story of the construction of the road over the new White Pass and Yukon Line. By this line one travels from San Francisco 1,750 miles or from Seattle 1,080 miles by steamer to Skagway, and then takes the railroad by way of Lake Bennett, White Horse Rapids, and the Lewis River to Fort Selkirk on the Yukon. A small piece of the railroad from Skagway to Lake Bennett is now completed, as much more is promised to be completed about June, 1900, and the larger portion, from White Horse Rapids to Fort Selkirk, has been surveyed. Mr. Warman tells us that the pessimistic reports of the "busting" of the Klondyke boom and the deadness of Dawson are not borne out by his experience, although men have been saying these things for months. In August, 1899, he found Skagway full of people, busy, happy, and hopeful. Mr. Warman thinks that next summer a man who figures his connections carefully will be able to get from Chicago to Dawson City in less than nine days, allowing, as Mr. Warman picturesquely puts it, "from Chicago to Seattle, three sleeps; Seattle to Skagway, three sleeps; Skagway to White Horse, half a day; White Horse to Dawson, two sleeps; total, eight and a half days."

The Voyage of the "Destroyer."

Captain Joshua Slocum, whose account of his voyage around the world we have been reading in the "Century," describes in this number of "M'Clure's" "The Voyage of the 'Destroyer,' from New York to Brazil." The "Destroyer" was a ship fitted out by a Yankee trader for the use of Mr. Peixoto, President of Brazil, to enable him to scare the rebellious navy into submission. This ship was a formidable craft, invented by Ericsson, of about 130 tons register. She carried a brass cannon forty-three feet long, built securely in the bows eight feet below the water line. This gun, with a charge of 50 pounds of powder, fired a projectile 35 feet long, and carrying 350 pounds of compressed gun-cotton, which, by contact, would explode and destroy anything afloat. Captain

Slocum gives a dramatic account of the dangerous voyage to Bahia, Brazil, on this strange craft. The "Destroyer" never destroyed anything except herself, being smashed on a rock as soon as they got into port, but the rebel fleet did not know of it, and surrendered on the news of her arrival.

The Cosmopolitan.

Mr. William Marsh writes in the March "Cosmopolitan" on wolves that are respectable, and supports his contention that the wolf may be domesticated by some extraordinary pictures of gray wolves which have been tamed and domesticated on the ranch of Mr. Bothwell, in Wyoming. The illustrations show girls and young men frolicking with the gray beasts as one would with a very tractable dog.

California's Flower Gardens.

In describing "The World's Largest Truck Gardens" Mr. John E. Bennett tells how California has come to devote vast areas to a single product because of the use of machinery, and the inability of one sort of machine to work another crop than that for which it was designed. He tells us that it has been demonstrated that California can compete, even with cut flowers, with the hot-house flowers of the East, and that the flower farms of that State are destined to occupy a high place in the coast's material assets. The flowers are grown in the open air, of course, and are much superior in strength, beauty, and durability to the hot-house product.

Munsey's Magazine.

In the March "Munsey's" Mr. Waldon Fawcett describes, under the title "The World's Greatest Canal," the "Soo," the water gateway of the North-West, and its huge volume of commerce, which far exceeds the tonnage that traverses the Suez Canal or that enters the port of New York. The aggregate tonnage of the lake craft, indeed, exceeds the entire fleet on our Atlantic, Pacific, and Gulf coasts. The huge canal Mr. Fawcett describes locks through vessels carrying cargoes of 8,000 tons. The "Soo" has two magnificent locks, one of which is the largest in the world, and which are operated free of cost so far as the vessels are concerned. Through the larger four steamers can lock simultaneously. The activities of the Rockefeller and Carnegie interests in the large regions have produced new types of transportation units. The vessels are increasing in size very rapidly, and one has the spectacle on the lakes of a steamer quite the equal in size of

the average trans-Atlantic liner of a few years ago towing behind it one or two immense barges. Thus one engine hauls down the lakes at a speed of about eleven miles an hour enough iron ore to fill about thirty ordinary freight trains.

The War Against Consumption.

Dr. John H. Girdner, in his article on "The War Against Consumption," tells of the discoveries that have shown tuberculosis to be a preventable disease, with precautions by which it might be avoided, and what has actually been done in this and other countries toward stamping out the most fatal scourge of humanity. Of the actual results of the work of education and of the examination of infected cattle is shown the table of death-rates from tuberculosis diseases in New York City for the twelve years prior to 1898. There is almost a continuous decrease from 412 deaths in 1886, to 285 in 1897. In England and Wales the death-rate has been reduced from more than 38 per 10,000 in 1838, to about 13 in 10,000 at the present time.

The Contemporary Review.

The "Contemporary Review" for March is chiefly notable for the fact that it contains not a single article dealing with the war, and only one—that of Colonel Maude, which is noticed elsewhere—treating of the military questions it involves.

A Garden of Mercy.

The Duchess of Sutherland gives a brief, but interesting, sketch of the Christian Labour Colony at Lingfield and of its reformatory work. "Back to the country" is the motto of this institution, for work and thrift and self-control, as the director says, "cannot be learned in a town." The Lingfield colony, every spring, emigrates a large number of farm-trained men, of which a large proportion do excellently. The inspirer of the colony is Dr. Paton, of Nottingham.

No Room to Live.

Mr. Robert Donald reviews the schemes which have been carried out for housing the poor within the last few years, and concludes that not one-tenth of the work which has to be done has yet been done. The need for better housing increases at a greater rate than can be kept pace with, and rents were never so high. The essence of the problem lies in the injustice that a grocer or butcher who sells bad food can be punished, while against the landlord who lets bad houses no redress can be obtained, and he is even rewarded. The loss on clearance schemes in London between 1876 and 1898 was considerably over two millions, and the cost per head for slum clearances has been

over £500 per family. Rapid and cheap means of transit are perhaps the most effectual remedy, but unfortunately in some suburbs the housing conditions are as bad as in the cities. Mr. Donald thinks the Housing Act must be amended before anything can be done.

Science and Providence.

Mr. D. S. Cairns has a paper under this title, the object of which is to make certain suggestions for the reconciliation of the scientific conception of the world as a Reign of Law with the Christian conception of a Divine Providence. He concludes his article as follows:—

Returning, then, to the apparent antithesis between the religious and the scientific views of the world with which we began, we find that both, when rightly regarded, converge upon a great world end of a social order. If the ends, then, of the two "Weltanschauungen" tend to identity, can there be any real contradiction between the means? Is it not more probable that the apparent discords between the scientific and the religious explanations of any given fact arise from the very different point of view from which that fact is regarded, rather than from any vital contradiction of principle? It is not contended that the solution suggested here does not stand in need of supplement from other ways of dealing with the question, nor even that with these aids all difficulties are fully removed. But it is maintained that the introduction into the field of thought of the principle of the Kingdom of God removes many difficulties, and takes us a long way towards the solution of the central problem.

Other Articles.

Mr. A. R. Roper writes on Maeterlinck, his judgment being that the Flemish mystic will be remembered in the future merely as a stimulating influence, and not for having done any immortal work himself. The Hon. Stephen Coleridge, writing on "Some London Hospitals and their Audited Accounts," deals with the devotion of public subscriptions to the purposes of vivisection. Mr. E. Saint-Genix begins a series of articles on "Monastic Orders Up to Date," in which he brings black accusations against the conventional orders of France. The only other article is that in which Mr. Charles Johnston describes, in the dramatic form of a story, a rising against Russian rule in Central Asia.

The Nineteenth Century

The "Nineteenth Century" for March is an excellent number, and contains scarcely a paper which might not be made the subject of a leading article if space permitted.

Russia and Persia.

General Sir Thos. Gordon, in an article on "The Problem of the Middle East," reviews the relations of Russia and England with Persia. He says a potent factor in the inclination of Persia towards Russia in recent times is the fact that the present ruling dynasty and almost all the ministers, not-

ables, and courtiers hail from Northern Persia, and their family and personal interests dictate deference to their Northern neighbour. The main factor in deciding Persia's railway policy of late years has been the Russo-Persian agreement of 1890, by which all railway construction in Persia was prohibited for ten years. This arrangement will expire next November, so that fresh activity may shortly be expected from the Russian side. Sir Thomas Gordon, strange to say, does not seem to be aware of the progress already made by the Russian engineers in surveying the route for the extension of the Caspian railway to Teheran and Ispahan, and afterwards to the coast.

The Sierra Leone Rebellion.

Lady Chalmers contributes an interesting paper in defence of her husband, Sir David Chalmers, who investigated the causes of the hut-tax rebellion in Sierra Leone, and whose report was treated so unceremoniously by Mr. Chamberlain, who did not scruple to charge the Commissioner with bringing false accusations. Sir David Chalmers declared that the hut-tax, and the brutality with which it was collected, were the prime causes of the rebellion, and made severe strictures upon the administration of the country. He believed—what is rare nowadays—that the native races, even when they stood in the way of so-called civilisation, had rights just as other men. Lady Chalmers' article is a complete vindication of his memory.

Middle Age and Its Burdens.

Mrs. Hugh Bell contributes, mainly from a woman's point of view, a very interesting article describing "Some Difficulties Incidental to Middle Age." The moral of her article is that the path from youth to middle age is one of ceaseless compromise between aspirations and achievements:—

Arrived at middle age, it is very possible that most of us will have been called upon to renounce a good deal; we started, probably, with the conviction that our heads would strike the stars, and we have become strangely reconciled to the fact that they do not reach the ceiling. But it was no doubt better to start with the loftier idea: a man should allow a good margin for shrinkage in his visions of the future. And it is curious, it is pathetic, to see with what ease we may accomplish the gradual descent to the lower level, on which we find ourselves at last going along, if in somewhat less heroic fashion than we anticipated, yet on the whole comfortably and happily. We have accepted a good deal, we have learnt how to carry our burdens in the way that is easiest. We are no longer storm-tossed: we know pretty much, arrived at this stage, what we are going to do, those of us who thought they were going to do anything. The fact of taking life on a lower level of expectations makes it all the more likely that those expectations will be fulfilled. We have, with some easing of conscience, accepted certain characteristics and manifestations on our own part as inevitable, secretly and involuntarily cherishing a hope that where these do not fit in with those of our surroundings, it may yet be possible that other people should alter theirs.

Cromwell as Constitutionalist.

Mr. J. P. Wallis, writing on "Cromwell's Constitutional Experiments," traces the evolution of Cromwell from military dictator to constitutional ruler. He says:—

Cromwell's evolution from military dictator to constitutional ruler makes a very interesting story, even though the results were not destined to be lasting. The question has often been asked whether, had he lived another ten years, he would have succeeded in winning acceptance for a constitutional monarchy under a dynasty of Cromwells. Constitutional arguments help very little here, and even general history can supply no certain answer. As our greatest authority has pointed out, Cromwell was the representative of the forces of militant Puritanism, which were not in harmony with the larger mind of the nation; and it is not easy to see how he and his dynasty could have escaped, even had they wished to do so, from that compromising environment.

Scripture and Roman Catholicism.

Dr. St. George Mivart, in an article under the above heading, replies to the Rev. Father Clarke's exposition of the "Continuity of Catholicism," which appeared in the "Nineteenth Century" for February. He says:—

To deny that change is inevitable in the dogmata of the Church and in the accepted meaning of every one of them, is to deny that to which the Church herself and all her dogmata owe their very existence. In the sidereal universe, in the solar system, in our own planet, and in the physical, vital, sentient and rational phenomena it exhibits, evolution everywhere rules. It rules the intellectual, ethical and aesthetic developments of the human race, and its action becomes the more clearly seen the more patiently we study the history of religion in all its varied forms with their varied developments from age to age.

The National Review.

There is plenty of vigorous criticism in the March number of the powers that be. Sir Rowland Blennerhassett's warning against a European coalition claims separate notice.

The War Office Incompetent.

Mr. H. O. Arnold Forster, M.P., indulges in the severest criticisms of the War Office. He rehearses the main contentions of the critics, and argues that they have been completely verified in the course of the present war. He lays special stress on the point "that, owing to the faulty system adopted, no efficient body of men could be despatched from this country in an emergency, without either destroying the whole regimental system at home, or calling out the Reserves." The Reserve has, in fact, come to be considered no longer as a Resedrve, but as our first line in time of war. The following passage represents the nature and tone of Mr. Forster's general indictment:—

Scientific method, specialised instruction, the adaptation of means to ends, preparation in advance for contingencies which are certain to arise, these are the requisites for obtaining success in any business, whether it be that of running a sweetstuff shop or an Empire. But the fact has been absolutely left out of sight hitherto

by those who are supposed to be responsible for the conduct of that great business, the defence of the British Empire.

The Navy Topsy-Turvy.

Sir John Colomb deals in heavy diatribes on "Waste and Confusion in the Navy." What specially rouses his ire is the inversion of the duties of sailors and of marines. He says:—

Landing the naval officers and sailors to act as imitation marines on shore with field-guns, or as infantry, while leaving the real marine officers and men on the ships to act as sailors, became the custom of the service. . . . The Admiralty can't or won't see that the modern blue-jacket is a marine in the disguise of a seaman. He is an infinitely more costly article to the taxpayer than the marine, who, in a mastless ship, practically does now the same work.

Sir John lays down these postulates of reform:—

The engineer has prevailed, and must prevail. The result is, that sailors, officers and men naturally tend to become, in all but name and dress—marines. . . . Keep the marine force more as a reserve for the Navy, by quartering them at the naval bases and coaling-stations; sending officers and men to sea in rotation, for sea-training purposes, change, and variety only, thus keeping naval officers and seamen more at sea in their places.

The Fortnightly Review.

The "Fortnightly" for March is not an enlivening number, and contains no article of first-rate excellence. Seven articles deal directly or indirectly with the war and its issues.

Performing Animals.

Mr. F. G. Afiafalo writes on "The Ethics of Performing Animals," the main point of his article being to show that performances with dangerous animals ought to be prohibited. The domesticated animals are more legitimate subjects, for, with them, tricks are a real test of intelligence, as they cannot be bullied or frightened like savage beasts. But, "On many counts—the possible cruelty to the animals, the danger to the trainer, above all, the utter uselessness of the whole thing—exhibitions of performing lions and bears may stand condemned."

Cruelty to Animals.

The Hon. Stephen Coleridge has an article on the administration of the Cruelty to Animals Act of 1876, in which he comes to the following conclusions:—

- (1) That the Home Secretary allows the safeguards provided by the Act of 1876 against the torture of animals to be removed.
- (2) That the Home Secretary, as far as possible, throws the cloak of secrecy over his method of administration of the Act.
- (3) That the Home Secretary, in reply to questions in Parliament addressed to him for the purpose of procuring information that the public are entitled to receive, makes statements that contradict each other.
- (4) That the Parliamentary Report, purporting to give an exact account of what has taken place in laboratories, is compiled from unverified statements made by the vivisectors themselves.

(5) That when breaches of the law are committed, the Home Secretary neither enforces the penalties specifically provided by the Act himself, nor enables others to enforce them.

The law, as now administered, affords no protection whatever to animals, and at present only protects the vivisector.

Copyright Legislation.

Mr. G. Herbert Thring writes in support of Lord Monkswell's Copyright Bill, upon which he comments clause by clause. He says that the Bill is the most serious effort that has been made to simplify and consolidate copyright law since 1845. The Bill is divided into three parts, as stated in the memorandum prefixed:—

- (1) Copyright property so-called, or the right of multiplying copies of books.
- (2) Performing rights, or the right of publicly performing dramatic works or musical works.
- (3) Lecturing rights, or the right of orally delivering lectures.

Other Articles.

There are four other articles, the most important of which is Professor Lewis Campbell's on "Liberal Movements in the Last Half Century," in which he summarises the attempts made in recent years to remove the traditional hindrances to free thought and action. Professor James Ward continues his controversy with Mr. Herbert Spencer. Mr. C. Stein writes on "Our Game Books," and Fiona Macleod begins a characteristic essay on Iona, "the Mecca of the Gael."

Cornhill.

The March "Cornhill" is a capital number. Of special interest are Sir John Robinson's almost plaintive reminiscences of Natal and of friendship between Boer and Briton before the Raid; Mr. Birrell's lecture on "Taste in Books;" and Mr. Spenser Wilkinson's criticisms of army management. The number opens with a "Sonnet" on Charlotte and Emily Bronte, by M. A. W.—initials which will suggest to most readers the signature of Mrs. Humphry Ward, whose recent studies on the Brontes are well known. There is towards the close another fine Sonnet, of which the author is Dr. Todhunter, and the subject John Ruskin. Lady Broome contributes charming reminiscences of her feathered pets under the title of "Bird Notes." "Clover and Heart's-ease" is the somewhat extraordinary heading which Mrs. Bernard Bosanquet gives to her study of the way lawyers thrive in poor quarters. Clover and heart's-ease cannot prosper, it seems, unless cats abound, which kill the mice which eat the humble-bees which fertilise the plants; but the writer is puzzled to decide whether the legal gentlemen who grow fat in a square of human humble-bees are the cats or the mice!

The reader will probably decide in favour of the mice, and wish for cats. Mr. Harold Macfarlane relates the prices fetched for personal reliques to illustrate "the value of a dead celebrity," and reckons "from the prices already presented that although we have only dealt with the hair (£4,000), moustache and beard (£250), vest (£210), shirt with blood-stain (£100), waistcoat (£33), walking-stick (£25), sword (£20), orders (£100), watch (£25), seal (£6 10s.), shoe-buckles (£10), rings (£50), our celebrity would produce almost £5,000." Rev. Canon Staveley eulogises Antoine Drouot, commander of the French artillery at Waterloo, as an almost ideal soldier-saint—a Catholic, and not, as the writer had supposed, a Protestant. At his advice Napoleon postponed the attack on the British forces from seven till half-past eleven, to give the ground time to dry after the rain; and so, as Drouot subsequently reproached himself: "Had he disregarded my advice, Wellington would have been attacked at seven, beaten at ten, the victory would have been completed at noon, and Blucher, not arriving until five, would have fallen into the hands of a victorious army." Cambridge a hundred years ago, as portrayed by Mr. W. B. Duffield, offers anything but a pleasing picture. Religion and morals were at a very low ebb.

The Ladies' Home Journal.

In the March "Ladies' Home Journal" the editor comments on the turn of the tide of women going into business occupations other than dressmaking, teaching, and domestic pursuits. The beginning of the movement toward business pursuits for women began about 1870, and by 1890 there were nearly 4,000,000 women engaged in gainful pursuits of all kinds, and since 1890 there has been a still further large increase. But Mr. Bok thinks there is a change of sentiment, and that while a number of business positions for which women are especially fitted will still be held by them, and creditably, still the day of woman's promiscuously going into business is over, the weeding process having begun. Mr. Bok thinks this is a good thing, and answers the question as to what will become of all the women who would otherwise have gone in business by saying that they will go back to the home as domestic helpers.

Mr. Beecher's Stimulants.

The article on "The Anecdotal Side of Great Men" is concerned this month with Mr. Beecher. A paragraph in it says that Mr. Beecher's imagination seemed to be peculiarly sensitive to certain

influences, and that he was very notably affected by tea and coffee. A cup of strong tea produced a most depressing effect on his whole being, making him see things on their dark side, and coffee, on the other hand, made everything look bright and rosy.

The Atlantic Monthly.

In the March "Atlantic Monthly" ex-Secretary Richard Olney opens the number with an article on America's growing foreign relations.

A Romp with Nathaniel Hawthorne.

An exceedingly readable article is "A Girl of Sixteen at Brook Farm," by Ora G. Sedgwick. The writer's reminiscences of Charles A. Dana and Hawthorne are unusually lively and interesting. She says that Hawthorne talked but little at the table, and was a very taciturn man, but that he could unbend is shown dramatically by her account of a frolic in which she and her roommate, Ellen Slade, indulged:—

One evening he was alone in the hall, sitting on a chair at the further end, when my roommate, Ellen Slade, and myself, were going upstairs. She whispered to me: "Let's throw the sofa pillows at Mr. Hawthorne." Reaching over the banisters, we each took a cushion and threw it. Quick as a flash he put out his hand, seized a broom that was hanging near him, warded off our cushions, and threw them back with sure aim. As fast as we could throw them at him he returned them with effect, hitting us every time, while we could hit only the broom. He must have been very quick in his movements. Through it all not a word was spoken. We laughed and laughed, and his eyes shone and twinkled like stars.

Scribner's.

The March "Scribner's" opens with Mr. H. J. Whigham's account of "The Fighting with Methuen's Division" in the actions of Belmont, Gras Pan, and Modder River. Mr. Whigham writes from the very strongest pro-British point of view.

The Expanding Cable Systems.

In "The Point of View" a paragraph calls attention to the immense advance in cable facilities which imperial duties will necessitate. The writer thinks that it is but a short time when every English, German, and French colony will have its cable communications direct to London, Berlin, and Paris. In Washington they are discussing an imperial cable system to the new possessions in the Philippines, and, indeed, when one considers how vastly necessary cable communications are in the huge trading associations called empires, one may wonder why the telegraph system of the globe has not been more nearly perfected before this.

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT.

THE FINANCIAL HISTORY OF THE MONTH.

I.—FINANCE AND TRADE IN VICTORIA.

By "A. J. WILSON, JUNR."

English v. Australian Loans.

Some time back a very interesting point was raised in the monthly articles appearing under the above heading, relating to the comparative interest paid on locally-raised loans and those floated in England. From the grains of interest sown then has grown the tree of discussion, which is now noticeable. Not only has the point come into notice on this side, but one or two home journals have referred to the matter, and it can hardly now be overlooked that a change—a change, we are inclined to think, very much for the better—is likely to soon come in the financial methods of Australasian Treasurers. Of late, we have the examples of Western Australia paying 5 per cent. in London for Treasury bills with two years' currency; New South Wales paid a shade over 4*f* for an emission of the same character; while New Zealand obtained a better result, the interest charge being close up to 4 per cent. On top of these flotations we have the South Australian loan for £1,000,000 which averaged about £94 10s. 9d., and yielding to the British investor over £3 11s. per cent., if redeemed in 1916, and the Western Australian 3 per cent. loan for £1,000,000 also issued in London, which gives an interest return on the average obtained of nearly £3 12s. 6d. Of course, it is argued that the London money market is stringent, and that the loans were issued on the best terms obtainable. That may be so, but still there is no excuse in this explanation for the passing over of the local investor. The latter appears to be regarded in the incapable brains of many colonial Treasurers as a hapless being, who does not deserve consideration, and should certainly not have an opportunity to apply for a loan, for the redemption of which he is responsible, on anything like the same terms as the great British investor.

Our Financial Debt to England.

In reality, we owe the British investor far too much already, and the repeated applications which have been made of late have received comparatively such poor receptions on the other side, that it may be taken for granted that investors generally throughout the United Kingdom do not regard Australasian loans with any great favour. One "great" excuse which has been urged by the gentry who will raise money in London, and nowhere else, is that if the loan, or a portion of the loan, be raised locally, the expense of remitting the same to London more than swallows up any gain in cases where the money is due in London

on redemptions. To show how fallacious this is, it may be mentioned that not only have the Governments all paid £1 per cent. to syndicates or Banks in London to underwrite their loans, paid a stamp duty at the rate of 12s. 8d. per cent., and the brokerage of 5*s.* per cent., but each year they have to remit the interest, and pay exchange on that. Even then the liability is only being handed down to posterity just as our antecedents handed them down to us, and each succeeding year our burden of debt to England grows heavier and heavier.

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A Suggestion.

The expenses of issuing a loan in the colonies are lighter than they are in England. The brokerage is certainly more, but the other items far smaller. It can be fairly claimed that all loans should be issued concurrently in London and in the colony asking for funds. Highest tenders would take preference, and if the colonial investor offered to pay more than his English confrade, he would secure as much as he desired. The balance would be absorbed in London, and the competition for the loan would be much increased, and the return to the Government greater. It is not a very great departure. Such a system would be merely consideration to colonials, while it would also tend to give our credit in London more stability from the fact that the cry of the rabid financial writers, that Australasian loan requirements were merely to be utilised to put off the day of national insolvency, would be silenced. Instead, what do we find? At the moment New South Wales, after borrowing at 4½ in London, is about to offer half a million of five year Treasury Bills in Sydney at 3½ per cent. South Australia was charging equal to £97 10s. net for 3 per cent. stock at the South Australian Treasury, when it secured a net return of no more than £93 in London. In Queensland, Western Australia, and New Zealand, the local investor has never had a chance; while in Victoria the Victorian Government demands £101 at the Treasury for its 3 per cent. stock, while exactly the same security is selling in the market in London at £96. The present system is out of date; injurious to the credit of the colonies, and injurious to colonials themselves, in that it reflects on their financial capacity. Let every loan be issued concurrently in London and the colonies, and the interest be paid and the capital repaid at the desire of the purchaser or holder of the stock. Outlets for investment of a safe character would be increased, a great portion of the 46 per cent. of the savings of the Australasians, at present almost entirely unremunerative, could be employed profitably; while the duties of trust companies and trustees would be made lighter, and the change of "overmortgaging" be materially diminished. It is said that in Victoria the permanent Treasury officials have the matter under consideration. We scarcely look for its consummation before Federation, but there can be little doubt that when the Commonwealth is established, if a man with average brains be placed in charge of the finances, an up-to-date and beneficial system will take the place of the obsolete and injurious one now existing.

March Banking Returns.

The last two years have seen some interesting changes in the Banking returns of this colony, which have been generally reflected in the adjoining States. The March figures which are just issued again mark previous movements. By far the most extraordinary are the rapid rise in deposits not bearing interest or deposits at call, and the reduction in advances, and the swelling of reserves of coin. The movements under the principal headings will be more plainly seen from the following table:-

LIABILITIES.

	December	March	**Increase.
	Quarter.	Quarter.	*Decrease.
Note circulation..	951,794 ..	982,095 ..	**30,301
Government deposits—			
Current .. .	172,002 ..	275,698 ..	**103,696
Fixed .. .	2,533,241 ..	2,756,357 ..	**223,116
Public deposits—			
Current .. .	12,149,386 ..	12,808,265 ..	**658,879
Fixed .. .	14,255,466 ..	14,610,714 ..	**355,248
Total liabilities ..	31,274,373 ..	32,665,895 ..	**1,391,522
ASSETS.			
Coin and bullion..	6,971,796 ..	7,705,978 ..	**734,182
Advances ..	30,143,322 ..	29,407,623 ..	**735,698
Total assets ..	40,522,114 ..	40,416,926 ..	*105,188

If we turn back to the March quarter, 1889, extraordinary differences present themselves. These differences are illustrated in the following table:

	March. 1889.	March. 1900.	**Increase. *Decrease.
	£	£	£
Note circulation..	1,678,407 ..	982,095 ..	*696,312
Public deposits—			
Current .. .	10,418,084 ..	12,808,265 ..	**2,390,181
Fixed .. .	24,737,946 ..	14,610,714 ..	*10,127,232
Coin and bullion..	5,791,080 ..	6,971,796 ..	**1,180,716
Advances .. .	46,839,046 ..	29,407,623 ..	*17,431,423

That such a change should come over the position of banking in this colony in eleven years is striking. The period compared includes the great boom (at about its height in 1889) and five years of financial depression and five seasons of drought. The comparison is of great interest, but the 1889 figures, it must be remembered, include several defunct institutions' returns. Coming back to the movements during the past year, the following figures show the position clearly:—

	March. 1899.	March. 1900.	**Increase. *Decrease.
	£	£	£
Note circulation..	909,471 ..	982,095 ..	**72,624
Deposits .. .	29,078,268 ..	30,451,034 ..	**1,372,766
Specie and bullion..	5,973,670 ..	7,705,978 ..	**1,732,308
Advances .. .	31,590,366 ..	29,407,623 ..	*2,182,743
Total assets .. .	40,971,363 ..	40,416,926 ..	*554,437
Total liabilities .. .	30,271,410 ..	32,665,895 ..	**2,394,485

The building up of gold reserves is the outcome of two causes. First, with the increase of liabilities at call, it is advisable to increase the reserves of the banks; and, secondly, to the fact that outside countries have not the power to draw on these colonies to the same extent as in past years, owing to the material increase in the value of exports and the disappearance of the usual heavy debit balance.

The Gold Yields.

Gold production in Australasia, which is now the largest producer of the precious metal in the world, is a matter of great interest. Western Australia continues to support the late advance, and for the first quarter of 1900 an increase of 73,485 oz. is shown. The available figures are as follows:—

	First Quarter, 1899.	First Quarter, 1900.	**Increase. *Decrease.
	Oz.	Oz.	Oz.
Western Australia ..	316,753 ..	357,617 ..	**70,864
Victoria .. .	213,848 ..	208,008 ..	*5,849
Queensland .. .	205,542 ..	226,112 ..	**20,570
New South Wales ..	100,153 ..	85,283 ..	*14,870
New Zealand .. .	92,718 ..	95,497 ..	**2,761

Total .. . 929,014 .. 1,002,499 .. **73,485
Gold production in Victoria may be expected to expand during this year. New South Wales should also advance later on, while in Queensland and New Zealand it is not considered that the industry is anywhere at its highest point yet.

The Outlook.

Victorian prospects are extremely hopeful—more hopeful, all must admit, than in any single season since 1894. We are not inclined to be optimistic now relating to seasons. Past experience has taught all that whatever may be the outlook for the first seven or eight months of the year, three weeks of severe hot winds without rain in October are quite sufficient to blight the agricultural position and inflict severe damage on the pastoralists. Victoria appears to be in a very much more hopeful position than her neighbours. Rain has been heavier than for six years, and more evenly distributed. Grass is more plentiful, prices for produce continue to remain at payable levels, excepting for wheat, and there

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Liabilities	£51,686,239
Contingent Guarantee Fund and Divisible Surplus	£10,294,157
New Insurance Issued and Paid for	£34,752,950	
Insurance and Annuities in Force	£216,153,020	

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STYLING.

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Total Claims Paid to December 31, 1897 -	- £84,921,341
Total Net Claims Paid in Australasia -	- £2,182,270
Total Annual Income, 1897 -	- £2,304,860
Funds Invested in Australia exceed -	- £300,000

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is every indication that a cycle of disastrous years is at an end. In Queensland and parts of north-west New South Wales the position is the reverse of favourable. The "wet season" has belied its name, and moisture and feed are almost regarded as things of the dim distant past. The western plains of New South Wales, speaking generally, are in a bad way; but the tablelands and coastal areas and the Riverina are in a better condition than for many years, and grass is showing up wonderfully, considering previous experiences. In South Australia agriculturists speak hopefully, but are, as a rule, cautious, remembering the experiences of last season, while in Western Australia and New Zealand everything has been as good as could be desired. Tasmania, on the east coast, wants rain. Trade generally is influenced by the weather—that is, the profitable margin over and above absolute necessities—just as the stock exchange is influenced by the condition of the money market, and, therefore, the first quarter's trade throughout the colonies has been good, though not brilliant. Brilliance, however, is scarcely desirable—it means furious burning, and that must, of necessity, be shortlived. Meteors and other brilliant things die suddenly, and though the speculative element is, like the poor, always among colonial traders, and the desire for brilliant successes very apparent, it is not to be expected that the experiences of 1892 to 1898 will be forgotten by the present generation; and therefore, though brilliance is spoken of as something to be desired, like the Koh-i-noor diamond, there are but few striving to attain it.

The Duties of Directors.

It is noticeable that this very important question has again come up for discussion. The duties of directors, as we all know, are arduous; and, therefore, few men who are engaged in active business care to sacrifice personal interests of large extent to watching the controlling the affairs for companies in which they are only lightly interested. This lightness of their interest is a point which demands immediate attention. The proportion of shares necessary to qualify a shareholder to a seat on the Board is notoriously small in all companies. As a remedy, it has been suggested that, at fixed periods, the holdings of directors should be published. This is a rather crude idea, but it is certain that the qualifying numbers should be increased. Then, again, there has been the question of nominating and appointing men as directors who are in a position to use the information divulged at meetings to their own aggrandisement, and to that of their friends at the expense of the very shareholders whose interests they are elected to care for. And, thirdly, there is the important matter of multiplicity of some directors' seats, often in companies directly opposed to each other in their business, which must materially weaken the conduct of each individual company's affairs. Examples of these abuses are coming up every day. Only a short time ago several very glaring instances occurred relating to financial institutions which should be above all suspicion. These were of the "movement of the share-market, and then a favourable declaration by the directors," instead of a "declaration by directors, and, if favourable, a movement of shares upwards, and if unfavourable, downwards." Instead of taking the "tip" from a directorial declaration, a shareholder must follow the market, and this lays the whole body of proprietors of companies open to the manipulations of the skilful market operator. Movements of shares are too frequent now when information has not left the directors' hands. This being so, there is only one inference to draw, and that is, that the directors themselves make use of favourable information to increase their holdings, and if unfavourable, to clear their stock, while the rest of the shareholders "fall in" on both occasions. And this is what shareholders pay directors' fine fees for year in and year out.

The Bank of Australasia.

In our last we referred to the cabled figures regarding the Bank of Australasia, which have been supplemented by later wires, which are compared below:—

	October, 1898.	April, 1899.	October, 1899.
	£	£	£
Deposits	12,456,003	13,276,304	13,646,325
Cash and securities . . .	4,779,674	5,082,445	5,795,920
Bills and advances . . .	12,477,820	12,796,682	13,415,416
Net profit	54,147	66,282	127,870
Dividend per annum . . .	6	7	8
Amount carried forward	9,970	10,282	9,970

This bank is in a very favourable position. The old rivalry with the Union appears to have been knocked completely on the head by this last balance-sheet. The Union has not advanced in a similar manner, and all this only tends to show that high positions are often lost by an overreaching policy. Generally speaking, all the Bank balance-sheets which are now due will show much improvement. The Royal will probably pay an increased dividend, while two others are expected to make announcements more favourable than in previous reports.

II.—INSURANCE NEWS and NOTES

The London underwriters have declined to pay claims for the loss of the gold "annexed" by the Transvaal Government at the outbreak of the war, and which was insured by them against "all risks." If the owners cannot recover from the underwriters, probably the British Government will admit the claim when the settlements are made after the conclusion of the war.

* * *

The tremendous strides Life Assurance in the Australasian colonies has made during the past quarter of a century, must cause thoughtful men and women to surmise what will be the aspect of life assurance in a few more decades—what will be the position of life offices in another 50 years? The writer, having lately been musing on this problem, ventures to put forth the theory that in less than the next half century the man or woman uninsured will be deemed a prodigy and an object of wonderment and perplexity to his or her fellows. The thought brings up a vista of time when parents will assure their offspring in as natural a sequence as they now have them christened.—The A.M.P. "Messenger."

* * *

Some idea of the hold the Mutual Life Insurance Co. of New York has upon the British public may be gathered from the fact that fifty British policy-holders in that company carry a total risk of £1,058,400, or an average risk of over £21,168 for each person. One policy is for £50,000.

* * *

The fifty-first annual meeting of the Australian Mutual Provident Society will be held on May 18, at the hall of the Young Men's Christian Association, Pitt-street, Sydney, for the purpose of receiving the report of the directors for the year ending December 31, 1899; electing two directors in lieu of A. W. Weeks, Esq., and J. T. Walker, Esq., who are eligible for re-election; electing an auditor in place of Neville Dowling, Esq., who is eligible for re-election; and for declaring the amount of divisible surplus for the year. Attention is drawn to the bye-laws of the society, providing that no member is eligible for election as a director or auditor unless thirty clear days' notice, in writing, of his candidature has been given to the secretary before such meeting.

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The steamer Mortlake, bound from London to Melbourne, broke her tail shaft on her voyage from the Cape. The steamer Kolya picked the disabled vessel up on March 27, about 104 miles S.S.E. of Kangaroo Island. A very heavy sea was running, but a line was got aboard, and the vessel was safely towed into Largs Bay, South Australia.

* * * *

In the February number of "The Index" (London and New York) appears a very interesting article on the Phoenix Assurance Company, one of the oldest and wealthiest offices in the world. The company was instituted in 1781 by a number of prominent sugar refiners of London, and even in those early times had to face considerable competition. Still, it held its own by careful management, and when thirteen years old, had to face a heavy claim, arising through a fire at Ratcliffe, in the east end of London, and which cost the company £50,000—a sum that was promptly paid, thus proving the resources of the company. Some large claims, satisfactorily met, have been the great fire at St. Thomas', in 1807, £200,000, and £216,000 in the Hamburg fire of 1842. In 1846 the fire at St. John's, Newfoundland, caused losses to the company of £114,000, and which was repeated in 1892 with a loss of £124,000. The wharf fire in Tooley-street, London, in 1861, took the sum of £130,000 out of the Phoenix funds. Other large losses were:—Chicago, in 1870, £100,000; Boston, 1872, £50,000; Trinidad, in 1895, £42,000; and £54,500 for a fire at Guayaquil in 1896, and, coming nearer home, in the great Flinders-lane fire at Melbourne, £750,000. The total amount paid away in losses by this "Giant," since its inception, is over £24,000,000 sterling.

* * * *

The figures of the New York Life Insurance Company for 1899 are to hand. The principal items are as follows:—Income for the year, £10,775,980; expenditure, £6,737,730; leaving a balance of £4,038,249. The total funds reach £48,652,000, of which £8,525,820 is the surplus above the valuation, as ascertained by the New York Superintendent of Insurance, on a four per cent. basis. The new business of the year amounted to £41,627,383, the total amount of insurance in force at December 31, 1899, being £218,492,178, spread over 437,776 policies, averaging nearly £500 per policy.

* * * *

A fire, which, but for the prompt action of the fire-brigade, might have been attended with serious results, occurred at the flour mills of Parsons Bros. and Co., Kent-street, Sydney, on March 29. It broke out in one of the hoppers, and was caused, it is supposed, by a spark from the engine. The damage done was principally by water. The insurance on the mills and their contents amounts to £46,000.

* * * *

The Melbourne Metropolitan Fire Brigade has been reinforced by a decided acquisition to its strength in a new fire engine constructed by Shand, Mason and Co., which is larger than any engine in use in London, with the exception of the floating engines on the Thames. It is a "double vertical" one, with twin double acting twin cylinders, with a corresponding set of pumps. Its pumping capacity exceeds 1,000 gallons a minute, and can force a two-inch stream to a height of 200 feet. It works up to a steam pressure of 125 lbs. to the square inch. The engine is provided with five outlets for delivery hose. The tests were carried out by the Chief Officer of the London Metropolitan Brigade, and fulfilled all requirements demanded of it.

* * * *

It is estimated that the total annual loss disbursements made by fire insurance companies doing business in the United States are at the rate of £72,000 per day.

The steamer Elingamite, when off Disaster Bay at 11 o'clock on the 7th inst., saw a steamer showing signals of distress. It proved to be the s.s. Karawera, and it was found that she had broken her shaft during bad weather. The Elingamite took her in tow to Sydney.

* * * *

A common sense view of the position life assurance companies should take up with regard to the assurance of members of the contingents to South Africa, is that of the Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States, as set forth in "The Equitable Record":—

"It is not the business of a Mutual Life Assurance Society to undertake such a risk, unless the action is approved by the body of its members. In the assurance of an entire contingent about to face in a body a foe celebrated for their deadly accuracy in the use of the rifle, there is altogether too much of a pure 'gambol.' Data are unattainable which could determine with any approach to precision the cost of the risk. A contingent of men might return from the present war unscathed, or they might be 'cut to pieces' in one engagement. One contingent has already suffered most severely, and it is quite impossible to forecast what will be the ultimate fate of bodies of men whose conspicuous gallantry has entitled them to be utilised for the most hazardous duties.

"That the representatives of such men should be provided for seems unnecessary to be stated. The question is, who should bear the burden of such provision? And the only reasonable answer is, not any particular section of the public as represented by the members of one or other of the assurance companies, but the public as a whole—that is, the State."

* * * *

The near approach of the Paris Exhibition has led to the discussion by British and French underwriters of the rate to be charged on exhibits there. The recent boycott of the Exhibition caused the more timid underwriters to hold aloof, it being argued that a large exhibition invariably brings a rush of provincial labour into the city, and if this cannot find a remunerative outlet, serious trouble may ensue. The rates suggested were somewhat prohibitive, but this will probably be relaxed. If not, so closely is the great business of insurance allied to commerce, a serious position would be created for the Exhibition managers. Exhibitors would not run the risk of sending their goods uncovered, and the success of the undertaking would be seriously impaired. It is hinted that a better understanding will have been come to, and that the show will not be unduly hampered on this score.

* * * *

The steamer Glenelg, engaged in the Gippsland trade, while on her voyage from Lakes Entrance to Melbourne, founded in a heavy storm on March 26. Out of thirty-three persons on board, only three were saved. These put off in the life-boat, and after fifty hours of buffeting by wind and wave, succeeded in making the shore in safety. Most of the others put off in the long-boat, and all perished. This boat was picked up later on the beach, and on examination it was found that the plug was not in; in fact, it was fastened so that it could not reach the plug-hole. This evidently accounted for the loss of all its occupants. An inquest was held at Bairnsdale on the bodies of the victims, and evidence was produced to show that the Glenelg was seaworthy, and the jury, in their verdict, stated that there was no evidence to show what caused the leakage that led to the vessel foundering.

* * * *

The s.s. Gulf of Taranto, of the Gulf Line, while making for Port Melbourne on the 2nd inst., ran aground off Altona Bay, near Williamstown, at about six o'clock in the morning. She entered the Heads at about two a.m., and was taken in charge by Pilot Lilley. She was drawing about 23 feet forward, and as this draught was too deep

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for the west channel, she was taken up the south channel. The night was thick and misty, with rain falling, and the vessel got about five miles out of her course, and was travelling at almost right angles to her correct course, at the time she struck. Fortunately her speed was slackened, and still more fortunate was the point at which she went aground having a sandy bottom. A short distance nearer Williamstown are some dangerous rocky reefs. The steam tugs Albatross, Eagle, and Racer all made repeated but unsuccessful attempts at towing the vessel off. After lightening her cargo considerably, she was then got off, and taken into dock for examination.

* * * *

The steamer Remus, which was one of the wool fleet from the colonies last season, has been lost at sea, with thirteen lives. The story of the wreck received by the Canadian mailboat is a most harrowing one. While in the North Sea the vessel was overtaken by a heavy gale, and was eventually driven on the rocks off the Danish coast. The Remus, which had a full cargo of wheat, was dashed about with such violence that she very quickly broke her back, and parted amidships. Three of the crew volunteered to try and get a rope ashore, but were drowned in the attempt. Some others tried to reach land in a boat, but it capsized, and five were drowned before they got clear of the wreck. By this time the hull was submerged, and the survivors had to take refuge in the rigging in bitterly cold weather. Another effort was made to reach land by two more of the crew, but they also were drowned. During the night Captain Williams became delirious, and shot himself with his revolver. All the men were more or less exhausted, and two fell from the rigging during the night and were drowned. The remaining fourteen passed another terrible twenty-four hours, when they were fortunately observed by the steamer Nordia, and were rescued.

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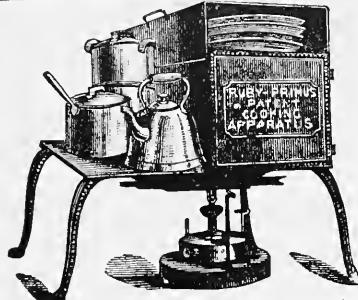
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